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SPELLBINDING—By Alfred E. Smith

WHEN it comes to carrying conviction, I am firmly of the opinion that nothing equals the spoken word. If that be true, oratory—the power to debate, the ability to hold an audience—will always have a prominent place in our national life, be it in campaign speeches, or from the pulpit, or in dealing with business affairs of the nation.

As far back as I can remember, I was interested in public speaking. I trace the beginning of that interest to oratorieal contests in which I took part during my school days. The development of oratory, when I wns a boy, was one of the prominent achievements of the Catholic schools. In 1885, when I was twelve years old, I won the Junior Prize in an oratorical contest in which all the parochial schools of the city were represented. My recitation was entitled On the Death of Robespierre.

As a young man, following my school days and before I entered active politics, I was usually called upon to speak at all the prominent church affairs of old St. James' parish in lower New York. Having made a beginning, I soon found myself on the political platform. Before I was old enough to vote I was making political speeches, and it seems to me that I have been at it ever since. Yet the period I speak of is 1894.

My favorite oration was the reply of Richard L. Shiel, in the English House of Commons, to Lord Queensberry, who, in the course of debate, had declared the Irish people to be "aliens in race, aliens in country and aliens in religion." My favorite part of the speech was the close, when, speaking of the part that the Irish people had taken in all the battles for the supremacy of Great Britain, Shiel said, "Partakers in every peril, in the glory are we not to be permitted to participate? And shall we be told as a requital that we are estranged from the noble country for whose salvation our life blood was poured out?"

PHOTO, BY PACIFIC & ATLANTIC PHOTOS, INC., N. Y. C.

Governor Al Smith Addressing the Crowd at the Opening of the Two Bridges Connecting Staten Island, New York, With New Jersey

My earliest recollection of campaign speaking is that most of it was done outdoors—certainly much more than is now the custom. A small part of the local campaigns is still carried on that way, but with modern appliances such as folding platforms, electric lights and automobiles.

The Trials of the Old-Time Outdoor Orator

OLD-TIME outdoor oratory subjected the orator to a test that does not apply to men who speak to well-regulated audiences inside of a public hall. Outdoor meetings conducted themselves without any police protection other than the officer who happened to be on the particular beat where the meeting was being held. The jeers and questions from the audience were subject to absolutely no restraint and the orator had to battle against them; and it was his ability to command attention by the vigor and forcefulness of his argument that would win out for him. One of the greatest sources of disturbance at early political meetings was small boys. No man—particularly a candidate for office—could afford to show any displeasure at the noise of children. He had to talk it down. If the children would not keep quiet he could not show his displeasure in front of the audience. An unpopular outdoor orator might expect to meet almost anything from an egg to a tomato can.

During the state campaign when Roswell P. Flower ran for governor, a certain very prominent Republican undertook to speak from a truck on the Bowery and believed that he was making a hit with the crowd by taking off his coat. They resented it, and from the moment that he made that gesture, which led them to believe that in his mind they were inferior to an audience he would address uptown and must be addressed in shirt sleeves, they made it an uncomfortable half hour for him, until he made up his mind that he had best find a quick ending for his speech.

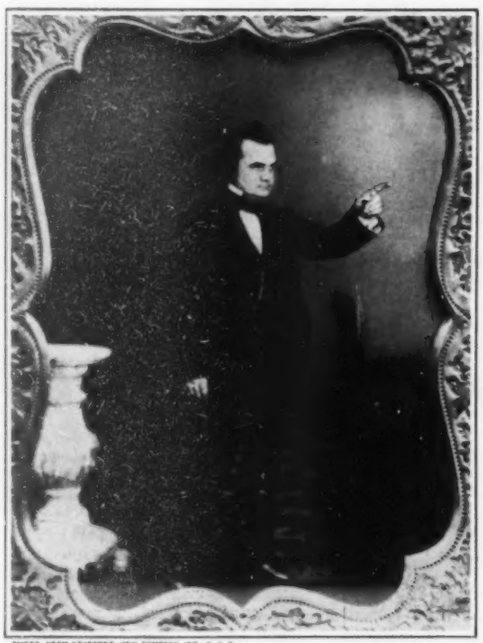
Well-meaning and well-intentioned Republicans and reformers, attempting their speeches in the lower end of New York in the early days, rendered themselves helpless by speaking over the heads of the audience. Their use of a type of involved language and of high-toned words would leave the multitude who were willing to listen to them unable to understand what they were talking about. An uninterested audience at an open-air meeting is about as disconcerting an experience as a speaker can ever encounter. In the first place, the audience hasn't the comfort of sitting in chairs. They can move about and talk among themselves, and you can leave it to the young boys to create as much disturbance as the occasion requires; although, strange to say, if properly spoken to, young people make the best audiences.

A Hard School for Speakers

IN MY early campaigns for the assembly, practically all my speeches were made outdoors. No one assembly district in the city affords enough public halls to allow the candidates to address the different localities. My assembly district was a long and narrow one. I spoke in Battery Park and I spoke two miles away from there on the extreme easterly border of the district, near Corlears Hook Park, and in all the intermediate points. The popular spots for outdoor open-air speaking were in the slips—James, Catherine, Market or Rutgers. These are streets especially widened to give access to the steamship piers on the river front at their foot. These slips being so wide and there being no interruption from horse cars or elevated railroads, the quiet of the immediate bank of the East River was helpful to the meeting and helpful to the speaker.

In later years, when we had flood lighting, outdoor meetings were made interesting because the enormous audiences lived during the speech in a flood of light. Earlier, there were only kerosene torches, and they lent a fragrance to the air that was not very conducive to the well-being of the vocal cords. Combined with fireworks and the burning of Greek powder, outdoor speaking in those days required a man to be in vigorous health and to have a good voice, or else he lasted only about five minutes on the platform, when the patience of the listening mob would be completely exhausted, and they usually started crying out for somebody else and kept it up till they got him.

Nevertheless, it was a great training school for young men. It may have had its faults. It may have been crude, but it certainly was not without virtue. To my own knowledge, many young men who distinguished themselves in their later years began their early campaign speaking in the open air. The one great thing about it was that the young man just starting out did not feel that he had to be an orator. There is quite a difference between coming out in front of the footlights and climbing upon the back of a truck. Maybe it is the possession of the knowledge that the truck affords a quicker get-away if you are not making a hit.



PHOTO, FROM KEYSTONE VIEW COMPANY, INC., N. Y. C.

Stephen A. Douglas—the Little Giant

Indoor meetings have their humor too; but in the old days there was no chance for people to jeer or ask questions at any Tammany Hall meetings—not when I was speaking, anyhow. The speakers were well protected there. I remember one time I had Tom O'Brien all primed to ask me a question at a Tammany Hall meeting. We had rehearsed it up in his office. At a certain point in my speech he was to rise and interrupt me with a question that would enable me to develop a most important point in my reply. When the time came and he rose to ask the question, a big, stout, strapping fellow from the gas-house district moved quickly over and muttered:

"Sit down before I knock you down."

Tom turned pale, not knowing exactly what to do in his loyalty to my instructions; while the other, equally loyal, as he thought, to the duty of protecting me, stood his ground menacingly.

Andy MacDonald, the policeman with me, stepped over to him and, putting up a guarding hand, whispered out of the corner of his mouth, "Leave him alone. This is a plant."

The man backed away shamefacedly and said, "Go ahead, young fellow. Go ahead."

When we were going home that night Tom said to me, "By golly, that's the hardest night's job I ever did."

Years ago, a candidate for local office, speaking in a downtown hall, was questioned by one of his audience. The questioner was removed from the hall, considerably against his will, and just as he was passing through the exit the candidate asked, innocently, "Has anybody else any questions to ask?"

Holding an Audience

MOST people who attended political meetings in my early days went there largely through curiosity. First, they were curious to see the candidate; second, to hear him talk, and after the first five minutes they lost interest unless he made a strongly argumentative speech that challenged the contentions of his opponent and settled something in their minds about which they were themselves uncertain.

Being so thoroughly interested in public speaking, I made every effort I could to attend all political gatherings where speeches were to be made by a man I believed to be able to make them. I must say that I never became interested in any speech I heard anybody read, because I have always felt that the speaker himself cannot do justice to his subject or to his own effort unless he is able to look into the faces of the audience to which he is speaking. Anybody can read a speech. All that is required is a good voice and a reasonable understanding of the proper pronunciation of words. Many men and women have both these qualifications, but would never be able to make a speech without having it in type so that they could read it. It is much easier for the speaker, but not nearly so satisfying to his audience or even to himself if the speech is read. The only feeling of satisfaction which comes to the speaker who reads his speech is that, notwithstanding interruption, he will be able to finish the speech.

Nothing disconcerts the man who reads his speech, but it is a terrible feeling for an orator to be compelled to realize that his listeners are either leaving by degrees, or that their attitude clearly indicates that they entirely lack interest in what he is talking about, and gives him the feeling that they are only remaining to see if something better is yet to come. I have attended a great many political meetings in my early days where the orator was roundly cheered when he came upon the platform, and after he had proceeded with his speech for a comparatively short period, people began leaving the hall. It must have been because it was impossible for him to grip their attention. In many instances it is due to the fact that campaign orators forget the limitations of their audiences and speak in a language not easily understandable. They make the mistake of believing that a large part of the audience has the same understanding of the subject they are dealing with as they themselves have, and, therefore, see no reason for going into the details which make the subject interesting. On the other hand, the orator must be very careful not to lead the audience to believe that they have no understanding of the subject, because therein lies equal danger. It is perfectly easy to convince an audience that you believe they understand what you are presenting, by calling their attention to the large army of people not in the hall who do not comprehend the question under discussion.

Addressing an audience one night upon the subject of the reorganization of the state government and especially advocating the shortening of the ballot, I made the statement that nobody could give any good reason why the people of the state of New York should elect a state engineer. I held that he should be an appointive officer. My argument was that it was much easier to get a good engineer by appointment than it was to induce an engineer to become a candidate for a public office which paid him less salary than he could make in his profession. By way of illustration as to how much interest the people of New York State took in the election of an engineer, I asked the audience to stand on one of the big highways of any of the important cities of the state and stop the first thousand people they met and ask each one, "What is the name of the state engineer?" and I ventured the suggestion that not ten people out of the thousand would be able to mention his name. Immediately after I finished that portion of the speech, it was clearly noticeable to me that men and women were looking at one another in the audience, indicating that they themselves did not know, but I was careful not to say in the speech that those before me did not know.

Using an Opponent's Thunder

EARLY in my political career I developed my own method of preparing speeches. It requires considerable work. I began early to save clippings from newspapers, particularly of speeches made by prominent men of the opposition party at times other than campaign periods. I kept them pasted in scrapbooks or tucked away in envelopes, with a word or two written on the back to describe the contents. I never forget the import of a clipping or an article I have once thoroughly read. Somehow, a phrase or the general idea it contained will stick to me, and a long time afterward—sometimes years later—I will remember the clipping and the paper from which it came, and be able to quote it to the confusion of my opponent.

Following one gubernatorial election in this state, a prominent member of the party I was opposing, a week after the success of his party at the polls, stated in a public speech that that party had been chosen which gave the people "not what they wanted but what they ought to have." Five months later I used that statement with great effect in a debate in the assembly on an attempt to break down the factory laws.

The debate was on an amendment to the Workmen's Compensation Law, in which it was sought by the then majority party to write into the compensation act a provision for direct settlement between insurance companies and injured working men and women. This I very bitterly opposed, because I knew that the insurance companies were seeking that same concession in the early days of the debates upon the enactment of this Workmen's Compensation Act. It would lead to the exploitation of working people ignorant of the law and needing the protection of the state against the powerful and skilled legal talent employed by the insurance companies. A Republican member of the assembly from the western part of the state followed my lead. I was then the Democratic leader of the assembly. In the course of the debate he stated to

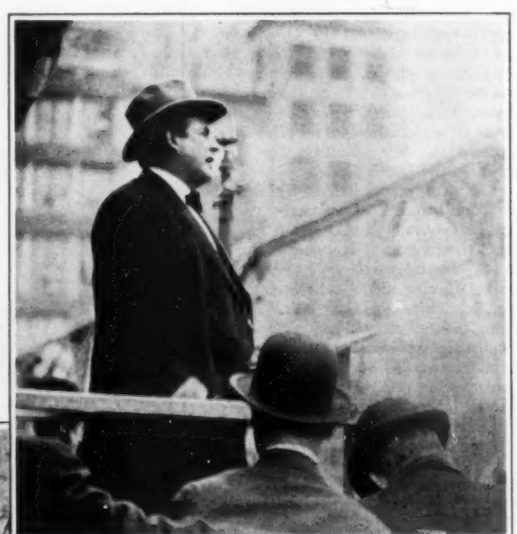


PHOTO. BY THE BAIN NEWS SERVICE, N. Y. C.

W. J. Bryan Speaking in Union Square, New York City

PHOTO. BY BROWN BROS., N. Y. C.

The Lincoln-Douglas Debate

the press of his own party that during his summer vacation he had met a representative of a large insurance company in New York, who had told him that in the event of Republican success the insurance companies proposed to write into the Workmen's Compensation Act a provision for direct settlement. It was at this time that I used with great effect the speech by the Republican leader who rejoiced in the success of the party that gave to the people "not what they wanted but what they ought to have." I displayed my newspaper clipping to point out that as far as this particular piece of legislation was concerned, it was not the people who were getting even "what they ought to have" but the insurance companies who were getting "what they wanted."

During the mayoralty campaign of 1917 the editor of a newspaper in New York committed to the opposition party said that he regretted that he had to oppose me in the editorial columns of his paper for the office of president of the Board of Aldermen. My answer to him was: "You can give the other fellow the editorials if you print what I say, because I find that infinitely more people read the news than read the editorials." I happened to have clippings from the newspapers supporting the candidates of the opposition party printed at times other than during the preelection period, and while the paper supporting my opponent was claiming great credit for the police administration of New York in its editorial columns, I was able to show the audience, with my own clippings, that on another page of the same paper, on the same date, there was an item that the insurance companies had increased rates on burglary insurance because of the number of burglaries being committed.

How to Make a Speech Interesting

THERE are many different kinds of speeches in the political field, which is the one with which I am personally most familiar. There is the old-fashioned, old-time political speech wherein the speaker dwells upon the fundamental principles of the party which he represents and avoids any reference to the clear-cut and well-defined issues of the day, claims credit for his party for all the good that has come into the world and blames all the bad on the opposition. There is another form of speech that is really a debate; the speaker taking both sides of the question and answering himself. In such a speech there is an analysis of the chief argument of the opposition, and a reply to it. This, to my way of thinking, if properly delivered, is the most interesting political speech.

Debate brings out the best there is in a speaker, because, after all, what people are interested in is your side of a contention. A man may make a grand, flowery speech about our natural resources. He may tell what they mean to the country. He may use the old stock phrases of how they are given by divine providence and how they may contribute to widening the channels of commerce and bring prosperity to the hearthside. That is not what an audience wants to know. They want to know how these resources are to be used to benefit themselves, and it cannot be told better than in debate.

I like the debating type of oratory. A speaker takes what the other fellow says, tears it to pieces and shows you how impossible it is. Then he sets up his own house and shows you how easy it is to live in. That is the speaker to whom I like to listen. That speaker tells me something definite.

Lincoln was a debater. Lincoln had to have someone say something to him before he could say something about it. In all his debates with Douglas he was never on the defensive, but on the offensive of a great principle—the equality of man. He kept pushing that all the time. Did we mean what the Declaration of Independence said about it? Are we with Jefferson? Did Jefferson mean we are all equal before the law? If Lincoln asked Douglas a question, Douglas would not answer it, but would rather go into a long, flowery speech and never make a real answer. Douglas was an orator; Lincoln was a debater. Lincoln had it all over Douglas for that reason. Lincoln never made a really long speech and, what is more, he was not given very much to the flowery oratory of his time, but spoke with deliberation and premeditation. He had a short, sharp way of saying things that made a hit with the American people. It was natural with him.

Take the naturalness and simplicity of the Gettysburg address. It contained no flowery eloquence. Its expression was simple. I have heard it said of Lincoln that the Gettysburg address was delivered by him under very great stress. He made a short speech, precise and to the point, referred to in after years as a public utterance that was destined to burn its way down through the literature of the world. A great silence came over the audience at the close of his speech. He mistook it for lack of appreciation, when, as a matter of fact, history tells us that the audience was left spellbound; he having put so much of real fact, so much to the point, into so few words.

The argumentative, debating speech can be particularly effective in a comparison of platform planks of contending parties. Especially is that so when the speaker is able to quote the record of both parties in the past with reference to the matter contained in their promises—a platform being, as it is understood, a promise of party activity.

Simple exposition is not so effective as argument, although very often employed by the less magnetic speaker who wants to give an audience all the facts and marshal all the evidence. The great orators seldom used it when they wanted to stir their listeners. The give and take, the question and answer of debate are always more telling. Whenever I pick up a volume of orations I find myself held by that type of speech, even in reading.

In campaign speaking, one of the most important things is to plan the number of speeches to cover the issues so as to conserve, first of all, the strength and energy of the candidate who is making the speeches. It is equally important to keep in mind the second consideration, which is that the candidate should not attempt any subject unless he gives himself sufficient time to make what he is speaking about thoroughly understood by his audience.

Campaign speeches are too often made from the back end of railroad trains; the speaker devoting five or ten minutes to each speech and attempting to make six or seven of them a day. To my mind, this means nothing. It carries no conviction. It does not leave an intelligent group of people in any happy frame of mind toward a candidate.

There is an old story that gained currency back in the days of Bryan's early career. A newspaperman entered the office of David B. Hill and said to him, "What do you think of the new boy orator, William Jennings Bryan?"

Hill said, "What do you mean—what do I think of him?"

"Why," said the reporter, "he makes sixteen speeches a day."

Whereupon Hill scratched his head and said, "When does he think?"

PHOTO, BY BROWN BROS., N. Y. C.

The Elder LaFollette in a Characteristic Pose

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James Hamilton Lewis, of Illinois, Delivering an Address

PHOTO, BY BROWN BROS., N. Y. C.

Bourke Cockran

The Place for Extemporization

IN MY own experience, the most effective preparation for a speech was first to assemble the facts in the order in which I wanted to make the speech; I would go over the speech in the afternoon along the lines that I intended to use in the evening, and if the newspapers desired advance copy, give it to them; but I almost never followed the advance copy strictly. I relied entirely upon my memory in making the speech. I never carried a manuscript out on a stage with me, and never had anything with me except a few notes on envelopes and the exhibits I needed for references. Fortunately, there has never been sufficient deviation from the advance copies to make it noticeable. I never used the advance copies; in fact, I would feel ill at ease if I thought I had anything in front of me that I was supposed to say.

All that I really require is the outline of a speech. Sometimes three words furnish sufficient thought to enable me to speak for fifteen minutes. Speaking on many occasions from an hour to an hour and a half, I carried no memoranda onto the platforms beyond three or four envelopes on which were written the headings of the various topics upon which I proposed to talk.

Extemporaneous speeches have their uses. Sometimes, on occasions which do not require any particular thought and are mainly social gatherings, it is possible to make a good extemporaneous speech based on the general trend of the discussion. I have

(Continued on Page 141)

THE COMPLEAT WANGLER

The Afternoon Would Have Been a Complete Success if it Hadn't Been for Elida Pengelly, Who Still Held the Guest of Honor Backed Against the Piano and Wouldn't Let Anyone Near Him

By Mary Lowrey Ross

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

MR. NIGEL BANNISTER, guest of honor, arrived at the University Women's Club wearing one rubber, and a thick blue scarf twisted twice about his neck, instead of an overcoat. To Mrs. Archibald Adam he displayed, rather forlornly, the rubberless foot.

"I didn't discover it till I was halfway here. Now, where do you suppose I left it?"

"You poor lamb!" said Mrs. Adam. She was quite excited and moved; partly at the sight of so much distinction so humanly set forth, and partly with the sense of having said the exactly right impulsive thing. That was the test of a chairwoman—to seize without an instant's hesitation on the proper handle to greatness.

"We really do appreciate—all of us—your coming to speak to us." That was what she had intended to say. But the new approach seemed so much better that she couldn't resist whispering, as he bent over to take off the rubber: "They're in there waiting to gobble you up."

He clutched at her sympathetic hand. "Stick by me," he murmured.

A moment later, when they faced the audience together, there wasn't a hint of the moment of compact between them in the entrance hall. Mrs. Adam introduced the speaker with that indescribable smoothness possible only to chairwomen on the North American continent. Her manner was at once authoritative and arch, intimate and inclusive. She spoke of the claims of the better modern drama, she appealed to her hearers as a group "able to think individually and willing to act collectively"—she was very fond of these antithetical constructions—and finally she brought forward the speaker of the afternoon, "Mr. Nigel Bannister, the distinguished actor manager," relinquishing the torch, vanishing behind him.

Mr. Bannister was, if possible, better than Mrs. Adam; his manner even more direct, winning and simple. If you are born with that manner and bring it to America, you can pick up gold from the streets and gather honors wherever there are enough together to form a quorum. With Mr. Bannister the manner was native, which gave it the added charm of sincerity. He treated his audience—it was an instinct with him—as if it were one woman; someone witty, mature and subtly liberated, a marchioness on a sofa. He courted her, that is to say, with exquisite reference to her intelligence. And when he presently left her sitting on her sofa and went marching up and down the room, excited and disheveled by his own enthusiasm, the marchioness, being witty and mature, only regarded him with a deepened indulgence and sympathy.

"And when I say authentic atmosphere," said Mr. Bannister, "I mean that you have to create on the stage a sense of the actual air these people are breathing—the very feeling and smell and flavor of their living."

He stood still with his hands plunged deep into his trousers pockets, his eyes bright with concentration.

"And when you get that," he said half to himself—"Lord, when you get that! That's—that's theater!"

The clock over the fireplace struck five. He glanced at it, pulled his hands out of his pockets. "Well!" he said. His smile once more included his audience, his voice became brisk and matter of fact.

"We believe that such plays can be made actually commercially successful," he said, "because, after all, come right down to it, that's the only way to keep them before the public. At the same time, we can't make them successful without the assistance of some local group that recognizes the value of such an undertaking; some little—*cénacle*, if you like to call it that—that is really interested in things artistically worth while."

The room, its occupants, the very walls, all were sympathetic and intent. It was a room of coarse cloth hangings, open bookshelves and mildly experimental art forms in pottery and oils. The one gold cushion was there, throwing back the orange light of the fire; the one branch of bittersweet, casting its Japanese shadow across the wall. A deliberately decorative, deliberately hospitable, deliberately exclusive room.

The audience was like the room; you felt its collective mind furnished with just the same sort of decorous feminine rightness. The same expression was on every face. It was, indeed, almost like a single face repeated by a phenomenon of refraction over and over again. Even Elida Pengelly, sitting in the center of the front row, looked exactly like everybody else.

Elida was the youngest, the best dressed and most beautiful person present. She was also the most practical and intense. She had graduated the year before in Specialist English. But books really irritated her; other people's thoughts got in the way of her own energetic and constructive thinking. Half an hour of advanced modern drama—a mid-European folk play, or the emotional abstractions of Eugene O'Neill—would have left her intolerably impatient, longing to escape to the lobby. What really appealed to her was the thought of organizing events so that other people should listen to these plays, if necessary, to the very last drop of the curtain. She was firmly pink and white and bright clear blue, but already there was something about her, the foreshadowing of a later inevitable grimness.

Sitting there in the center of the front row, Elida fell in love with Nigel Bannister. She did not, to be sure, recognize the change in herself. Elida knew no more about the queer emotional shiftings that took place under the busy surface of her consciousness than she knew about the private life of a stranger in another street. The change, nevertheless, was there.

Elida could scarcely wait for him to finish speaking; and when it was over and the chairwoman had made the suitable comment, Elida was the first to reach him with sandwiches and a cup of tea.

She handed him the tea and stood ready with the sandwiches. She appropriated and inclosed him, holding him there, secured, rationed and defended against all comers.

"I've been simply fascinated," she told him. "One never dreams of seeing anything really good outside New York. And Phillipstown of all places!"

Nigel smiled. His smile, in contrast to a somewhat dreamy appearance, was personal and direct. It particularized, lighted up detail, commented and admired.

"Why not Phillipstown?" he asked.

"You don't know it!" cried Elida. "It's the most hopeless spot!"

"Oh, really? I think it's charming," said Nigel. "I never saw such magnificent trams. And you have some glorious old trees."

"I hate our old trees!" said Elida passionately. "The place is completely overgrown. It's a hundred years behind the times."

"Will you have cream?" said a voice.

"Thanks, just a spot," said Nigel. "There, that's exactly ——"

"Everything they don't suppress, they censor," said Elida. She borrowed an aphorism from the Youth Forum meeting of the week before: "Phillipstown is a sink hole of morality."

Nigel said, laughing, "You know, that's good. I'll have to remember that."

"A tomato sandwich?" argued the voice.

"Thanks, I will," said Nigel. "I'm as hungry as a wolf."

"You see, I know," said Elida. "My father owns the Phillipstown Intelligencer. Everyone in Phillipstown who's terribly strong morally and rather weak mentally reads the Intelligencer. That means practically the whole population. Our dramatic editor," said Elida, "is president of the Dickens Club. His idea of a nice literary and dramatic evening is the Bardell-Pickwick trial."

Nigel laughed. "Oh, come, it can't be as bad as that!"

"You wait and see," said Elida. "Don't take the tomato sandwiches; they're soppy. This kind have chicken in them."

"As a matter of fact ——" said Nigel. "Look here; are you using those two lumps of sugar? . . . Thanks. . . . As a matter of fact, I'm getting fonder of the place every minute."

"How long will you be here?" asked Elida.

They would be here three weeks rehearsing, he told her, opening in Trelawney of the Wells in the middle of the month.

"Three weeks. That doesn't give us very long." Elida frowned, considering. "I'll help all I can," she said. "You ought to meet all the right people. I'll round them up for you, if you like. And I'll see what I can do with father."

Half a dozen members of the repertory company had come in after the lecture. They appropriated the scene as stage people do, turning the afternoon-tea hour into the segment of a little play. Marcella Bach, the leading lady, cried out in joy at the sight of the fire, and gliding over, held out her hands to the blaze.

"An open fire! Now I can be perfectly happy!" she cried so rapturously and dramatically that she might have been just about to discover the half-consumed letter in the grate, the scented half-burned cigarette on the fender that would shatter her happiness forever.

Mr. Basil Trent ranged the bookcases, his hands clasped behind his back, his eyeglass on a broad black ribbon—the casual bookish visitor to the life.

Even Charlotte Wren, in her plain tweed suit and felt hat, looked somehow like the stage interpretation of a country week-end visitor. They completely filled the room with the color, the extravagance, the odd, unreal significance of the theater. And they applauded everything—the room, its furnishings, the softly burning candles, the little green-and-white-iced cakes. Everyone surrendered to them. The afternoon would have been a complete success if it hadn't been for Elida Pengelly, who still held the guest of honor backed against the piano and wouldn't let anyone near him. Everyone was commenting on it, but Elida didn't care. She had never met anyone like Nigel before. He was at once mature and confiding, serious and gay. Besides, he was handsome. He had the actor's face—a Shaksperean nobility of profile; sensitive and austere. No wonder Elida wanted to keep him to herself.

"Poor old Nige!" murmured Marcella to Charlotte Wren. "What will I do? Jump in and save him?"

Charlotte shook her head. "He's all right. She's very good-looking."

"Good-looking!" Marcella was shocked. "She's got bugeyes," she said. . . . "Oh, thank you; I believe I will. What is that heavenly filling? Would it be frightfully bad manners if I looked inside one? . . . She's probably asking him if she can have my job. . . . My dear, don't look now! She's being playful. She'll be pulling out his tie in a minute. Isn't it amazing the way these women ——"

Charlotte laughed. "And Nige just as helpless as a saucer of milk!"

Marcella put her teacup on the bookcase. "I think I'll go and tell her to move over," she said, and sauntered toward the piano. Charlotte watched with sympathy the polite concussion of their meeting. Then she went over to the table and helped herself to a chicken sandwich and another cup of coffee.

It was after six when the party broke up. Charlotte stepped into the street to find that the rain was over. The air was soft and clean smelling, and the lamps were just beginning to burn pearl-like through the light mist. She decided to walk the mile and a half back to the hotel.

She had gone scarcely half a block when she heard Nigel's voice behind her, "Oh, Charlie! Wait a minute!" He came up and hooked his arm through hers. "What's the idea, running off by yourself?"

She was walking off the tea party, she told him. "It gave me rather a head. If they only wouldn't cackle so!"

"They cackle," said Nigel, "because they are about to lay golden eggs." His umbrella, baggily rolled, cut the air gayly as he walked. He was in the best possible spirits. "The beautiful young woman you saw me exercising my influence on over by the piano is the daughter of the owner of the Phillipstown Intelligencer. The Intelligencer controls the thinking of 85 per cent of the population of Phillipstown. Mr. Pengelly controls the Intelligencer. Miss Pengelly, it appears, controls Mr. Pengelly. How's that for an afternoon's work, Charles?"

"Poor Miss Pengelly! To be loved for her father's printing presses!" said Charlotte.

Nigel went on: "Mrs. Mackintosh—MacIntyre? MacTavish? Mac-something-or-other—wants me to speak on Thursday before the Women Rate Payers' Association. You may ask me what the present-day Irish dramatists have to do with female rate paying, and I may say God knows."

Charlotte admired. "You just put the meeting in your pocket and walked off with it, didn't you?"

"Looks like it," said Nigel, twirling his umbrella like a parade baton. "Phillipstown," he went on, "is a fine town. There's a lending library under every drug-store counter. They have chamber music the first Monday of every month. Sixty per cent of the inhabitants are members of

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"All I Hope is That by the Time We Get to the Coast Somebody Will be So Fed Up With Her That They'll Push Her Over the Edge"

The Leaning Tower of Venice

By WILLIAM HAZLETT UPSON

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

ALEXANDER BOTTS
EUROPEAN REPRESENTATIVE
FOR THE EARTHWORM TRACTOR

MERANO, ITALY, Monday, April 2, 1928.

MR. GILBERT HENDERSON, SALES MANAGER,
EARTHWORM TRACTOR COMPANY,
EARTHWORM CITY, ILLINOIS.

DEAR HENDERSON: Tomorrow we are leaving for Venice.

A couple of days ago I got a letter from a bozo down there who seems to be a hot prospect for a tractor. The letter was in Italian, but Gadget, of course, had no trouble in translating it. [Note: Every time I turn around over here I have to stop and congratulate myself for having the good sense to marry a woman like Gadget. She serves as wife, stenographer, interpreter of foreign languages and business adviser. And all at an expense no greater than I would have to pay for a wife alone.]

The letter from Venice ran in part as follows: "I can use one of your Earthworm tractors here at once. I have seen the advertisement which your company sent out, and I believe you have exactly the machine I need. I have a big job here, and plenty of money to pay you if you can handle the work. But you will have to hurry. If you delay even a few days, it may be too late. Please come at once, and bring your tractor with you."

This letter was signed by a Signor Luigi Bontade. He does not say who he is, nor does he describe his business or the particular work for which he needs a tractor. At first I was not inclined to take the matter very seriously.

"Obviously," I said to Gadget, "the man is crazy. How could he use a tractor in Venice? I have seen pictures of the place, and all the streets are canals. Does he think our machine can walk on the water?"

"Possibly he does," said Gadget. "We have run into people who had even funnier ideas than that."

"It is probably that idiotic advertising department again," I suggested. "I could even make a guess at exactly what they have done. Do you remember that booklet they put out called The Earthworm in the Rice Fields?"

"Yes," said Gadget. "It had pictures of tractors going through the water."

"Exactly," I said. "They were going through water about six inches deep—but you can't tell that from the picture. And when these advertising experts get some poor, ignorant translator to turn their text into Italian, it may mean anything at all. You remember how one of their linguists used the French word "*rochers*" to translate Rocky Mountains, and made it appear as if the tractor could climb right up a vertical cliff."

"I remember that very well," said Gadget. "How could I ever forget it?"

"And they have probably made a similar boner down here. They have made it look as if the tractor was ambidextrous, or amphibious, or whatever you call it. And this guy thinks he can use it like a boat."

"That might be so," said Gadget. "But again it might not. They have canals in Venice, but they also have streets."

"Where did you get that idea?"

"People who have been there have told me. There are several open paved squares, and there is a network of little streets that are used by pedestrians only."

"They don't allow wagons or automobiles?"

"No."

"If they don't allow wagons and automobiles, they wouldn't allow tractors, would they?"

"Maybe not. But there might be other places they could use them. They have glass factories in Venice."

"Yeah?"

"And they might use a tractor in one of those to haul sand or cinders or something."

"It doesn't sound promising," I said. "I think we had better write to Signor Luigi Bontade and ask him for particulars."

"If we did that," said Gadget, "it might delay matters too long. He says he is in a great hurry. He needs the tractor at once."

"Well," I said, "we have no other leads right now that are any better. I suppose we might as well take a chance and go down and see what it is all about."

"Exactly," said Gadget. "And besides, we have never been to Venice, and I think we owe it to ourselves to have a look at it. From all accounts, it must be quite a place."

"Right you are," I said. "We will go." And so it was decided.

We have already shipped the tractor by express, or *grande vitesse*, or something, which the guy says is much faster than ordinary freight. And we are leaving ourselves tomorrow. I will let you know how we come out. I am not very optimistic. However, if it is possible to sell a tractor in Venice, I am the guy that can do it.

Sincerely,
ALEXANDER BOTTS.

ALEXANDER BOTTS
EUROPEAN REPRESENTATIVE
FOR THE EARTHWORM TRACTOR
VENICE, ITALY,
Tuesday, April 3, 1928, 11 P.M.

MR. GILBERT HENDERSON,
EARTHWORM TRACTOR COMPANY,
EARTHWORM CITY, ILLINOIS.

DEAR HENDERSON: Gadget and I arrived in this beautiful city late this afternoon. We had telegraphed ahead to Signor Luigi Bontade, and he met us at the station. He does not want to use the tractor in a glass factory. Neither does he want to use it as a boat for cruising around the canals. Apparently the advertising department, by some accident, did a reasonably creditable job on their Italian booklet, and succeeded in giving a fairly good idea of what the Earthworm Tractor is and what it can do. But that does not help in this case, because Signor Luigi Bontade—who, by the way, is a restaurant keeper—has figured up out of his rich Italian imagination a tractor job which is entirely new and unprecedented, and so wild and woolly that I don't want anything to do with it.

This Remark Threw Our Friend Into a State of Tremendous Excitement. He Poured Forth a Surprising Stream of Language

Signor Bontade is a large man, perhaps fifty years of age, with black hair, black mustaches, and a highly nervous temperament. When he met us at the railroad station, he greeted us with such a cordial smile that we both decided we were going to like him. He speaks English after a fashion; and he addressed us something like this:

"Ah, Signor Botts, I am delight! Ah, Signora Botts, I am charm! You have notta forget da granda machine? You have bring da beega tract?"

[Note: This guy really does talk English just about like that. But as it is too much of a job to write it down that way I will hereafter give you his remarks in ordinary English.]

"I wish to use the tractor this very night," he explained. "Has it arrived?"

"It should be here," I replied. "If you will take us around to the express office we will find out for sure."

Signor Luigi led us through the station to a small bureau with a little window like a ticket office. The man in the window informed us that the tractor had arrived, but that we could not get it until tomorrow. This remark threw our friend into a state of tremendous excitement. He poured forth a surprising stream of language; he danced about; he waved his arms; he became red in the face, and then almost purple. But the express agent remained stubborn. It appeared that they were just closing up the office for the night and they would not be open again until eight in the morning. That was his story, and he stuck to it, finally ending the argument by closing the shutter of the little window.

"Oh, well," I said, "tomorrow morning will be all right I don't know what you want to use the machine for, but whatever it is, we can probably do it better by daylight."

"No, no," said Luigi. "I want it tonight."

"Apparently you can't have it," I said. "So you might as well make up your mind to wait until tomorrow. And in the meantime you might tell us for what purpose you wish to buy this tractor."

"I don't want to buy it. I just want to rent it."

"I knew there would be some catch to it," I said sadly. "How long do you figure on renting this machine?"

"Just for one night."

"What? Do you mean to say that you got us to come all this distance with a tractor which we thought you wanted to buy and which you now admit you only want to rent for a single day?"

"Not for a day," Luigi said. "For a night. This job must be done during the hours of darkness. But it will be all right. I will pay you very well. I will pay you most lavishly."

"My business," I said, "is selling tractors, not renting them. If I had known you did not want to buy, I would not have come at all."

"You will not lose anything," said Signor Bontade. "I will pay you very well for your time and for the use of the tractor."

"Well," I said, "as long as we are here we might as well investigate your proposition anyway. Please explain to us what you want to do."

"I will. I will take you to my restaurant so you can see for yourself exactly how the land lies and exactly what is to be done. Come with me."

We followed him through the station and out onto the Fondamenta Santa Lucia, which runs along the Grand Canal. Luigi engaged one of the shouting mob of gondoliers, who took our suitcases and put them into his gondola. Then we all got aboard and started off, gliding gently under the Ponte Alla Stazione and on toward the center of the city.

And right here I might as well admit that everything these poets have written about Venice is true. Any time that you guys in Earthworm City, Illinois, get to feeling proud of the town and your old courthouse, your Masonic Temple and your brand-new moving-picture theater, you had better come over here and get an eyeful of something that really amounts to something.

"Right You are," I Said. I Threw In the Clutch, Stepped on the Gas, and Dragged the Big Hunk of Stone Down the Promenade

As we floated along through the twilight, Gadget and I were both so impressed we couldn't say a word. The canal is lined on both sides by ancient palaces which are built of stone and carved in the most delicate and interesting way. The stone—which I think is mostly marble—is old and weathered. It is of various colors—creamy white, misty bluish gray and delicate rose. And when these tints are reflected in the water they become even more misty and beautiful than ever. A few yellow lights were beginning to show in windows, and we passed several boats with lanterns. We could hear the distant shouts of the gondoliers, the lapping of little waves against the sides of the canal, and the creak and dipping of the oars. The lack of other noises, after the hubbub in the station, was almost startling.

But unfortunately the silence did not last. Luigi, although a good egg and a likable fellow, did not seem to be impressed by the dreamy beauty of the scene.

"That pig of an express agent," he announced in a loud voice, "makes me sick. He has delayed us twenty-four hours; and for no reason at all except that he is too lazy to do a little work after closing time. It is an outrage."

"Well," said Gadget, "apparently we can't help it. We might as well stop worrying about it."

"You are right, *signora*. You are right. One should be philosophical. But it is hard when troubles come so thick, so fast, so heavy."

"You have been having hard luck?" asked Gadget.

"Hard luck!" said Luigi. "It has been insupportable. Never in the entire history of the world, *signora*, has there been a man so overwhelmed with trouble, disaster and tragedy."

"I am sorry," said Gadget. "Just where does it seem to hurt you most?"

"I will tell you," he said. "I am a restaurant keeper. I own a restaurant."

"I don't see anything so tragic about that."

"But wait, *signora*; wait until I tell you all."

"Go on," said Gadget.

"My restaurant is the Café Bontade. It is not one of the large places on the Piazza San Marco. It is a modest establishment on the Grand Canal, not far from the Rialto."

[Note: As most of you bozos at the home office have not had the educational advantages of European travel, I will explain that a piazza is not a back porch, or even a front porch. It is a public square. The Piazza San Marco is the most important and fashionable square in Venice. And the Rialto is a bridge—not a moving-picture show.]

"Although my place is small," continued Luigi, "I have always had a very good tourist trade. The chief attraction is my beautiful little garden, which overlooks the Grand Canal. Here, beneath the shade of the trees, I have tables and chairs where many customers have come to sit at their ease, eating our excellent food, sipping our excellent wines, listening to the sweet singing of the birds, and watching the gondolas gliding by. I have run the Café Bontade for ten years. It has been profitable; I have made money."

"Well," said Gadget, "I do not see any cause for shedding tears over that."

"Wait," said Luigi. "I am now coming to the dreadful part of it. I have a competitor. Next door to me is another restaurant. It is called the Café Grimelli, and it is owned and operated by a pig of a man called Antonio Grimelli."

"And he has been cutting in on your trade?" asked Gadget.

"For ten years he has been trying to get my customers away from me. He has fitted up a little garden in imitation of mine. He has reduced his prices. He has put out a large sign. He has bribed many of the gondoliers to bring their passengers to his place, even when they have especially commanded that they be taken to mine. But all these things have availed him nothing, because even the tourists know the difference between good food and bad."

"You mean his stuff is not so good as yours?"

"There is no comparison, *signora*. His food, his wine, his service—everything is unspeakable. As a citizen of Venice I am ashamed that our fair city should be polluted with the presence of such an establishment. His chefs are worse than the so-called cooks in the army."

"They must be pretty bad," I said.

"They are," said Luigi. "The soups in the Café Grimelli would not be fit to use as slop for hogs; the hors d'œuvres are mere aggregations of garbage; the pièces de résistance are tough, tasteless and sickening; the wines and the desserts are beneath contempt. And that is not all."

"No?" said Gadget.

"This wretched material that he calls food," continued Luigi, "is prepared in kitchens that swarm with rats and cockroaches. It is carried to the tables by frowzy waiters with black finger nails and shoulders that are powdered with dandruff."

"And I suppose," I said, "they all have halitosis?"

"I do not know what that is. But if it is something disagreeable, they probably have it. The spoons they use are always greasy."

"In other words," I said, "this Antonio Grimelli does not run what might be called a first-class restaurant. But if this is so, I don't see why you should fear his competition."

"I would not fear Antonio if he competed with me in an honest and fair manner. But recently he has been using infamous and dishonorable tactics."

"What has he done?"

"You would hardly believe it, but this criminal owns a big tower."

"I don't see anything criminal about that. Has he just recently bought it?"

"No, no. It is an old structure built many hundred years ago. It stands on Antonio Grimelli's property, just across the boundary line from my restaurant garden."

"If it is on his property," said Gadget, "I don't see why it should bother you."

"It is on his property now," said Luigi. "But I fear that it may soon be on mine."

"You mean this Antonio is purposing to move his tower?"

"No, he is not."

"Well, just what is he doing then?"

"He is doing nothing."

"Nothing?"

"Yes, that is just the trouble. I have pleaded with him; he only laughs at me. I have appealed to his sense of justice; apparently he has none. Finally, I have brought suit against him in the courts of Venice, but he only snaps his fingers in my face. He has hired clever lawyers who

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TWO AND TWO MAKE FIVE

By Albert W. Atwood

ILLUSTRATED BY WYNCIE KING

THIS article is a straightforward attempt to discover whether, under certain rather common circumstances, two and two make five instead of four. The subject may seem to call for levity, but in reality it does not. At any rate, there is no want of seriousness in this particular piece of writing, no trifling with an important subject. In all seriousness, the financial world has been at sea a long time and is, in fact, becoming more uncertain as to whether the sum of the parts is greater than or merely equal to the whole.

The condition to which I refer results from the increasing practice among corporations of declaring stock dividends, either occasionally or as a regular habit, of splitting up their stock issues, and of granting rights and options for more shares. In consequence of these practices, the question of whether four nickels are worth a quarter or only twenty cents has risen to take its place among the unsolved riddles of the universe. It has obvious legal, theoretical and even metaphysical aspects, but there is no less of an intense practical application.

Let us open up the topic in a personal, concrete way. Suppose you have ten shares of stock in a strong, well-managed, growing corporation, selling at 240, and the directors decide to split it four for one, or else they decide to declare a stock dividend of 300 per cent, which means, in either case, that you will have forty shares instead of ten, without any cost on your part. Suppose, also, that the new stock sells at 60; is it then cheap as compared with the old stock? There is another question which I wish to ask: In either case has your income been increased by the action taken? Have you gained or profited or been enriched in any way? You have been presented with something which you did not have before. How do you feel about it—you who read this article? Do you like to have shares of stock in a rich corporation handed to you gratis? I bet you do, because I know that I like it, my wife likes it, our relatives, friends and acquaintances like it. We, they and you are human beings and act like human beings. But what are the actual effects of these practices upon us, upon the investment situation and the corporate and financial structure of society?

These are not idle questions. The Federal Trade Commission published, in December, 1927, the names, capitalization and stock dividends of 10,245 corporations for the period 1920–1926. Taking 2971 corporations, which were strictly comparable not only for dividends but also for capitalization and surplus for a term of fourteen years, it was found that they had declared $2,350,000,000 in stock dividends for the period studied. We have no equally detailed study for the three years, 1927–1929, but apparently this process of proliferation and multiplication has gone on at an even more accelerated pace; that would seem to be common knowledge.

Stocks Within Reach of the Little Fellow

THE development of American business is constantly creating new practices in regard to the issuance of securities. There would be no problem if there were no growth, if business were static. This practice of splitting up stock and declaring stock dividends has its disadvantages and opens the way to abuses. But it is one of the accompaniments and one of the instruments, or devices, of expansion.

Then, too, it is a means by which ownership in the great corporations is popularized. A stock dividend or split-up is nearly always followed by an increase in the number of shareholders. There are critics who see in the practice an unjustified melon cutting, but the important point is that in this way stocks are brought within reach of the people. Speaking broadly, the more stock dividends and split-ups we have, the more stockholders there will be, and the desirability of having the great corporations owned by as many people as possible is generally conceded.

Yet the blind acceptance of every new business practice, even if it has a sound basis, spells danger ahead. We have a right to know what it is all about. Figures quoted in a preceding paragraph show what an important device the stock dividend, not to mention the split-up, has become. But just what is it and what does it mean? Before attempting to answer these questions, it may be well to note that at the last annual convention of the Investment Bankers' Association of America the chairman of the industrial-securities committee reported that "the extent to which regular stock dividends may be regarded as income may well become the most far-reaching problem confronting the investment world."

Boiled down, this statement merely asks the same question of whether a person receiving a stock dividend has more afterward than he had before. If you own ten shares of stock in a company which declares a stock dividend of 10 per cent, you will shortly have eleven shares instead of ten. Will you be any better off? Will you have gained or received any income? This may seem like an absurd or at least an intensely academic point to raise, yet it is anything but that. Upon it hinge and about it rage issues of momentous practical concern in the world of business and finance. The fate of literally billions of dollars may be said to have been decided by a divided decision of the United States Supreme Court on this very point.

Increasing the Shares, But Not the Share

A STOCKHOLDER in a company owns an interest in its assets and profits which is always proportionate to those of other stockholders, unless, of course, he owns all the stock. The man with ten shares has only one-tenth the interest which a man with a hundred shares enjoys. This is basic and self-evident. If it is common stock, the holder has what might be called a residual equity after bond and preferred-stock obligations have been met. Whatever is left in the way of earnings belongs to the common stockholders, and if distributed among them, it must be done so ratably or proportionately.

That is, the amount of your dividends depends always on the percentage of the total stock of that particular kind which you own. If you own all the common stock of the General Motors Corporation, you will receive all the dividends which are paid upon the common stock, naturally. But if you own ten shares you will receive a sum which bears precisely the same relation to the total dividend paid as 10 bears to 43,500,000, if that be the number of shares outstanding at this writing. This is so obvious that the mere statement of it may seem foolish, but it is a necessary preliminary.

Now, when General Motors declares a stock dividend of 100 per cent, you will have twenty shares instead of ten. But the man who has 100 shares will have 200, and the man who has 100,000 shares will have 200,000. You owned a certain portion, or share, before the stock dividend, and you will own precisely the same portion, or share, afterward. An apple is no larger because it is cut into two pieces and a dime is no larger because it is changed into two nickels. Five white chips do not count more than one red chip. Nor is the fraction $\frac{2}{6}$ any larger than the fraction $\frac{1}{3}$. If it were, then the practice of lifting oneself by one's bootstraps would be as common as walking.

If this reasoning is sound, then a stock dividend merely gives you more pieces of paper evidencing the same thing as you had before. It does not add to or enlarge your claim upon or legal rights to the earnings of the company, for the simple reason that every other stockholder has been given more shares of stock in the same way. You own precisely what you did before, only you have more pieces of paper to show for it. You owned a certain undivided portion of the company before the stock dividend was declared, and you own no more and no less than that portion now that the stock dividend has been declared and paid.

"That the dilution of the stock by passing out new shares free of charge shall be called a dividend is now a fixed usage," says Prof. A. C. Whitaker, of Stanford University, in a careful study of the subject; "but this usage is a terminological blunder of the first magnitude, and one which has virtually precluded clear thinking about the subject on the part of the general public."

The logic of the argument thus far would seem to be inescapable, and, substantially, it was the view taken by the majority of the Supreme Court when, on March 8, 1920, it decided that stock dividends were not income and, therefore, not taxable. If the court had decided that they were taxable, the financial history of the past ten years would have been utterly different. In view of the simple logic of the matter, now could anyone argue the other way? Now, here comes the strange, the almost startling, aspect of the story. As Waddill Catchings, chairman of the industrial-securities committee of the Investment Bankers'

Association, said to that body at its last convention, most stockholders do take the other view and "actually believe that after the stock dividend they have more than they had before."

What this really means is that most stockholders agree with the dissenting opinion of Justice Brandeis, who repeatedly stated in his dissent that a stock dividend is a method or device to retain and distribute profits at the same time. This is what most stockholders really believe, and if Justice Brandeis had been able to persuade a majority of the court that such was the case, there would have been very few if any stock dividends in the past ten years, because of prohibitive taxes upon them! This is, indeed, a strange world. Mr. Brandeis went on to say that if stock dividends are not taxable, then rich men will be able to escape taxes upon a large part of what is really their income and will pay taxes only on the income upon their income. But that carries us a little far afield. Let us get back on the main track.

When Income Becomes a Loss

STOCK dividends are income, it was argued, because the object of a business corporation is to make a gain for its owners, and this gain exists regardless of the dress it wears. The gain first appears in the shape of undivided profits held in trust for the stockholders. When dividends are declared, it is the same gain converted into concrete form for convenient payment, transfer and definite assignment. A mere change in dress does not destroy the power of Congress to tax. The actual process of gain comes not from any declaration of dividend but from what the capital employed has earned. The only effect of the dividend is to fix the date when the stockholder's share of the corporation's earnings becomes taxable.

But, said those justices who argued that stock dividends are not income, how can they be income when, obviously, the stockholder is no richer afterward than before? Nor did the debate stop here, because an ingenious reply was produced to meet even this rather downright point. The fact that the recipient of a stock dividend is no richer afterward than before is not important, because the recipient of a cash dividend is no richer either, declared the government attorneys. This doctrine would stun the average stockholder, if he really took it in. But let us see.

When cash dividends are declared, the stockholder has no more than he had before, because the dividend is offset exactly by a corresponding loss in the corporate assets in which the stockholder had and has his proportionate share. In this view, the flow of income takes place when the corporation itself makes profits from its operations; it does not take place when these profits are subsequently divided up. Here, indeed, is a pretty theory for logicians to debate over, but it is too delicate for the stern realities of life itself.

Justice Pitney swept such fine-spun theory aside when, for the majority of the court, he pointed out that if the corporation and its stockholders are as identical as all this, even cash dividends could not be taxed—which is manifestly absurd. He accepted the plea of Mr. Hughes—at that time an attorney before the court and not a member thereof—that a stock dividend is a mere certified expression of an undivided surplus and its capitalization. In accepting this view, Justice Pitney expressed the idea clearly in saying that a stock dividend is not a dividend "but rather the opposite." It means that profits are so far absorbed in the business as to render it impracticable to separate them for withdrawal and distribution. A stock dividend shows that the profits have been capitalized instead of distributed. Far from realizing profits, it postpones them.

Finally Mr. Pitney delivered his logical and legal *coup de grâce*, or knock-out blow, when he remarked that if the stockholder does not sell part of his so-called stock dividend, he has nothing to pay the tax with. This shows that to tax stock dividends is to tax a capital increment and not income. Of course, if he sells his stock dividend and realizes a profit thereon, or if he sells his original holdings and realizes a profit, he has to pay a tax, but there should be no tax, said the majority of the court, on the mere declaration of the stock dividend itself.

Reasons for Stock Dividends

I HOPE the reader will forgive me for reproducing so much of the language of the Supreme Court, which is too condensed, incisive and searching for the rest of us to follow without a painful mental effort. But here is where the matter stands legally, and we can now begin to examine the reasons why corporations declare stock dividends. The period from 1913 to 1919 inclusive was marked by an extraordinary reinvestment of earnings by the corporations. The wartime demand for goods rendered this process necessary as well as profitable. Subscriptions to war loans and taxes on profits further accentuated the tendency. The high surtaxes on individual incomes also favored

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Corporate Structures Should be Simple Enough for the Investor to Understand Them

THE FOUR BEST YEARS

By Margaret Culkin Banning

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. CROSBY

"Go and See What There is for a Woman to See and Do. You'll Get More for Your Money and Time in Paris"

SUSAN hoped that they wouldn't hear her come in. It was one of the times when she wished that rooms still ran to thick oak doors instead of rounded arches. She tried to make her way to the foot of the stairs unnoticed. It was nearly six o'clock, but some of her mother's guests, languorous from late-afternoon food and the delirium of bridge, were still in the living room.

"Oh, is that you, Susan?"

"Yes, mother."

"Do come in for a minute, dear."

Mrs. Fox, Mrs. Bennington and Mrs. Sparks all smiled at Susan as she stood in the doorway. There were snowflakes on the gray fur of her coat, fresh color in her cold cheeks, and they liked the sudden vision of the pretty girl, in whom they had friendly rights.

"Isn't it nice to have your girl home again, Mrs. Winton?"

Susan's mother beamed happily.

"It certainly must seem good to you, after all these years away, Susan, to get back home."

Susan couldn't tell them that it was nothing of the sort. They were such complacent ladies and so sure of all the things that Susan didn't believe. Everything they said seemed to have been taken out of some phrase book compiled for middle-aged women.

"Sometimes I think we send our children away just as they get to be companions," said Mrs. Fox.

"I suppose you're finding plenty to keep you busy, Susan."

"I'm working in the Dickens Book Shop," answered Susan.

"Isn't that nice for you! I always think that just to be with books is a kind of education."

"To be with so many of them gets you awfully dirty. I must go and clean up," Susan said.

"You don't want a cup of tea?" asked her mother.

"No, thanks."

She would certainly have liked a sandwich. She could see some on the tea table that appeared to be filled with tomatoes and cucumbers. They were very nice-looking sandwiches indeed. But if she began to eat she would be let in for more questions and answers, so she smiled once around and went upstairs fasting. On the landing a football bounced into her. Buck was practicing a few drop kicks in the upper hall.

"You shouldn't be doing that," said Susan.

"I'm not hurting anything, am I?"

Buck was like that—controversial. Susan always had to concentrate before she could remember his exact age, but it was around thirteen. He was not a handsome boy, even regarded affectionately. His ears were too large and his hair could be brushed just so far before it became a clump of bristles. At this time of year he smelled of leather boots and dampish wool, no matter what he wore, and his manners were always those of one on guard.

"Better wash your hands and face," said Susan automatically. "It's nearly dinnertime, you know."

She went on toward her own room. Through a bathroom door she could hear the unpleasant noise of gargling. Uncle George gargled interminably and at strange hours, apparently to fill in the time. He was fascinated and absorbed by his ill health. He liked gargles. He liked medicine droppers. They gave him something to do. Susan went quickly by the bathroom door. Aging, once-dissipated men had to be harbored somewhere, especially when they grew dyspeptic; and if, after years of hotel and club life, they suddenly took a liking for home life, the next of kin apparently had to provide it. Susan was amazed at the way her mother had accepted the situation. She had immediately seen that the curtains in the west guest room and bath were freshly laundered and that her husband's brother was made as comfortable as he would permit himself to be.

Susan went into her own room and shut the door. Six o'clock. It would be seven now in the East, seven at college. The cedar hedges of the campus would look like thick, black walls. Inside them the buildings would be sparkling with lights from hundreds of windows and the library would rise like a white palace surrounded by huge, ghostly fir trees. Girls would be crossing the campus, dining in the halls. It would all be orderly, intelligent, a community made up of people who fitted into one another's habits, who were mentally related to one another. There would be a thick, constant stream of students going toward the chapel. Some of them wouldn't go. They'd be in their rooms or at the inn off campus, or sitting in the Memoranda office reading proof on the magazine. She had a moment of intense homesickness, an empty feeling of utter lack of companionship. Buck kicking footballs, Uncle George gargling, the women downstairs telling her mother how glad she was to be home. It simply wasn't true. She didn't even feel that she was home. She felt strange—as if she didn't belong here at all.

Since Christmas it had been worse. Until then the holiday had been a climax up to which everything worked. Besides, until then, she hadn't quite realized what had happened to her. There had been lonely days in the fall when she realized that she wasn't packing a trunk or sewing on name tags as she had done every fall for seven years. But still, until after Christmas it wasn't so bad. That was a point to pass before anything else need be considered, the book shop had been madly busy, and there had been a burst of holiday dancing and wearing evening clothes. But now, when the presents were all opened, when the undergraduates had gone back to school, when the parties were all over and people only seemed to come to the bookshop to return the books they had

"Do I Remember You?" He Asked Susan. "I Leave it to Your Discretion," She Said

Susan's Mother Beamed Happily. "It Certainly Must Seem Good to You, After All These Years Away, Susan, to Get Back Home"

been given for Christmas, the facts began to weigh upon Susan. She was home to stay. Everyone reminded her. Her parents' friends, meeting her on the street, always remarked, with what seemed to Susan a dreadful finality, "Well, Susan, so you're home to stay. It must be nice for your mother and father to have their daughter again."

She went to the dark window and looked out at the houses surrounding the corner. They were the pleasant houses of the well-to-do, who have saved money and send their children away to school. Lawns covered with slanting drifts of snow merged into one another, with the spikes of an iron fence or the edge of a boundary wall sticking up here and there. The Waite house was brick, the Jones house was Colonial, her own home was an imitation of an English gentleman's house.

"It's so suburban," said Susan to no audience but her own discontent; "it's so deadly!"

She wore a red crêpe dress down to dinner. The Wintons, like most prosperous and unfashionable Americans, "cleaned up" but never dressed for dinner unless it was a party. Mr. Winton did not like dinner clothes and Mrs. Winton was always conscious of drafts when she was sleeveless. Buck had washed lightly and changed his polo shirt for a white one on which a striped blazer tie rode rakishly. Uncle George looked sallow, sophisticated and slightly invalided. There was cream-of-spinach soup.

Buck made a sound of disgust at the sight of it. It was not an appetizing sound, and his mother told him, with an air of repeating herself, not to do that.

Uncle George said, "I always think, when I see thick soup, of a certain café in Paris. Famous for its potage. They know how to make thick soup there."

"Kate's a very good cook," said Mrs. Winton, for the housemaid, who was also waitress, could be counted on to repeat any comments on the cooking to Kate, and Mrs. Winton did not want to have trouble in the kitchen.

"Soup's wasted on me," said Mr. Winton. "I always like to get on to my meat and vegetables."

He was a stout, hearty man, with a well-kept body which looked as if he played plenty of golf and handball. He seemed especially healthy contrasted with his brother's debilitated physique. Susan thought ironically that they looked like the results of virtue and vice. Not that one could be even sure about the vice with Uncle George.

"How's the book business, Sue?" asked her father, in the tone he used for things which were not serious.

"Rotten. Nobody's buying books. They're just exchanging them. We sell a few copies of King's Wealth. And a parlor-table book now and then for presents. Business is bad, they say. Are people really so poor? You hear so much talk of hard times."

"You always do," said Mr. Winton. "I'm still looking for the boom year that was coming the year I married your mother. It was only that condition I married her on."

Mrs. Winton smiled at random and pressed her foot on the bell. The maid took off the soup plates and brought in a veal roast. Susan stopped trying to talk economics. She never could get past her father's kindly levity toward the women dependent on him. The telephone rang, there was a moment's interruption of service and Susan was called. It was Mrs. Conrad Winton, the maid said. That was Althea, Susan's sister-in-law.

"Susan, are you free tonight?"

"Not a date in sight," said Susan.

"Well, you know, I just thought of you over there, maybe sitting on your hands and doing nothing, and I said to Con that I was going to call you up and see if you'd like to play some bridge or go to a movie or something."

But there was no "something" and Susan knew it. All the choices were named in full.

"We went to the only good show in town last night," said Susan—"mother and I."

"Then we can have a game of contract."

"All right. What's your idea for a fourth?"

"Oh, I've a man for you!" said Althea.

She spoke as if there were nothing more one woman could do for another.

"Who is it?" asked Susan.

"It's a friend of Con's. They were in college together. He's just moved here to live and Con brought him out for dinner. I'd have had you, too, if I'd only thought. Anyway, I'll send Con over for you about eight."

"Thanks."

Susan went back to the table and after a moment her mother asked her what Althea wanted. That was the way it was. Everything had to be exposed. There was no privacy. And when Susan told them all that she was going to spend the evening with Althea and Con and a man she had never met, Mrs. Winton looked pleased and Susan was irritated. She knew that her mother was thinking that romance might be hiding in this little incident—the romance she always assumed her daughter was waiting for. No matter what Susan said about not caring whether she married or not, her mother didn't believe a word of it. But for that matter, Susan wasn't sure that she believed it herself. Of course she'd like to be married if she could do it without stepping into the quicksand it was for most women.

Con called for her. He was about twenty-eight and had very old and very young moods. Susan was sure that if she hadn't been his sister he would never have looked twice at her. Con liked them fluffy, like Althea, full of exclamations and gratitude and resentments that could be changed into affection. Susan's rather cool poise, her way of using two-dollar words in public, didn't strengthen her at all with him. His expressed verdict, as Susan well knew—having heard it from Althea more than once—was that girls shouldn't go to college.

But Althea thought Susan was very pretty and had spurts of conscience about her. Althea always was sorry for people who might not be having a good time. She made it her business to have one herself. She and Con had their own close-knit, gay crowd of intimates. It was made up of married couples, and extra men were always at a premium, and extra women at a disadvantage. Susan was rarely included in it.

"Who is the other guest you have tonight, Con?" asked his mother.

"Phil Fletcher. You know—the D. W. Fletchers."

"Oh, the Fletcher boy. Is he here now?"

"Yes. But he's not so boyish as all that. He came back to stay with his mother. The old lady's not well. Phil married, you know. He used to live in Detroit, but his wife died a few years ago and he has a couple of kids. I guess he thought he might as well come back and lump his responsibilities."

Any unadmitted interest in meeting Phil Fletcher went out of the situation for Susan. There it was again. An evening with a widower who was dividing his thought between his old mother and his young children would certainly be a riot. She could imagine him.

Still, when she saw him she had to admit that he was not like her imaginings. He looked younger than Con, who was letting the happiness of married life thicken him through the shoulders. Whatever Philip Fletcher's responsibilities might be, they did not seem to be weighing him down. His shoulders drooped a little, but that was because he was so tall and unstiffened, not from melancholy. He was not handsome, but that was of no importance. There was something rather droll in his expression, as if he expected to amuse people and to be amused by them. His conversational touch was as light as a feather. Other people's remarks twisted just a little under his comment and became exceedingly funny. Yet Susan had an

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AN ADVENTURE IN IDENTITY

By Clarence Budington Kelland

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

"My Intentions," Said He, "Are Humble, But Honorable. I Seek Your Better Acquaintance, Mademoiselle"

MR. RANDY HYDE, one of the world's richest young men, lay back in his exceedingly comfortable chair and looked at himself. Not in a mirror, as you may suppose, but in the flesh. Not many people have the opportunity to stand off and study themselves, but if you happen to be a billionaire you may indulge yourself in luxuries not accessible to mere millionaires, and certainly not to the ordinary run of mine.

So there, in the person of Mr. Smithfield Wagg, sat Randy Hyde. It was not merely a remarkable resemblance; it was an exact duplication. To the minutest detail the young men were alike, not faces and bodies alone but underwear and cravats and shoes and trousers and handkerchiefs. As a matter of fact, Randy found some difficulty in telling himself apart, and Mr. Wagg, after a month spent as Hyde's *alter ego*, was finding it impossible, or at least very distasteful. He liked, in short, being Randy Hyde better than he had formerly liked being Smithfield Wagg.

The thing had come about logically enough. Some months before, a conversational woman at a party had informed Randy of the scientific fact that there exists upon earth an exact duplicate for every human being. It was an idea that appealed to Randy, for he could perceive numerous uses for a double, and forthwith he had caused the habitable world to be scoured until Mr. Smithfield Wagg had been brought to light and hired for the period of a year to substitute for Randy when, where and how Randy desired.

Wagg was called upon to attend tiresome functions, to be photographed, to drag red herrings, to issue interviews, to receive the scoldings of advisers and trustees, and generally to take upon his shoulders that part of life which Randy had found irksome. While Randy, meantime, tasted the delights of inconspicuous liberty.

But every ointment may have its fly.

Mr. Wagg himself was the fly, and he demonstrated his flyishness in a variety of novel ways not at all foreseen by his employer when he embarked upon the adventure. Erudition was Smithfield Wagg's heartiest blemish, but he quite capped the climax when he fell in love. Now Randy never contemplated hiring a double to do his love-making for him. Indeed, that was a detail he much preferred to do for himself.

"Wagg," said Randy patiently, "I'm not complaining, you understand. No man can help the bent of his mind, no matter how bent it may be, if you get that swell pun. But when a newspaperman comes to interview you about the new yacht we are building to defend the cup, why must you fill him with prunes on the subject of birth control among primitive, prognathous Philippine Islanders? It quite bewildered him. And when I read what I had said in the paper next morning I blushed. Actually blushed, Waggy. I'm too young to know such things, and I object to headlines which say, 'Young Billionaire Goes Highbrow.' Brains, Waggy, are grand if used sparingly, and you are ruining my reputation for never using mine."

"I am, if I may say so, building up for you a character of which you may justly be proud," said Mr. Wagg.

"I once heard of a man," said Randy, "who was proud of the dimensions of his goiter."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Mr. Wagg, interested at once. "I must make a note of that. Curious and interesting. Is the person available for interview, Mr. Hyde?"

"Brace yourself," said Randy. "We are about to change the subject suddenly. Now we come to the gentle passion, so called. I refer to love. I refer now to that romance which has made the tabloids so happy of late, in which I am the hero and one Anna Spack is the heroine. If, Waggy, you had combed the earth to find the one member of her sex with whom I could not possibly fall in love, you would have come eventually to Anna. She is it."

"Miss Spack is a woman of rare intellect and gifts."

"But the setting, Waggy! The rarest jewel may be ruined by the setting. The lady in question, if I may venture, is scraggy. I do not like scraggy ones. She has a great, great many teeth in odd localities. And she wears goggles through which she peers like a horned pout in a glass jar."

"Her eyes," said Mr. Wagg, "have been weakened by commendable efforts to attain true scholarship."

"Woman's place," said Randy didactically, "is not in the library; it is in the beauty parlor."

"She uses no cosmetics," said Smithfield Wagg with approval.

"They would curdle," said Randy. Then, curiously: "If you were free and yourself again, would you actually marry this secretarial—er—mass of higher education?"

"I would," said Mr. Wagg.

"Then, my friend, you are a greater hero than the first man ever to eat an oyster!"

"Mr. Hyde," said Wagg severely, "I am becoming increasingly aware that your mental equipment and moral outlook do not entitle you to be master of one of the world's greatest fortunes."

"Whereas," said Randy, "your convolutions and perceptions and what not undoubtedly do?"

"The world would benefit," said Mr. Wagg, "if we changed places."

"It would be less merry," said Randy, and sighed at such a prospect. "Well, there seems to be nothing I can do about it except to beg you to be discreet. If I should awaken some morn to find myself affixed by proxy to this Anna Spack, I fear the worst would happen. I should speak unfeelingly to you. I might even lay upon you the hand of violence. In short, Waggy, they would have to devise a new vacuum cleaner to gather up what was left."

A servant entered. "Mrs. Withington on the telephone, sir," he said.

Randy lifted the instrument and spoke.

"Oh, Mr. Hyde," came Mrs. Withington's voice, "I merely wish to confirm our conversation of yesterday before I issue announcements. You will really speak at my house on the twelfth on that fascinating topic?"

"Er"—Randy cast a baleful glance at Mr. Wagg—"would you remind me of the exact topic, Mrs. Withington?"

"Have You, for Instance, a Specialty? What is Your Hobby?" "Polyandry,"

"I recall it perfectly. It was Some Aspects of the Polyandrous Propensities of the Primitive Papuan Populations. So delightfully alliterative, Mr. Hyde. And polyandrous, if you grasp my meaning."

"Why, yes, to be sure. Certainly." He covered the transmitter with his palm. "What the devil is polyandrous, you peripatetic encyclopedia?" he demanded. "Does one discuss it before ladies? It has a low and lecherous sound, Waggy."

"Polyandry," said Mr. Wagg with some disgust, "is the opposite of polygyny."

"Oh, my aunt's cat's left hind foot!" exclaimed Randy. "And won't the tabloids pounce on that one! Read 'em and weep! Billionaire Boy Pounces on Polyandry! Plans to Enter He Harem! I could write it for them. Why, Mr. Wagg, do the loftier reaches of human erudition so often look at the stars through the manholes of sewers?" Then, once more into the telephone: "I promised, did I?"

"Indeed you did."

"Then I'll make good if I have to read a book. I would have preferred the title: Pollyanna and Polyandry—the lighter touch, you know—gladness and gayety and all that. But perhaps it is better so. . . . No, no thanks. I am indeed delighted."

He turned to Mr. Wagg. "And for this," said he, "you shall suffer. By the way, are we for it or against it?"

"For or against what, may I ask?"

"Polyandry. What else?"

"One is neither for nor against it," said Mr. Wagg. "One merely presents the facts and draws certain conclusions."

"And hopes for the best?" asked Randy. "Um-m. . . . Pretty polyandry! Polyandry wants a cracker! What infinite possibilities."

"It is not a subject for ill-timed humor," said Mr. Wagg.

"Indeed not. Even the circus might take it up in a serious way. Imagine billboards flaunting this announcement: Ponderous, Pea-eyed, Palm-eared Pachyderms Practicing Polyandry Permanently!"

"On the twelfth," said Mr. Wagg. "I must make certain notes."

"Where," asked Randy, "do you give your justly famed impersonation of myself today?"

"A meeting of the directors of the Allied Charitable Foundation; tea at Mrs. Norton's; a fitting at our tailor's, and this evening the opera."

"What a swell day we're going to have," observed Randy.

"Also," said Mr. Wagg, "I wish it understood that I do not impersonate you. At all times I am myself. That I resemble you is no fault of mine. However, such is my adaptability, that I am you."

"And who am I?" asked Randy.

"I have given that matter no thought," said Mr. Wagg, who had not, indeed, got so far as that. It is true that he was progressing. He had reached almost to the point where he actually believed he was Randy Hyde, with all the benefits and emoluments thereto appertaining—and he liked it. Much as he regretted certain aspects of the Randy Hyde character, he was becoming every inch the billionaire and schooling himself meticulously to the part. Now, as he went up to his own room, he schooled himself further. A passion for exactness! At his desk Mr. Smithfield Wagg took pen in hand and for an hour, with assorted samples before him, practiced the handwriting of Randy Hyde. Not with evil intention, be it understood, but impelled by some half-formed notion that it was imperative. Occasion might arise; necessity might confront him. He might be called upon to write, and then what? If the hand of Mr. Wagg was not the hand of Mr. Hyde, there might be untoward events and horrid catastrophes. So Mr. Wagg labored, and not without success, for Randy's handwriting was of a careless, boyish, formless sort not difficult to simulate. In the end Mr. Wagg compared his efforts with the originals and felt a justified glow of pride in his achievement.

In the meantime Randy Hyde was giving due consideration to what he should do with his time, and also to a more serious matter. Namely, how should he go about finding a certain young woman whom he had encountered twice, whose name might or might not be Smith, as she stated it to be, and who had aroused in him something rather more than curiosity. She went in for elusiveness and unexpectedness, which charmed Randy exceedingly, and her conversation was both pert and solidly arresting, which interested him even more. But he had nothing upon which to go—no clew, no fingerprint, no cigarette ash from which to deduce her name, age, residence, occupation or condition.

"When in doubt," Randy said to himself, "become active. Nothing ever happens to a man in a sitting posture."

Therefore, secure in the knowledge that Smithfield Wagg was to make public appearances in his stead that afternoon and evening, he slipped into an inconspicuous suit and made an even more inconspicuous exit from his residence. It pleased him to catch a glimpse of his bodyguard—a portion of it—doing sentry-go on the sidewalk before his front door, and to know that Mr. Wagg would be expensively protected from whatever a billionaire requires to

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Said Randy Promptly, "Darn!" Said a Slender Girl With Black Hair and an Adventurous Gown, "That Puts You One Up"

THE MAGIC-LANTERN SHOW

By CHET SHAFER

"The Boy Stood on the Burning Deck"

IT IS not such a difficult task to hark a fertile memory back to the time when the stereopticon lecture was one of the really important vehicles for entertainment and devotion. With its crude yet adequately artistic slides, it was a sanctioned diversion, after early stubborn opposition had been overcome, for the not too critical congregations of day before yesterday. It had a broad appeal for those who worshiped stoutly and consistently, laughed heartily, and appreciated the simple wholesome pleasures then available.

The machine, if it was owned by the church—though few were prosperous enough to afford such an outlay—was protected with a red plush cover when not in use, and was mounted on planks laid on the backs of pews in the rear of the church. It was a mysterious contraption, and not unsinister to the youngster who itched to investigate its secrets, but who was briskly ordered back when he edged too close. Vitalized by buzzing, sputtering carbons, its long ghostish-gray, dust-flecked ray angled out from a Cyclopean eye to a rippled bed sheet stretched on a wire in front of the choir loft. The sheet was furnished by the Ladies' Aid Society. And it was a good one, too; probably off a spare bed.

Usually the pastor—although a foreign celebrity who stayed at the hotel was sometimes announced—conducted the lecture.

He stood, dimly outlined, just outside the path of the fruitful shaft of light, wielding a pointer and elucidating details. In his hand he held a special metal clicker, and when he pressed out a staccato "tock," a member of the Men's Bible Class, selected because of unquestioned ability, changed the slides.

Life as Seen on the Slides

THE views flashed on in profusion. Then, at the very last, came the peerless gem. The dark shadow of the change passed over. And there, before the eyes of everyone, was a beautiful though anguished maiden. She had long, wavy blond hair and she clutched despairingly but with evident determination at a rugged cross. A flowing robe of purity enveloped her, the sleeves, fitting enough, being well rolled up, and she knelt on the surface of a rock of substantial proportions. All about her, cruelly close, tossed the hungry waves of an unassuageable green sea. It was a harrowing scene, and the audience, apprehensive that she might lose her fragile fingerhold and slip into the depths, where the pale hands of those who had perished could be seen, was mightily relieved when the voice of the minister broke the suspense:

"Will the congregation please rise," he asked vibrantly, "and sing the last verse of the hymn that we all know so well?"

Responsively the air was filled with the swishing rustle of silk and heather-bloom petticoats. Husky coughs, long repressed, were released. The notes of the organ pealed out, firm, encouraging. And many voices, in the relief from heavy emotion, surged forth in the words of Rock of Ages.

Fascinating in its flickering fearfulness, fearful in its powerful significance for those who may have erred or were thinking about it, that picture was stirring. In its grim reality it gave folks something to think about and to carry home after the lighter and more worldly views that had gone before. With it, the lights were turned on. Everyone blinked and all were glad to see one another in the return to actualities. The organist plunked in her stops noisily, being in a hurry to get away. And the show was over. Except, of course, for the young man who, in his awesome impression of the solidity of the church, never could quite figure out why it wasn't at least unethical, if not just a bit sacrilegious, to move the pulpit out of the way.

Every youngster, because of his home equipment, which, when it was in working order, often netted him two-pins' admission, called the stereopticon lecture, the Magic-Lantern Show. It endured purposefully, richly, for several decades, losing its hold on public interest only after the movies came into power. Though presented frequently in schools, and occasionally at the opera house or the G. A. R. Hall, it was primarily a high light of the life of a church that was the center of social activity. It had distinct value as an entertainment which drew, with magnetic force, audiences so large that the ushers had to tiptoe around and set up the collapsible chairs in the aisles. And though the intent was invariably serious, it often provided opportunities for snickers and laughter, despite the gravity of the situation.

Like one night at the Presbyterian Church in Westville. A professional lecturer appeared. He had been advertised by handbills which were a glowing tribute to his versatility. He was tall and thin, and wore a goatee, and he bowed with impressive dignity when he was introduced to an expectant crowd. He was doing the Spanish-American War, complete, from the destruction of the U. S. S. Maine in Havana harbor to the surrender of Santiago.

His operator, vouched for by the pastor as eminently trustworthy, answered the clicks promptly and accurately. The speaker grew more eloquent as he progressed and caught the tempo of his hearers.

"And here," he declared, with a dramatic sweep of his pointer, "we will see the crashing destruction of the proud Spanish fleet at Manila by Admiral Dewey!"

Instead, however, the audience gazed at a charge of the Rough Riders.

"And here," he repeated, doggedly, and with higher emphasis, "we will see the crashing destruction of the proud Spanish fleet at Manila by Admiral Dewey!"

The operator, suddenly nervous, plunged on another view—the capture of a blockhouse.

"And here ——" yelled the artist.

Taking a Calf to Market

BUT when a picture of Vesuvius in action appeared, he stopped short. And in the wave of merriment that swept over, he stalked down to rebuke the operator. Fully five minutes of fussing and rearranging passed before the entertainment continued. It was concluded successfully. But it cost the operator his envied position. All his protestations that Dewey never did destroy the proud Spanish fleet at Manila according to that set of views were of no avail. He had blundered, and he retired in disgrace.

But it was not alone the selection of the wrong slide for the title or putting a slide in upside down at some particularly inopportune point that gave the appreciative assemblies their chance to laugh. Because leading humorists and artists of the day collaborated painstakingly to create many series which were immensely successful in an appeal to a fine sense of humor. These series usually interspersed the serious subjects, though a humorous lecturer sometimes devoted an entire evening, perhaps two or three hours, to the flashes of clean amusement.

There was one sterling presentation in this lighter field which must have been an undoubted, trusty leader—The Farmer and His Calf. Mr. Hayseed, the principal character, tried to coax a calf to market with some grass. Failing, he tried to push it along. This method also was unsuccessful. He applied a bur. He seized the animal by an ear and its tail. He hoisted it on his back. It kicked and plunged. Then he had an idea. He tied a cowbell around his

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The Drunkard's Daughter—In a Moment of Despair She Plunges Into Eternity. Above—Payment for Her Work is Refused for Alleged Imperfections

"He Wrapped Her Warm in His Seaman's Coat"

I CHOOSE TO SMILE

An Informal Chat With Mayor Walker of New York—By James R. Crowell

YES, I know—they call me Jimmie, the Jester. Do I mind it? Why should I? If I'd been born with chronic maladjustment of the sense of humor, they'd call me Walker the Weeper, and then I would be out of luck. The only place I know of where crape hanging avails anything is the undertaking business. I haven't any use for crape hangers. If a man can't smile, I'd just as soon he'd stay out of my back yard—it might be contagious. Life is packed full of fun, and the man who doesn't extract his share of it misses a great bet—check and double check. Mankind has many blessings, but my hat's off to the chap who invented the ha-ha. Our biggest bugaboo is the boo-hoo.

In your travels through life it's much pleasanter to sit in a nice easy-chair of the Sunshine Limited than to ride the bumpers of the Calamity Jane Special. You'd be surprised how simple it is to book passage on the Limited and how cheap the fare. In fact, all you have to do is just step aboard, and when the conductor comes for your ticket, hand him a smile. He won't punch it.

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Mrs. Walker and the Mayor in London. At Left—Mayor Walker and Ambassador Schurman in Front of the Embassy Building in Berlin

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Jimmie, the Mayor

YOU know what a wise man said—that somewhere along the line there's an excuse for most human frailties, but that if a man will insist on wearing whiskers, it's his own fault. Well, there you are—if folks will insist on riding the Calamity Special, it's their own fault. I don't know what can be done about it, either. All I do know is that they're not going to have James J. Walker for a traveling companion.

My father was known as a first-rate laughing man. When I was in Europe three years ago, I went to Ireland on a visit to the site of our ancestral château in Castlecomer, County Kilkenny. The Walker château was a cabin, and my pilgrimage to it was a rich experience. It occurred to me that if my father could live in a cabin and still laugh, his son would be a traitor to paternal influence if he couldn't be mayor of America's first city without being grouchy about it. I am proud of my father and lean to men of his type. It's a good deal more of an accomplishment to laugh in a cabin than to laugh in a mansion. Not that I live in a mansion. I'm afraid that if I ever moved to one they'd stop calling me Jimmie, and I'd feel awfully lonesome if nobody ever Jimmied me any more.

Jack Dempsey, one of my favorite fighters, calls me Jimmie. Babe Ruth, my favorite ball player, calls me Jimmie. The newsboys over in Park Row, when I pass to and from the office, say, "Hello, Jimmie." Do I care? Certainly not; I like it. I think I'd be a bit of a stuffed shirt if I got on my high horse about folks calling me Jimmie. The title of Mr. Mayor is transient; that of Jimmie, permanent. I'm deeply grateful to my parents for giving me such a sensible name. It would really be quite a misfortune if the newsboys had to say, "Hello, Percy." I have nothing against the name Percy, but I'm glad my folks didn't think of it when they christened me. If I'd been Percy instead of Jimmie, New York might now have another mayor. I don't know. I've had battles to fight in my life, but that's one I escaped.

I'm Jimmie to a million or so persons, I suppose. You probably think it's just a nice, friendly situation that works only one way—always in my favor. Well, that's true in one sense, but in another sense it's not. During a political campaign it's a wonderful advantage to be on such terms of free and easy intimacy with the electorate. But after the smoke of battle has lifted and you tackle the big job of work they've commissioned you to perform, it's a little embarrassing to find the cohorts parked on your doorstep—a multitude of them—wanting to slap you on the shoulder and give you friendly hints on how the city should be run. You are still Jimmie to them. You took full advantage of that term of familiarity to slide into office, and you're under contract to continue the status quo. And then, when you try to side-step the rush so that you can do the things the job demands, comes the dreadful indictment that you are putting on the tall hat. Oh, yes, I've had the charge thrown at me, and my skin has never become so thick that it doesn't hurt.

Pique, anger, hysteria, pathos, drama, comedy—they're all in a day's work for the mayor of our largest American city. There is not another office I know of like it in the world. The governor of the state of New York wins the office largely on the verdict of the voters of New York City, but he goes to Albany to perform his duties. It is not his home town; he is merely a transient visitor, sequestered from those who voted for him, geographically inaccessible to the thousands who feel that they have a perfect right to take their personal troubles to the administrator of public affairs. The President of the United States has even greater privacy, and everybody who voted for him does not feel obligated to remind him of it daily.

A Pooh-Bah in Person

THERE are six million people surrounding this City Hall, and if you don't happen to be within walking distance, you can get here on a five-cent ride. Everyone has a claim on the mayor. Most of them take it to him in person. Those who don't, write. Here is a woman who wants to see me about her husband, who's been spending too much time in the company of the dashing grass widow two flights up. I can't adjust that. A mother wants to know whether she should give her children white or whole-wheat bread. Personally I prefer whole wheat. An indignant Harlem flat dweller demands that I get after his landlord because of the outrageous rent he has to pay. I wish I could. A Brooklyn apartment-house owner thinks I ought to do something about the high price of coal. I'm sorry I can't. A lover of world peace drops in to say I'm lagging on the job because I don't get after the naval-limitation conferees in London and have them agree to scrap all the warships. Perhaps I am. This man thinks I ought to put my foot down on Congress passing the Tariff Bill. What good would my foot do? That man asks me to use my influence to have Babe Ruth make bigger and better home runs. I'll try to.

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BACHELORS OF ARTS

By Brooke Hanlon

ILLUSTRATED BY RAEBURN VAN BUREN

HENRY HUBER was employed as bookkeeper in the office of a contracting firm in Pittsburgh. He lived with his family in one of those smaller towns that lie in the blackened fringe of the city. Tall, a little stooped, and white haired, he might have been taken for a professor in the university from which two of his three daughters had been graduated. Henry had a certain silence and dignity. He could take his place on the front porch on summer evenings and be seen and deferred to by fellow members of Margaret's faculty, by sorority sisters of Louise's, in due time, and still later, by the boys who came for Jane in their cars.

Sometimes, when talk rose and fell animatedly about him, Henry would wrap himself still closer in his mantle of silence and dignity and nod behind his paper with a faint and satisfying stirring of pride. Kant, Schopenhauer, Bergson, he heard. Communism, Bolshevism, Fascism. Baudelaire, Verlaine, Mallarmé. The Christian Church is a parasitic growth? No, no! Ibsen, Hauptmann, O'Neill. Paul Green. John Dewey. No one could talk faster than Louise, with more authority than Margaret, or with as warm a glow of color coming and going in her cheeks as Jane. Henry was proud—of their square red-brick house in its Pittsburgh suburb, of the soft silks, not rustling ones such as women used to wear, that the girls bought for their mother, of the three sheepskins that hung framed on the walls of the study on the second floor. Soon there would be a fourth; Gerald was at Harvard and would graduate at the end of his summer's work. The youngest Huber was capturing his degree with hard breathing, as though it were an athletic trophy.

"My boy's finishing at Harvard this summer," Henry could have said at the office, if he chose. Not that anyone would have been impressed by it. Hadn't Tony Martinelli a boy who had studied architecture at Carnegie Tech and been sent abroad on a two years' scholarship? Hadn't Amos Findlay a boy who had studied steel in the laboratory and then gone down as laborer into the mills? Nevertheless, Henry was proud. Almost as proud was he as though he had helped in the securing of the degrees, and that he hadn't been able to do.

Margaret, the most valiant one of the Hubers, had been the pioneer bachelor of arts. When Margaret finished high school Louise, Jane and Gerald were still in the grades. Louise had appendicitis that winter, Gerald had to have his tonsils out in the spring, Henry lost time with an attack of pleurisy. Margaret worked in the Oakwood drug store evenings to provide herself with books and clothes.

"I'm going on to college, mother," she'd said, steadily, in June. She'd earned money for books and fees by working summers in a Pittsburgh department store, and winters she served as mother's helper in a doctor's family in her chosen college town. Mother's helper didn't adequately describe Margaret's duties. That she was cook, maid, laundress, seamstress and nurse would have been a more accurate statement of the case. For four years Margaret's day began at six, and ended at midnight. Often, after midnight, she was guiding a pencil with tired fingers or scanning closely printed pages with tired eyes. She shopped, planned meals, cooked and served them, sewed sometimes late at night on small garments. The children in her charge passed through the cycle of children's diseases and Margaret acted often as night nurse, going heavy-headed and leaden-eyed to her morning classes. Sometimes, in winter, she didn't have rubbers and her shoes wore thin. Margaret, at thirty-five, was a victim of arthritis and prisoner to a wheel chair. She had, however, taught English in the Oakwood high school long enough to make things easier for Louise and Jane.

Louise commuted to the local university and majored in mathematics. Graduated, she took a position as instructor in a private girls' school at a far end of the city. "Well, Jane," Louise had said heartily, "what are you going to take?"

"History," Jane elected, "and, let's see—French."

Both older sisters helped Jane. She had evening slippers as well as textbooks, smart little frocks for classes as well as dissection instruments. She had, in her junior year and from the February sale, a raccoon coat. Jane was pretty and animated, and Margaret and Louise were proud of her. They indulged her a little. She was invited to fraternity affairs, to proms, to senior balls and Pan-Hellenics, and the older sisters enjoyed the proximity of this excitement. They enjoyed seeing cars full of chattering young people stop in front of the Huber house on the afternoons of big games, seeing a long-legged boy detach himself from the group and leap up the front steps for Jane. Jane would go down then, wrapped in the raccoon coat and pulling on fresh gloves. During Jane's senior year this long-legged youth was always Bill Ogilvie. In March of this year Margaret was stricken with arthritis and in June, of course, Jane was graduated.

She Looked With a Certain Proud Fondness at Jane. "The Prettiest!" She Repeated Triumphantly. "It's That Green Hat I Bought for You, Infant"

Life was different that June. Jane was caught up in the wonder of that difference in life. Bill Ogilvie was different; it came down to that. The strain of examinations lifted, and the long dreary drone of lectures stretched out behind them, beginning to lose itself already in the mist. Sometimes their eyes met and they smiled, then frowned, then laughed a little, excitedly. Whatever it was, it was new, it was wonderful. They had it. It dwarfed degrees and commencement plans. Only when she went into Margaret's room was this rosy mist that was forming about Jane pierced a little. This was the agonizing period of Margaret's illness and her hands were twisting slowly, helplessly, out of shape.

"Oh, Margo, if it would only stop ——"

"Now, infant!" Margaret would achieve a smile.

"Isn't it any better?" Jane would stroke Margaret's poor hands with a feather-light touch.

"Better! Of course it's better."

"Well! Don't let me hear of anyone getting high-hat around this house." Louise tiptoed in briskly one afternoon. "Just don't let me hear of it!" She laughed excitedly. "Did she tell you, Margo? She was voted the prettiest." Louise made an alert and efficient young mathematics teacher, her eyes clear behind her shell-rimmed glasses. She looked with a certain proud fondness at Jane. "The prettiest!" she repeated triumphantly. "It's that green hat I bought for you, infant."

"The green hat put me across," Jane agreed. She laughed and her color heightened. Bill would have seen the report of the voting in the school paper too. He'd razz her about it tonight. "It doesn't mean anything," she said.

Margaret had turned her face away. Her brow had contracted. "Oh, Margo," Jane said helplessly, "I'll get you a tablet." Louise moved quickly.

"I'm not to have another before evening," Margaret protested. But she let them give it to her, drained her glass of water and was quiet. Louise arranged flowers in a bowl and went downstairs to help her mother with the dinner.

"Of course it means something, Janie." The lines of pain went by degrees from Margaret's face and she reached for Jane's hand. "It's the degree that counts, dear, of course. I'm glad you realize that. Louise will have her master's soon too. She could have had Cornell this summer if I hadn't had to be ill. Janie, if I—if I don't get better ——"

"Margo!" Jane was shocked.

"Soon," Margaret amended hastily. "Janie, you'll help with Gerald?"

"Of course. Why, Margo, of course!" Jane's voice deepened with a rush of emotion. "Did you think—I mean ——" She became grave. "I always knew, Margo, that Gerald would be my responsibility. You'll be well, but you're not to do a thing for him. Not a thing."

"I thought"—Margaret's cheeks were touched with the color of her eagerness—"Harvard. I've talked to Gerald, and he'd like that. It's better for a boy to go away. This Oakwood crowd. I ——"

"You're bad!" Jane put her cheek down to Margaret's. "Lying here worrying when you should be getting well. Haven't we all always known Gerald was going to Harvard? Who in this family has ever thought anything else? You're not to worry. Not a minute!"

That night, coming home from the Sig Beta farewell dance, Bill Ogilvie drove his old car through the park and up a wide driveway that girded a hill. He stopped there and dimmed his lights and he and Jane watched the city swim in light-pricked blackness below. There was a phosphorescent glow to the west; that was the mills. Sandy Voorhees and Mike Pulaski and Marvin Hutchinson, three good Sig Betas, had signed up to go to South America with an oil unit. Dean Farren and Harry Lane were Texas-bound

"I've Managed to Save a Little. I Thought—for Linens and Things, You Know, When Bill and I ——"

in a week. The world was hushed with the imminence of these farewells, and the June moon hung heavy with their portent. "Listen, Jane," Bill turned to her. His voice broke on a queer note and he caught her in his arms. "You—you knew, didn't you, Jane?"

"I knew," Jane murmured. She and Bill had always laughed and now, for some unaccountable reason, tears wet her lashes.

"There's no need for us to wait." Excitement mounted in Bill and a strange, sweet insistence took possession of him. "Dad's letting me go right in as advertising man. I've worked on it summers, you know. It won't be much, but it'll be enough. Some of the fellows think, 'Wait, that's the thing.' I don't. Work it out together is what I think. Jane ——"

Gerald, she thought, and straightened in Bill's arms. "There's Gerald," she murmured faintly. "It—it couldn't be right away, Bill."

"Of course it can. Listen ——"

"No. Listen to me, Bill." Slowly she freed herself. "There's Gerald." There was a strain in her voice. "Gerald will be my responsibility." She'd said that to Margaret. "Margaret and Louise helped me through school. You knew that, didn't you, Bill?" She clasped her hands tightly now and didn't look at him. It was a June night, and Bill was so near, and happiness seemed to be slipping forever away. "They did everything for me." Her voice went somehow on. "I'm in debt, in a way. Yes, it's that. I have to do it for Gerald."

"You mean ——" Bill was unbelieving. "But four years, Jane!"

"I know."

"But listen. You—you —— The girls ——"

"Margaret"—Jane looked straight ahead—"you know how Margaret is now. Louise has done so much."

Bill grew up a little bit, at last, in a sudden way that hurt. "We'll wait," he said. "Perhaps, after all," he said later, "the other fellows are right. Perhaps time will go quicker than we think now." Bill and Jane looked again down at the city, her hand clasped in his. They didn't either of them think that time would go quickly. They looked back to the beginning of their own college life, four years ago. That was a lifetime.

Gerald entered Harvard that next fall. He was more or less under the dominance of the system and, in the main, worked hard, but Harvard seemed to provide unforeseen facilities for enjoyment. Gerald needed such a lot of things, and Margaret didn't get well. The course, too, to quote Gerald, was "tough going." He'd come home at his vacation times and walk nervously about. "Tough going," he'd report cheerfully. He'd get it out, finally—he had to repeat this or that next term. So Jane and Bill waited five years instead of four. Gerald was five winters and a summer in clearing up his credits.

"Look here," Bill had said at the end of the fourth winter; he'd grown up now and had worked four years, "you've seen him through this far, and he hasn't made the grade. We've waited long enough."

"Margaret." There hadn't been anything to say but that. "You don't know what it means to her, Bill." Jane had waited, a little bit afraid.

"Okay, Jane," Bill had said at last.

It was the week Gerald was expected home. Jane sat on the porch one night and moved the couch hammock lazily with her foot. Sometimes, on August evenings, a certain late summer suavity descends. Sometimes a certain sweetness is distilled by the breeze that drifts over back-yard flower gardens and down the streets between tailored small trees. Jane let her head fall back and breathed deeply.

The Huber house was one of a row of yellow and red brick dwellings, every one with its plot of grass, its two neat trees, its porch with wicker chairs. Henry had folded his paper, and his chair creaked as he rocked back and forth. It was too dark to read now.

Well, there wasn't any doubt about it now. Gerald was through. In a day or two he would be home. "My boy's finishing at Harvard," Henry could have said. He stirred suddenly, as in recognition of something amiss in the orderly progress of a summer evening on his own front porch. "Well, well. Where's Bill these nights?" He looked at Jane.

"In St. Louis, on a business trip," Jane said out of that dreamy content that had held her now for days. "He's been gone a week, dad."

Both Gerald and Bill would be here in a day or two. She continued to propel the hammock lazily with her foot. Tonight things were quiet and you could think. Jane thought of that June night so long ago and she smiled, as older sister to a girl who had thought that the end of the world was come. She was five years older now, of course, and a little tired from teaching French and history in a mill town twenty miles up the line, but —— Bill wanted the wedding to be right away. October, they'd thought. Jane hadn't told the family about it, but Bill and his father were thinking of moving their business to St. Louis.

"It's going to be cooler tonight," Henry predicted gratefully. "Yes, sir, it's blowing up cooler."

"Feels like it, dad." Jane wished she hadn't tried to speak just then. Her voice sounded queer to her ears and she put her fingers up to her cheeks with a funny start of surprise. They were wet. She groped for her book and walked past her father with averted face. The corner light

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"They Did Everything for Me." Her Voice Went Somehow On. "I'm in Debt, in a Way. Yes, it's That"

NUTS AND REASONS

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LASSELL

THERE ain't any use beating up the bush, so I will come out straight and ask you this question: Even if me and Toy Williams did have plenty of rows, and even if I did tell her a lot of things about herself that maybe wasn't entirely true—did she have any right leaving me flat and then getting teamed up with a wrastler?

Now, mind you, I ain't claiming that maybe I didn't go too far. Of course I didn't sock her, or nothing rough like that, because she ducked—but you would think a dame would give a guy a chance to apologize for missing. But no, not Toy! First thing I know is when I waltz into my dressing room and there is a note from that cluck saying she is going to blow at the end of two weeks, and what am I going to do about it?

Well, I think this is just another lovers' quarrel, but on account our act opening the bill, I haven't got time to talk to her right then. I dance out with the Indian-club routine which I open with, and there she is, doing her job of dressing the stage, and how.

It struck me then that Toy was even easier on the opticals than I had ever suspected, and so I figure to put my pride in my pocket after the act and tell her she oughtn't to be so touchy—getting all peeved up and quitting a swell job with the world's best juggler just because he happened to lose his head for a minute and tried to sock her. It was only a love tap anyway, and I always have thought that maybe hadn't she ducked so prompt the wallop would of brought her back into my arms.

After we finish our seventeen minutes I go busting right into Toy's dressing room.

"Since when," she inquires, "did you get the idea that I am the kind of lady which lets gents come into her dressing room without knocking?"

"It's just me, Toy."

"That being the case, I'll eliminate the word 'gent.'"

"Aw, quit wisecracking. I come in for a serious talk."

"You've had it already. Now get out."

"Listen. What's all this boloney about you leaving the act in two weeks?"

"It's the truth."

"You're kidding."

"Wrap your ear around this, Eddie," she says—and I can see she is plenty hot: "When you was always rowing at me, I stood it. When you was always telling me how lucky I was to be hired by you to wear tights during your act, I stood that too. But when you took a sock at me, Eddie—then I started remembering I was a lady. And I'm blowing." I see the dame means what she is saying, or anyhow thinks she does.

Smack Markis

"I'm sorry I took a sock at you, honey."

"Sorry because you missed?"

"No. Of course I was sorry at first that I missed, but I'm sorry now that I so far forgot I was a gent. Honest, sugarfoots, I'm goofy about you."

"Yeh! And if you was to fall any deeper in love with me you'd probly break my jaw or something. No, Eddie, being a target for a shrimp that gets an occasional yen to be a wild man is too strong for my blood. I'm through!"

"What are you going to do for a living?"

"Just what I did before I met up with your sugar-cured highness."

"You can't get a job in the profesh."

"Why not?"

"Because, honey—I got to be honest, much as it hurts me—you're a lousy actress."

"Oh, I am, am I? And I guess you're dealing a fit to Mr. Shakspere with your juggling? I guess all the movie producers in Hollywood are chewing on United States mints to buy your act out? I guess it's all true what you been telling me about the bookers conspiring to keep you in the opening spot?"

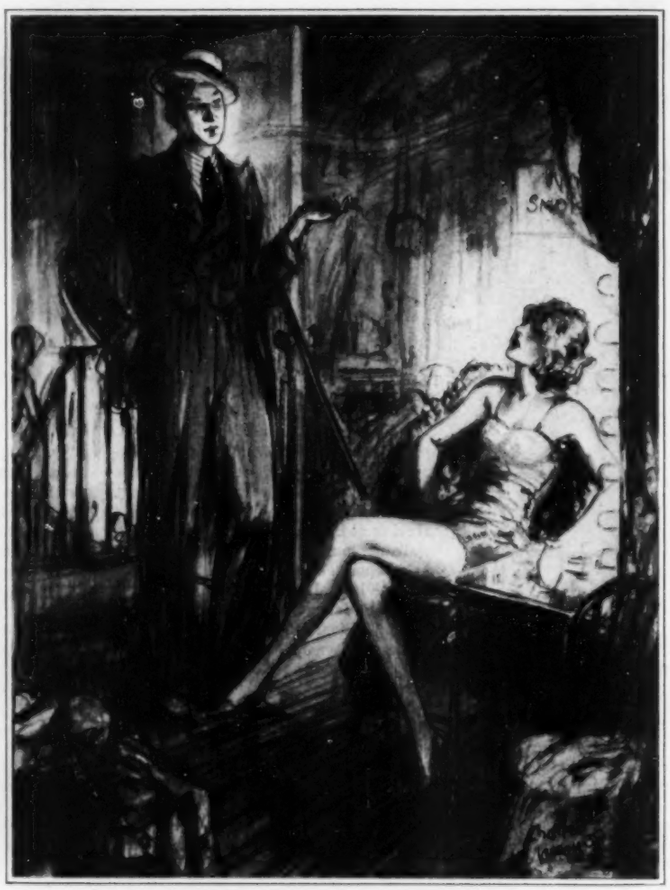
Well, that is going too far. That girl could of took a rap at my face, or figure, or my brain, even, but when she goes to work and starts whamming my art, I gotta show a little fight.

"Lay offa that," I growls.

"Who says so?"

"Just me. And get this through that ivory crock of yours: Only for me you'd still be serving 'em sunny side up in that two-bits beanery where I found you at! You think because you've traveled twenty-two weeks with me already, and folks have said you've got a pair of good-looking gams, that you're gonna take Sarah Bernhardt's place. Well, listen to me, girl. One of these days I'm gonna come out of the stage door, and it's gonna be raining or sleeting or something, and there you will be, begging me, with tears in your eyes, won't I please take you back."

"And you'll take a sock at me, eh?"


"Since When," She Inquires, "Did You Get the Idea That I am the Kind of Lady Which Lets Gents Come Into Her Dressing Room Without Knocking?"

"Don't put words in my mouth. I'll just take you in my arms and tell you that I always have loved you, even if you was awful dumb; and maybe this has been a lesson to you, and if so, maybe you can join my act again."

She gives a little laugh, and there ain't nothing of mirth in same.

"You should of been an actor, Eddie. The thing you call a brain don't work but one way, and that is around the person of Mr. Eddie Eller, World's Premier Juggler and Terpsichorean Artist."

I spoke lower, "Don't you love me, Toy?"

"Why should I?"

"There you go—always answering one question with another. I didn't ask you why should you; I asked you do you."

"Whether I do or not ain't got anything to do with this argument."

"That ain't no way to talk to the man you was almost engaged to."

"Nor it ain't no way to talk to the man I was almost socked by. You take my advice, Eddie, and get you a dame for your act which ain't got as much spirit as me, and maybe you will do better with her. But no girl with any self-respect is going to stand for always hearing about how good you are and how rotten she is. Nor neither being busted on the nose. So, for the next two weeks, Eddie, you go your way and I'll go mine, and after that it's all off between us."

"I'm heartbroken," I says, "just thinking what a mistake you are making."

But does my logic make any difference to that skirt? Not so as you could notice it. She gets ritzy around the theater, and it ain't hardly no time at all before all them other acts is noticing that something is wrong between us. And though I don't like to knock my feller artists, I got to say in honesty that nobody gives a juggling act a break. You would think that jugglers all had lepersy or some other terrible disease, the way a bunch of bum hoofers and warblers won't have nothing to do with them; and me working forty weeks a year, every year, and having played the best houses in the country, including the Palace, which is a house most of these turnips ain't ever seen excepting they paid a buck and a half for their seat, or else found a friend who had a couple comps.

Going back to Toy Williams, though, I can't get it through my dome that she's serious about doing a walk-out. It ain't only the prestige that she gets out of being with my act, but it's also that I and her has sort of hit it off to play house together for the rest of our lives; only she gets fool ideas in her head like thinking that I didn't love her, just because I took a sock at her. I tried to explain that anybody's hand is libel to slip, but you can't explain nothing to no woman.

I'm really kind of cut up about this thing when I see she is serious. It ain't like I really meant to hurt her feelings. And when I think of her walking out on me I get kind of sick; only I got too much pride to tell her so right away, especially when she announces that even if I got down on my knees to her, she is through. Well, I wouldn't get down on my knees to no dame—least of all one I hoped some day to get married to—and so I tell her if that's all she thinks of my deep and unselfish love she can go to thunder and I hope she starves to death.

Well, she goes, after giving some of the boys on the bill a good play for the rest of our time together; and after I pick up a lad to work with me and do the jobs which Toy had always done, I begin to get awful hungry for her.

She's class, that kid. Good-looking, what I mean. Kind of little and blond and cuddly, and it seemed like maybe I had talked to her too much about how lucky she was just being with me. Not that it wasn't true, but then I guess even a girl like her yearns to be told once in a while that you can't live without her. And every day I wait for a letter and none comes; so finally I sit down and work for three hours writing me a note which I think is both

dignified and affectionate, because I am almost entirely heartbroke over that dame leaving me flat, like she has just done, without any rimes or reasons. Says I:

My dear Toy: I suppose by this time you have found out what a terrible mistake you made in walking out on a right guy like me. Well, Toy, I also think you made a mistake and I have suffered a lot just thinking about all the nights you must of cried yourself to sleep longing for me and the old days when you was working with the World's Premier Juggler & Terpsichorean Artiste, yours truly. Now, Toy, I am nothing if not a magonomous guy and so, if you wish to return to the act, all will be forgiven and we will get married, provided you promise not always to be throwing up to me that I almost socked you on the nose. Please wire your answer. If it is yes, you can wire collect.

Affectionately, EDDIE.

You would imagine, with a sweet note like that, she would of burned up the wires. But did she? No, sir, she didn't, and for a while I thought I wasn't never going to hear from her again. But one day there comes a letter, and I don't suspect that it is from her, because it has got my agent's name in the corner, and right away I think that ungrateful bum is writing me again about that money that he says I owe him.

It's from Toy, though, and what it says is something:

Dear Mr. Eller: Your letter promptly received and contents duly noted. In reply, beg to state that I have another engagement on the stage and so cannot accept your kind offer. Said engagement is with Smack Markis, Middelweight Champion Wrestler & Physical Culture Expert in a Potpurri of Melody & Health Building, and as he is a kind and considerate man, this is a better job than with a cheap juggler who always opens the show unless there is trained animals on the bill, and then even the trained animals are sometimes spotted better than him. Referring to your offer of marriage, I also beg to state that I cannot accept that offer either, on account of having other plans.

Yours truely, TOY WILLIAMS,
Singing Comedienne.

Wouldn't that slay you? That "singing comedienne" part of it, I mean. She who never done nothing on the stage but wear tights and hand me my Indian clubs, knives, rubber balls, et cetera. And that dirty dig about where I am spotted. And the ungratefulness of her trouping with a wrastler.

I ain't even heard of this feller, and I ask some of the boys on the bill. What I hear don't cheer me up none, as they say he is a bone crusher and has probly ruint a lot of his opponents for life. Also that he has got an elegant physic, which he shows off to advantage, making himself a good attraction for vaudeville. And that ain't all.

I read something about their act in Variety, and see that it is being readied in a large way, and then I write to my agent and ask is he handling it. He writes yes and then goes on to say that the route they are to follow will be the same as mine for a lot of the distance, leaving out some few cities which cannot afford the heavy nut of the Smack Markis act, and I do not know whether to regard that as another dirty crack.

Sure enough, that agent told the truth, and you would of thought that he would of had more consideration than to get bookings for any act Toy was in, so that I and she would be playing the same bill about two weeks out of every three. I started to write him words to that effect, until suddenly I got an idea of how it happened and why Toy had stooped to go into this wrastling act.

You see, it was this way: I guess I must have hurt Toy's feelings when I took that crack at her, and she was out to make me plenty jealous, because a man can always tell when a girl is really in love with him, and I knew good and well that Toy was goofy about me—as why shouldn't she be? Anyway it was perfectly plain that she was just doing this so as to make me jealous and have me eating out of her hand. But being a man of common sense and pride, I make up my mind that such will not be the case, and I will be as upstage as a headliner, and I guess that will soon show her how much I care.

Well, it's in Cleveland that we get together for the first time—my act and hers, I mean. I'm all excited, though I don't know why, because it is plain that she is chasing me, and I am not going to take her back except on my own terms. But just the same, I happen to get to that theater early for morning rehearsal. It is a cold day and lots of snow is falling, and just as I slide into the alley which leads to the stage door a taxicab rolls up and two people get out.

The first is Toy, and I will confess that I got kind of a shock seeing her. She always was pretty, but in her little tight-fitting brown hat and a mink coat pulled around her figure, and the snow as a swell backdrop, it kind of brought a lump to my throat.

Then I lamped the gimmick that was with her. I guess Mr. Smack Markis don't look like no Dresden doll nowheres, but in a snowstorm, wearing a fur overcoat and with a little trick like Toy next to him, I'm here to remark that he appeared positively terrible.

Even in the storm, I can see that his profession has dealt kind of cruel with his face. All you could say it showed was virility, and I guess lots of better dames than Toy has fell for that. He looks like he could wrastle two oxes at one time, and when I mentioned this later to one of the lads on

Well, Sir, She Didn't Give Me a Tumble. Just Stuck That Pretty Little Nose of Hers Up in the Air and Strutted Off

the bill he replies that Smack has several times give exhibitions of wrastling a wild bull. That makes me feel no better fast.

As they go past me in the snow I give a bow.

"Good morning, Toy," I says, polite and gentlemanly.

Her eyebrows go up. "Ah, Mr. Eller. I wish you good morning."

Just like that—with the "ah" and everything. At first I am crushed, but before I get inside that house I am plenty sore, and I make up my mind that Toy Williams is one

Toy Williams

dame which is going to learn that I can live just as long and twice as happy without her.

Well, she keeps on being not so cordial, and I go her one better, because I am a bird that knows how to handle women, and I realize that if you are always chasing around after them, giving them presents and letting them know they are breaking your heart, they won't have anything for you but lots of contempt, and same is what I do not want from Toy or no other woman. So I go through my rehearsal with the orchestra and never notice her at all, and even when we open that afternoon I do not pay the slightest attention to her, although I do stand in the wings and catch their act. It's a pretty nifty flash. In the first place, he's got a swell shape, with plenty of muscle, and he puts his stuff across all right for a guy that ain't an actor, but I get the hunch, from watching him, that he is kind of dumb, or even very much so. He has got one of them dead pans which some folks call "forbidding," but which I would say is just plain brainless.

He does a lot of physical culture under the spots, making his muscles jump and such, and showing how he got that way, and then he goes into a spiel about being the greatest wrastler at his weight that the world ever produced, and how he is only giving exhibitions on the stage because managers can't pay how much money he demands—which sounds like a lot of static to me.

It don't take long, either, for everybody to find out that Smack is kind of crazy about himself. He's always talking about how much money he gets and how much he's gonna get. I hear him lots of times, talking to other fellers, and it's always the same.

"There ain't nothin' cheap about me," this Markis was always saying. "I got a value and I stick to it. Any time you see me step in the ring you can bet I ain't getting a cent less than a thousand dollars; and if it's against anybody which ain't a set-up, I get at least twice that. Some of these cheap skates offer me five hundred dollars to wrastle for them, but I snap my fingers in their faces, like that. Because I don't wrastle nobody for less than a thousand berries no time. I'm good, I am, and I'm gonna see that everybody else knows it also."

Well, that wasn't no idle boast, because after two days I guess there ain't nobody within a mile of that theater which ain't heard from Smack's own lips what a wow he is, and how he never accepts less than a thousand dollars for taking a flop out of nobody—and what makes me sick is that I see Toy is lapping it up.

When Toy was in my act she didn't have nothing much to do except look pretty—which was a cinch for her—and show off her gams, which no girl constructed like her minds doing, but with Smack she has a song, and I guess that has went to her head. Also, when Smack finally wrastles with a partner of his, she walks on as referee and there is some alleged funny stuff where he tickles her ankle; and I think that sort of thing is vulgar and should be depleted, but the audience eats it up.

I make one more play for Toy, in a dignified manner, and when she does not give me no come-on sign, I climb up on a high horse of my own and begin teaching her that there are just as good fish in the sea as have ever been made chowder of. In fact, I pick out a dame on the bill named Elyse Elegant, the Latest in Fun and Fashion, and I ask her will she help me out of some trouble.

"Didn't Toy Williams used to be with you, Eddie?"

"Uh-huh."

"And you was kind of cut in the head about her, wasn't you?"

"And how!"

"Now she's showing this living walnut a good time, huh? And you want to teach her that if she don't grab you while

(Continued on Page 115)

GULF STREAM BLUES

By Charles Francis Coe

AVERY wise and thoroughly experienced fisherman recently remarked that the next big fortune to be made in Florida was going to that man who discovered the way to "set a man fishing in the Gulf Stream for twenty dollars a day." My own experience indicates that there is much to substantiate the remark. Deep-sea fishing would rank in popularity with golf if it could be reduced to comparable cost.

Today, a man must pay twenty to thirty-five dollars a day for the rent of a boat. In addition to this, he must pay for his bait—and the cost of this is generally computed by an algebraic process not yet written into the handbooks. Add to that, rental on tackle—a charge made in many places—railroad fare to the seat of the sport, and the business of board and room during the fishing season, and the sum total is prohibitive to hundreds of thousands.

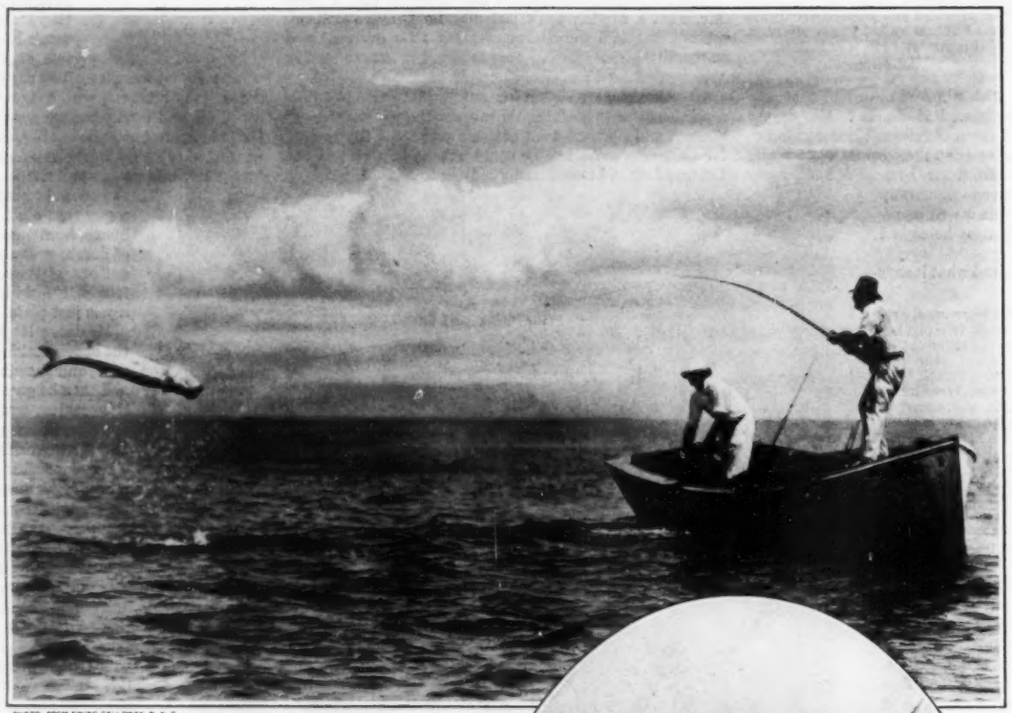


PHOTO. FROM ERING GALLOWAY, N. Y. C.

Playing a Tarpon. In Oval—The Wary Sailfish, Sometimes Known as the Greyhound of the Seas

Than the Gulf Stream, there is nothing more beautiful. Nothing so thoroughly restful and yet exciting. Nothing so magnificently mysterious. The skies above it are azure and limitless. The sun is bright and curative. The air is clear as crystal. As for the magic waters one sails, they surpass description. Generally they are blue after the Stream itself is reached. A blue that is indigo here and turquoise there. Glistening like a sapphire in one spot, and somber and provocative in another.

A Fisherman's Paradise—But Expensive

BENEATH the surface thrills abound. At any moment one is apt to encounter schools of fish that leave him dry-mouthed with amazed happiness. Dolphin swim in iridescent groups. Sailfish leap into the air and snap their forked tails across the surface in a sweep of grace and speed that sets the blood a-tingle. The dorsal fins of sharks crack the surface and hiss a sluggish course across the crucible of blue.

Kingfish and mackerel leap; blue runners, jack and ballahoo skip over the surface as they flee for their lives. Barracuda dart away from the boat. Tarpon roll to the surface and flirt their powerful tails in splashing salute. Several times I saw giant rays leap ten, fifteen feet into the air, spread their vast, winglike sides and crash downward in a cloud of shimmering spray. It is a sea of dreams.

In fairness, it should be said that no price is too great for the sport, provided a man can afford to pay it. None are disappointed. To the man with the money to spend, there is no deterrent in the cost. I have fished the Stream many times and never have I known real disappointment. There have been days when I did not catch what I wanted, but they were not days lost.

My last trip brought me my first sailfish. So thrilling was the experience, and so delightful, that I want to write of it. We set out in a comfortable cruiser, with swivel chairs mounted in the stern sheets. A pipe, a pouch of tobacco, a hearty lunch packed in the cockpit, a pail full of bait, full gasoline tanks and plenty of tackle, and we were off.

The Stream lay about four miles from the dock. We could see its edge as we chugged oceanward. To those uninitiated, let it be said that the edge of the Gulf Stream is often as clear-cut as the edge of a granolithic sidewalk.

Tide rips show there. Crustacea of innumerable species, and so minute as to be lost to the naked eye, line these rips. Millions of fish play and feed there. It is a paradise of hook and line. Also, the Stream differentiates itself by color. It is bluer than other waters. Yellow particles of weed thrive in its warm embrace. One knows easily enough when he has reached the goal. For mackerel, dolphin, amber jacks, kingfish, blue runners and barracuda, metal spinners often are used. For sailfish, the ballahoo is considered the best bait, with a strip of mullet next. These baits are stretched by a clever process to the steel hook and the wire leader. When trolled behind the boat, they assume a truly lifelike appearance. By way of augmenting their allure, what is called a teaser is frequently trailed over the sea's surface about twenty feet from the stern of the boat. This is a hookless plug of wood painted to resemble a toothsome fish.

"P. & A. PHOTO"

All fish but those of the sword family merely strike the bait and run. More or less, they hook themselves. The sailfish, with his short sword, is a cagier specimen. His very method of feeding tends to enhance the sport of hooking him. Many there are who believe that he spears his quarry with that sharp bill of his. These are misadvised.

What he really does is swim onto his prey and slap it. This stuns the fish, which lies for a moment motionless on the surface. During that moment the sailfish swims around it, twists its spine so as to render it more digestible and less choking, crunches it in his mouth and leisurely proceeds to swallow it.

Sitting at the end of a vibrant pole waiting until he performs all these painstaking maneuvers is akin to sliding down a banister with a chunk of dynamite in your hip pocket. Most striking sailfish are lost through impatience. The angler hits back at him too quickly. This is very easy to understand.

Three Strikes!

"COUNT ten," our guide told us after we had reeled out the bait about seventy-five feet. "Let your bait out just far enough so that it remains in sight when it tops a wave. Then watch for your sailfish. He'll show himself as he hits the bait. His big purple fin is the tip-off."

With the hot sun streaming down upon us, we set our lines, clicked on the drags and waited. A big shark swam lazily away from us as we puttered along. The clear water churned along our side in a gurgling song. We drew close to the edge of the Stream.

"Sailfishin' is as much huntin' as fishin'," the guide informed us. "I'll climb onto the cabin an' keep an eye peeled. If I sing out, reel in your lines an' we'll chase after 'em. You might watch astern right close. They jump, you know. Leap right out o' water an' sort o' skid along on their tails. You can't miss 'em."

While he was climbing, I got a strike. I reeled in a mackerel weighing about four or five pounds. Almost instantly my fishing partner—a great sport named Bob—had a similar strike. He set his hook.

"'Nother mackerel," he grunted, and began reeling. Suddenly his line took on renewed activity. The pole in his hand jerked violently and the reel sang as line ran out.

"Good Lord!" Bob gasped. "What on earth ——"

The line went dead again and he waved his pole in bewilderment. "I never saw a fish act like that," he avowed.

"A shark hit your mackerel," the guide called from atop the cabin. "Either a shark or a barracuda. Drop your bait back. Mebbe he'll sock it again."

Bob did as he was told. Once, twice, three times. Just as he was ready to give up and reel in for fresh bait, he got the hoped-for strike. His pole jerked, and jerked hard.

Bob jerked back. Again his reel sang the song that thrills the soul of the angler. It took four or five minutes of steady pumping and reeling to bring the fish near enough the boat to be seen. Then, at sight of us, it darted off again and three or four minutes passed in valiant pumping.

"It's a barracuda," Bob asserted. "A big fellow too."

Events proved him to be right. He brought the fish to gaff and the guide held him aloft for us to see. He was better than four feet long and at least seven inches from spine to belly. His vicious lower jaw protruded an inch and a half. Lining it were teeth as sharp as tacks, and fully as long. In the water he would not be a pleasant customer to tangle with. The guide ended his voracious career with a resounding thump across the back of the neck and dropped him into the fish box with my puny mackerel.

"They often do that," he explained. "Any hooked fish down here is apt to be plucked off your hook by a shark or a barracuda. Mostly it's sharks that git 'em. You was lucky."

For an hour we cruised along the edge of the Stream. Our box held six or eight fine mackerel, three barracuda and a thirty-five-pound amber jack. In addition,we had a bonito, which I caught and struggled with not a little, and a blue runner, that came easy to gaff, but glowed with a beauty that made up for the lack of sport in landing him.

After about three hours of fishing, Walter was still atop the cabin, his eyelids and face wrinkled against the glare of the bright sun on the water. We had not sighted a sailfish. Two more boats lay about a mile to our leeward, and one of these, Walter thought, had played and lost a fish. But we were in the dark. I was most anxious to land a sailfish, and as my hopes ebbed I became disconsolate.

Two Fish, Two Men, Two Feet Apart

I WAS in this frame of mind when probably the most exciting ten minutes of my life opened without warning. That is the glory of the Gulf Stream. Virtually everything comes without warning. I was changing my rod from my right to my left hand, having munched a sandwich, when something overside attracted my attention. It was a vivid streak of color that swept across the stern of the boat. Instantly it was followed by many others.

"Dolphin!" I shouted to Bob. "Look over here, Bob! Hundreds of dolphin—a school! Did you ever see such colors in your born life?"

In my excitement over the thrilling school of fish, I forgot my bait. The dolphin swung about us curiously. They seemed to pile over one another there in the blue depths. They swam without visible effort, yet with the speed of darting light.

Their tails flashed sheer gold in the penetrating sunlight. Their bodies ranged from the deepest purple to the lightest and most delicate blue. Their bellies flashed silver through this spectrum as might a mirror anxious to portray the unbelievable coloring.

It may be that a golden grouper is more beautiful than a dolphin, but I take issue. A dolphin, fresh lifted from the water—for their colors fade quickly when brought into the air—is the most colorful and beautiful creature I have ever seen. Beside him a peacock is like a cheap lithograph that has hung too long near the haymow.

How many of the fish there really were, I do not know. I never got a chance to estimate. My forgotten bait drew up to the school. Instantly there came a tug at my line that snapped me back to the business at hand. I set my hook.

"Got a dolphin!" I shouted to Bob.

"What do you think I've got?" he demanded. "A canary bird?"

Both of us had hooked fish from the flashing school. There is hardly anything to be imagined in the lexicon of sport which exceeds for thrills the double-header of fast-swimming game fish. With two men seated two feet apart playing two wild things fighting for their existence, things happen. Lines cross and foul unless they are adroitly manipulated. Fish are lost, and with them hundreds of feet of valuable line. Tempers become razor edge.

My prize sounded, then rose again to the surface. Bob's did much the same thing, except that it began to circle. That threatened me.

"Keep him over!" I bellowed. "Point your pole outboard, you sap!"

"What do you think this is—a stiff line?" Bob gasped. "How can I push a nine-thread fish line, you idiot?"

I staggered along the gunwale of the boat and managed to work my way into the bow. That separated us men, if it did not the fish. Walter called to Bob to fish over the starboard stern and I tried to keep my campaign centered over the port bow. It was ten minutes of the hottest fighting I ever spent.

A. & A. PHOTO

A Sailfish Battling Strenuously to Avoid Landing

Three or four times one of us seemed doomed to lose our prize. Once, Bob's fish swam directly under the stern of the boat, and the only thing on earth he could do was give it line and lean far outboard to pass his pole and line clear. That brought his fish directly toward the center of my line. I wailed in anguish. But fortune was with us.

For some reason quite unknown to either of us, the lines did not foul. I played my fish at a distance while Bob brought his to gaff. When he had done, reeling my exhausted prize in was only a matter of turning the handle. In due course they lay side by side in the boat. I would have paid a modest fortune for a color camera. Nothing I have ever seen equals these fish for color and form. They were, happily, of an identical size.

The boat wallowed in the seaway while Walter rebaited our lines and I filled my pipe. Bob slouched forward to the cockpit and returned with a mouth well filled with sandwich. I think we both felt a bit sheepish about the indiscriminate remarks we had hurled back and forth during the excitement of that double-header. In justice to the sport, I must admit that my chronicle of them is neither verbatim nor complete.

Bob grinned at me and went on munching. I grinned back and puffed at my pipe. We both glanced at Walter. He had the air of a man who has become habituated to the sort of repartee we had indulged in.

"Of all the rotten fishermen I've ever seen," Bob grinned through his sandwich, "you take the cake."

"If either of us had lost out," I returned in the same mood, "it clearly would have been your fault."

"Gimme a cigarette," he grunted.

"We can circle around that school again," Walter said as he laid the baited lines along the deck. "They'll still be there, an' you can snake out two more if you like. But mebbe you'd rather go farther out an' hunt us up a sailfish?"

Bob and I glanced at each other.

"I'd rather go out," Bob answered. "After all, killing fish doesn't make sport. One sailfish will make a perfect day for me now."

"Step on it, Walter," I told the guide. "Let's cruise around and see if we can sight some sailfish. What we want now is the big game."

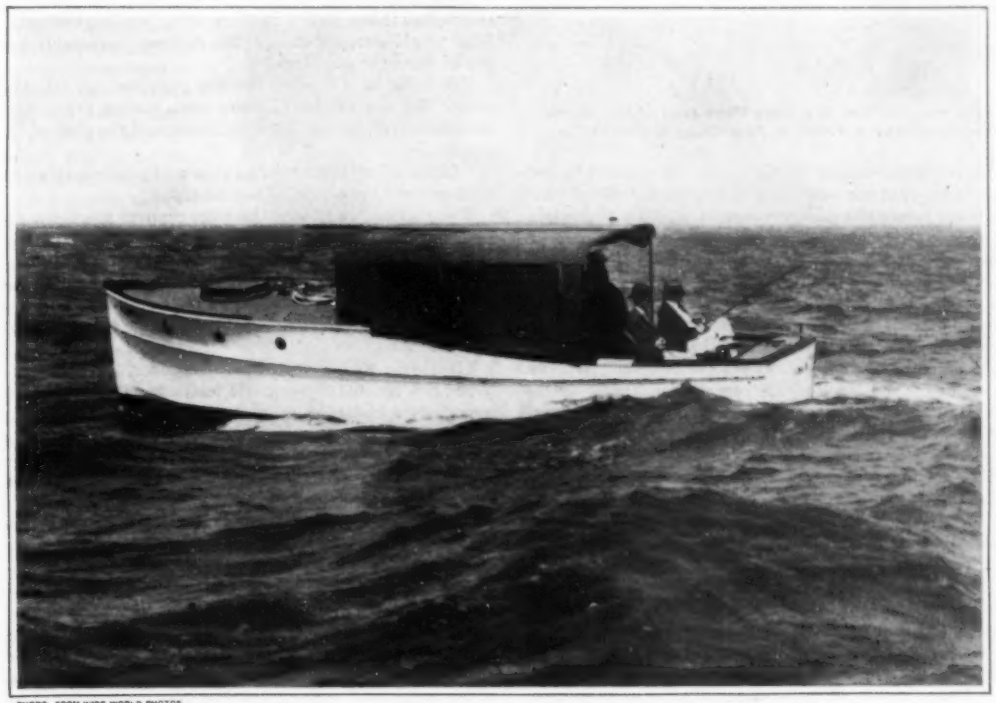


PHOTO. FROM WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

President Hoover Fishing Near Alligator Light, Off Long Key, Florida

Competition From the Sharks

ACCORDINGLY we cruised at fairly high speed. We circled and arched, cut straight across the water for miles, then doubled back. But no luck greeted us. The sun was sinking in the west and the night breeze began to puff its early whisperings. The water became choppy, so that spray rose in sheets over our bow. It was necessary to brace ourselves in the chairs.

"I guess we'll stumble over one as quickly as we'll find one this way!" I ventured. "Suppose we slow down and get the lines out."

The usual game came quite readily to our baits. Another amber jack was the first. He fought well and it took Bob a full ten minutes to land him. I got two more mackerel, the second of which brought me an experience with a shark. I actually saw the dorsal fin of the scavenger as it hit the fish I had hooked, so I made no attempt to drop my bait back and lure him into a second strike.

I reeled in, and what lay on my hook was enough to heighten one's natural hatred of the shark. Only the head of a five or six pound mackerel remained. It had struck my bait, been hauled perhaps fifteen or twenty feet toward the boat, then fallen prey to the greedy and rapacious jaws of the shark. Free of a hook, any mackerel will avoid these despisable monsters. I have never known a fisherman who had anything but vicious hatred of sharks. Personally, I find an unholy joy in killing them.

The sun had sunk almost to the horizon. Walter was wearing a dubious look and glancing repeatedly toward the

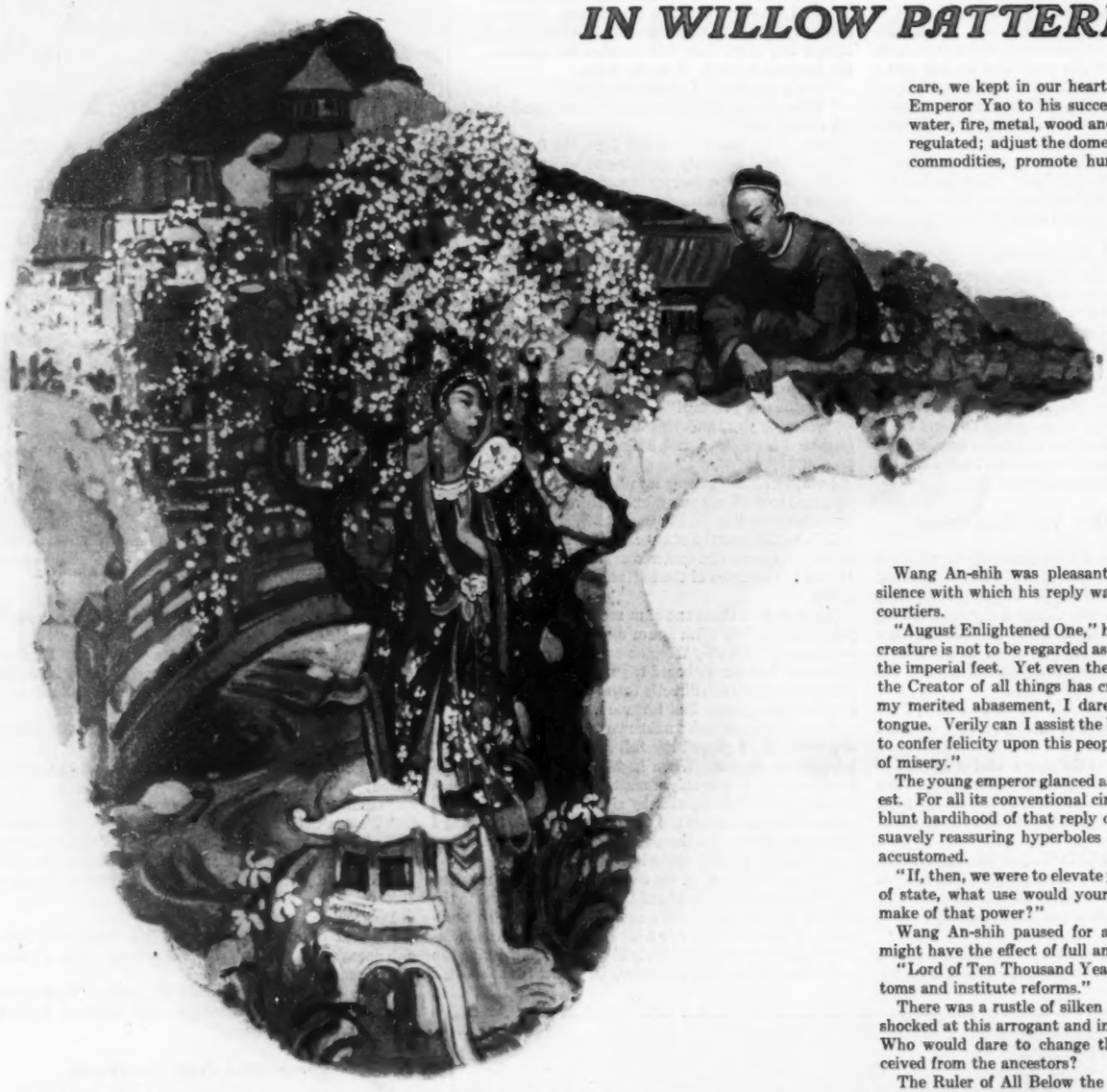
(Continued on Page 128)

THE RED FLAG

IN WILLOW PATTERN

By F. Britten Austin

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY J SOULEN



"Who May Resist the Love Pheasant When He Alights?" Said Ssu-ma Tso, in a Tone That Stirred Her by Its Poignant Sincerity. "He Comes Unawares, and Alights Only Where There Is Something Precious"

IT WAS the Period of Excited Insects in the second year of the Son of Heaven, Shên Tsung, sixth emperor of the Sung Dynasty—by the chronology of remote and utterly unrecognized outer barbarians, the spring of 1069 A.D. On the other side of the globe, on a tiny island, a petty Norman chieftain was busy consolidating a little local conquest, unconsciously founding the British Empire and the United States of America. In the Hall of Sublime Harmony of his palace at Pienliang—for the past century capital of that important Middle Kingdom of the World which already had some three thousand years of recorded civilization—the twenty-year-old Ruler of All Below the Sky received the celebrated Wang An-shih in audience.

Not only the young monarch but the crowd of civilian officials on his eastern hand and of less-esteemed military officers on the west looked with interest on this immensely renowned scholar, clad in a dingy wild-goose-embroidered robe of the fourth rank, a lapis lazuli button on the apex of his hat, and a girdle clasp of gold and silver. Now aged forty-eight, the career of Wang An-shih had been conspicuous ever since, having in successive public examinations written the traditionally required exegetical poems and essays interpreting the nine classics, he had brilliantly graduated as *Chin-shih*, or Entered Scholar, had entered the ninth rank of *kwan* officials as a provincial magistrate. Rising through various posts, he had become famous for his eccentric independence of character. Throughout the empire had spread the reputation of this erudite official whose habitual personal squalor evidenced a loftily philosophic contempt for fashionable elegance, and who not only displayed an entirely abnormal conscientiousness in the public service but who—humbly alleging ill health—had repeatedly refused imperial invitations to court. There were those, indeed, who maintained that underneath those deprecatory refusals he dissimulated an overbearing ambition which would be content with no second place, and that secretly he inspired the persistent intrigues against old Han Ch'i, for three successive reigns the permanent prime minister. Recently Han Ch'i had resigned—saving face before the imminent dismissal at last contrived by his crafty enemies. The emperor had immediately appointed Wang An-shih to the excessively honorific post of expositor of rites in the Han-lin College, had once more summoned him to the Dragon Presence. This time Wang An-shih had found his health perfect.

He prostrated himself in the *kotow*, striking his head nine times upon the symbolically figured pavement before the youthful monarch in his dragon-embroidered yellow robe of state. The Ruler of All Below the Sky spoke in a mild and pleasant voice:

"Wang An-shih, when our imperial father ascended upon the dragon and the divine vessel was bestowed into our care, we kept in our heart the precept of the divine Emperor Yao to his successor: 'Let the elements of water, fire, metal, wood and earth, with grain, be well regulated; adjust the domestic virtues, increase useful commodities, promote human existence, and cause harmony to prevail. Let these nine things be well adjusted, and, being adjusted, let them be set to music.'

"Thus, bringing all things to sublime harmony, have we endeavored to reign. Yet we fear that our virtues have been insufficient, and the Lord of Heaven angered, since our people are in distress and there is famine in our land. From afar your brilliant merits have shown to our eyes. It is said that you alone can assist us to confer felicity upon all our people, as it is our duty to confer it."

Wang An-shih was pleasantly conscious of the tense silence with which his reply was awaited by the crowd of courtiers.

"August Enlightened One," he said, "this imperceptible creature is not to be regarded as more than a worm beneath the imperial feet. Yet even the worm may be of use since the Creator of all things has created it. Therefore, from my merited abasement, I dare to speak with stumbling tongue. Verily can I assist the Uniter of the Three Powers to confer felicity upon this people who groan in all manner of misery."

The young emperor glanced at him with sharpened interest. For all its conventional circumlocution of phrase, the blunt hardihood of that reply contrasted vividly with the suavely reassuring hyperboles to which he had ever been accustomed.

"If, then, we were to elevate you to be our chief minister of state, what use would your infinitely learned wisdom make of that power?"

Wang An-shih paused for a moment that his answer might have the effect of full and weighty deliberation.

"Lord of Ten Thousand Years, I would change the customs and institute reforms."

There was a rustle of silken robes among the courtiers, shocked at this arrogant and incredibly impious audacity. Who would dare to change the customs immutably received from the ancestors?

The Ruler of All Below the Sky preserved his celestial calm. He was exaltedly above mere human prejudices, and, moreover, he was sincerely desirous of the good of his people.

"And what are these reforms your profoundly instructed wisdom would institute, Wang An-shih?"

Wang An-shih adjusted the huge rimmed spectacles on his grimy countenance, adopted the manner of a professor about to instruct a class of students. Dogmatically infallible to him had become the political theories he had excogitated with the academic precision of one whose whole life had been spent in the hair-splitting exegesis of the ancient classics.

"Heavenly Enlightened One," he said, "the paltry reforms this ignoble slave would institute are several. So important a matter must necessarily be considered from the foundations. What, then, is the essential duty of a government? The first and most essential duty of a government is plainly to love the people and procure them the real advantages of life, which are plenty and pleasure." Long ago in his provincial yamen, he had thought out this preliminary axiom he would one day impressively proclaim before the Son of Heaven. "To accomplish this, it would suffice to inspire everyone with the unvarying principles of rectitude, but as all do not observe them, it is necessary to enact wise and inflexible laws." He paused, that this indisputable corollary might also receive its due weight. "What is the spectacle before our eyes? The three orders of the uncultured people groan in misery and famine. The superior class of scholars, annually graduating in many

hundreds from the examinations, starve shamefully by reason of the insufficiency of government posts. It is manifestly an illogical state of things. The uncultured people ignorantly mismanage their affairs, while the talents of the learned—who indisputably can know best how to conduct any business whatever—are left wastefully unused. What wonder that harvests fail and that the uncultured people are the prey of wealthy usurers, greedily profiting by their distress!"

He paused again, that all might appreciate this foolish anomaly he triumphantly demonstrated. Then, with impressive emphasis, he enunciated the novel revolutionary principle he had deduced from these incontrovertible premises:

"To prevent the oppression of man by man, it must be clearly evident that the state should take possession of all the resources of the empire and become the sole master. The state, making full use in the public service of the talents of the learned, should assume the entire management of commerce, industry and agriculture, that all may share equally in its prosperity and that the poor be not ground down by the rich!"

The courtiers murmured audibly in amazement at this startling doctrine. The young emperor nodded his head, like one opening his heart to a new thought. Plausibly convincing was Wang An-shih's pedantically academic but genuinely earnest eloquence.

"Nevertheless, how is such an excellent thing to be accomplished, Wang An-shih?" asked the Ruler of All Below the Sky. "Contrary, indeed, to the established customs would it be for the state to take over the management of commerce, industry and agriculture."

Wang An-shih replied confidently. Long ago had he thought it all out:

"Lord of Ten Thousand Years, already has this insignificant person stated that he would change the customs. To the Uniter of the Three Powers all things are possible. Thus would I advise from my foolish ponderings upon this matter: First would I institute a new law that henceforth the taxes shall be levied in kind, and not in money. Officials of appropriate rank should then, in the name of the emperor, buy up all commodities surplus to the tax, so that none remains in the markets. Then should the officials transport the various commodities to the places where they are required, selling them at a reasonable profit, which will go to the government instead of to the ignoble and rapacious class of merchants. It is obvious that the operations of buying and selling can be far better performed by learned men than by the uncultured. By my law the uncultured will be prevented from making bad bargains for themselves, thus perpetually thrusting themselves into poverty, the honorable class of scholars will find meritorious employment, and the government will become rich with the profits of the entire trade of the country. That is the first reform I would institute."

The young emperor considered this novel proposal.

"In truth, Wang An-shih, it is a meritorious thing that the learned should care for the unlearned. It is also a meritorious thing that the poor should be protected from poverty, and the government become rich. What next reform would your transcendent wisdom advise?"

"Heavenly One, the next reform this despicable person would advocate is a law to be called Verdant Shoots, or State Advances to the Cultivators of the Soil. It is known that much land remains untilled by reason of the poverty of the farmers. By this law, the state should advance seed to all farmers at each sowing time, and at harvest should collect the same again, with a third more. Moreover, appropriate officials should be appointed to report on all uncultivated lands and insure that they be tilled, giving necessary instruction to the farmers. By this means the abundance of the empire will be much increased so that there is no more famine, and the government will also benefit when the advances are returned. That, Enlightened One, is the second reform this foolish person would urge upon Celestial Wisdom."

Again the young emperor meditated.

"That also would seem to be an excellent thing, Wang An-shih," he said at last. "It would be indeed meritorious to increase the abundance of the empire. Has your conspicuous wisdom devised yet other reforms for the benefit of All Below the Sky?"

"Celestial Magnificence, this dull fool has indeed had the temerity to devise yet another reform, completing the other two. From old time the uncultured people have been compelled to labor without reward on public works. This unpaid toil has been very grievous to the poor, who alone perform it. Let it henceforth be paid for, and, in order that the government may have sufficient funds, let all those with means pay a special tax in proportion to their wealth. Let every family make to appropriate officials a declaration of its possessions, and let it be decreed that anyone understating his property shall be fined the exact amount by which he has understated it. Moreover, that such frauds may be discovered, let it be enacted that any informer shall receive one-third of the fine. By this means it will be impossible for dishonest people to cheat the government, for every man's affairs are known to someone, and every man's neighbors will have a direct interest in the enforcement of the law."

He glanced round disdainfully upon the courtiers, who whispered eagerly together, turned again to the Ruler of All Below the Sky.

"Lord of Ten Thousand Years, there are yet other new and beneficent laws this insignificant person has devised, but these three are the chiefest of them. If they are enacted, then assuredly will cease the oppression of the poor by the rich, agriculture will be extended so that there is no more famine, the class of graduates will find employment, and the government will dispose of the entire wealth of the empire for the benefit of the people. So, in consequence, must there infallibly be felicity for all. Thus, in his abject ignorance, has this mean wretch painfully thought out, and thus has he the temerity to urge upon the Heavenly Wisdom that the customs be changed."

The young emperor looked round upon his courtiers. They stood in respectful but uneasy silence. His glance fell upon a man fifty years of age and wearing the third button, the renowned Ssu-ma Kuang, learned historian of China, and since many years one of the principal ministers of state.

"Ssu-ma Kuang, to our imperial predecessors has your learned sapience been ever a stable pillar. You have heard the proposals of the illustrious Wang An-shih. Do you deem them such as will confer felicity upon All Below the Sky? In your profoundly instructed opinion, is it meet that Wang An-shih be appointed to the council, that these new laws be enacted and the customs be changed?"

Ssu-ma Kuang stepped forward, performed obeisance.

"Ruler of All Below the Sky," he said, "this unworthy person has heard, and knows no longer whether he has ears. Impious would it be indeed to change in any particular the customs received from the ancestors. To change them as the unmatchably erudite Wang An-shih has the temerity to advise must bring ruin upon the empire. Doubtless Celestial Wisdom already perceives the evils that would ensue." He paused, looking with evident hostility toward this audacious newcomer to the court.

"Lord of Ten Thousand Years! If my elder brother, Wang An-shih, is sincere, he desires not to change the customs but rather the livers of men, making evil men into good. But the experienced

(Continued on Page 91)

"Lord of Ten Thousand Years," He Said, "My Elder Brother, Wang An-shih, Desires to Add Yet Another Law to Those Which He Boasts Have Made This Realm an Incomparable Garden of Felicity"

The Hermit of Three Buttes

By BEN AMES WILLIAMS

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

He and Lin, With the Lantern Between Them, Sat All the Rest of the Night at the Opening of the Tent, Waiting for the Dawn

XIV

IN THE light of his new understanding of the situation, Ranse fretted at his own inaction. He wished to do something, no matter how useless what he did must be. He rose and strode to and fro, his thoughts chaotic. But most of all they centered on Vic Buker's sinister lion hunters, who seemed to him so certainly the murderers. He remembered his first impression of them at the station; their suspicious reserve, their aggressive distrust, their harsh and ruthless eyes.

All that he remembered now confirmed his certainty of their guilt; a torturing certainty, since Lin had gone to face them alone and all unarmed. And Ranse found evidence of a relation between them and Mr. Bayless here. Bayless had spoken to Dusty Peak of a man named Twin-Eye Splann! But the eyes of one of the men whom Vic Buker had guided into this locality were set very close together, so that they were like the barrels of a gun. Ranse was sure, without any more tangible proof, that that narrow-eyed man was Splann!

And Ranse was suddenly more sorry than before that he had not listened to Moray a while ago; had not learned what he might have learned of Mr. Bayless' affairs and his connection with these men. Moray and Enid were yonder by the dam where the beavers played, but Mrs. Bayless was here, near the tent where her husband lay. She might be able to answer his questions, and Ranse seized this possibility, relieved at the chance of avoiding an appeal to Moray. He went toward the tent. Mrs. Bayless looked up at his approach, and he beckoned her silently. She came to meet him, and he asked:

"Is he resting? Asleep?"

"I have told him to keep quiet," she confessed. "Told him he would need all his strength. He is resting, yes."

Ranse hesitated. "I've been trying to figure this out, ma'am," he told her indirectly. "You reckon it would bother him if I asked some questions?"

She hesitated, said steadily: "It might, Ranse. What is it you want to know? Can I tell you?"

He considered. "Mrs. Bayless," he said at last, "Mr. Moray tried to tell me some stuff a while ago. I shut him up. I said it wasn't my business; didn't want him talking about your affairs."

She nodded. "I don't know anything about my husband's business," she admitted. "And no doubt Emerson does. I know Mr. Bayless was out here, as a young man, in this very camp; he has told me so. It was a wild place in those days. He left, moved on, succeeded elsewhere. But that is all I know."

"You don't know why he came back?"

She tried to remember. "He wouldn't tell me in detail, but he said he had lost something here; that he came back to try to find it again."

Moray and Enid had left the dam and were coming toward the camp. They were still a hundred yards away. Beyond them, below the dam, old Juan's sheep flowed to the water; their blatting outcries rasped the still air of afternoon. They moved in a nibbling flood down the slope; they climbed more slowly toward the aspens across the way.

"I'll have to ask Moray, if you don't mind," Ranse decided.

Mrs. Bayless nodded. "I'm sure we haven't anything to keep secret from you," she agreed, "if it will help in any way."

So Mrs. Bayless returned to her husband, and Ranse went to meet the two who were approaching here. He saw Moray stiffen resentfully at sight of him, and Ranse himself colored. This was a hard thing that he had to do. But Enid laughed as she greeted him; she cried softly, "Well, Ranse, have you solved the mystery? Have you found the guilty man?" There was a friendly mockery in her tones.

Ranse grinned. "Why, ma'am," he drawled, "I'm not much of a Sherlock! About all I can do is stand by."

Moray said resentfully, "I can't imagine such folly as bringing a party into this wilderness without a weapon in the outfit."

Ranse urged, "Nothing ever happens so you need a gun."

Moray retorted, "I should be glad to have one just now."

"Nonsense!" Enid cried laughingly. "If you had a gun, Emerson, you couldn't hit anything with it. I feel a lot safer with you unarmed. You'd be shooting into the tents at night, if a sheep baaed anywhere around."

Moray colored, and Ranse bridled his tongue. "Moray," he said slowly, "you tried to tell me something a while ago, and I wouldn't let you. I was wrong. We ought to know all there is to know in this business. It might help us figure what to do. As far as a gun is concerned, I've sent Lin to borrow one from old Vic Buker, over on the Puerco." He caught Enid's eye and smiled. "But when it comes I'll hold on to it, ma'am; try not to shoot the wrong way."

"You've had a change of heart, eh?" Moray taunted. "The strong-silent-man stuff doesn't go so well?"

"I've got some new information," Ranse corrected gravely. "I didn't see any connection between Mr. Bayless' private business and what's happened here, but now I can see there might be some relation."

"New information?" Enid challenged quickly. "What, Ranse?"

"It's partly guess and partly knowing," Ranse admitted. He hesitated, then told them: "Old Juan found where somebody had tied his horse to a tree, up near where Peak lived. The horse broke loose. It was tied the way a man that knew this country wouldn't tie an animal. The only strangers around here that I know of are the two men with old Vic. I'm figuring that it might be them that shot your father and killed old Peak. I'm figuring there might be some connection between him and them." He looked at Moray. "If you know anything about that, I'd appreciate it if you'd tell me, Mr. Moray."

"You've changed your tune!" Moray repeated derisively.

"Yes," Ranse agreed. "I was wrong, and I'm telling you so."

Enid looked at young Moray. "Do you know anything, Emerson?"

"I'm in touch with your father's private affairs," Moray confessed. "But I see no occasion to confide them to a stranger."

Enid uttered an exclamation of impatience. "Don't be silly! If there's anything that might help, tell it, Emerson."

"I must be the judge of that," Moray replied.

But Ranse interposed. "I was wrong before, Moray," he repeated. "And maybe I'm wrong now. But I've got to know. You were ready enough to tell a while ago. It's too late to stand on your dignity now. I want to know all about it."

"I don't choose to tell," Moray retorted easily.

Ranse was suddenly half choked by an unreasoning rage. "If that's the case," he returned, "I'll just apologize in advance to Miss Bayless here, and then choke it out of you."

Moray laughed. "So!" he returned. "You and who else, my friend?"

But as Ranse took a step toward the other man, Enid intervened. She came between them; she cried sharply, "Stop!" And when Ranse hesitated she said resentfully: "You're acting like children, both of you! And especially you, Emerson. Ranse is in charge here. Anything he wants to know, you ought to tell him. You're just refusing in order to show off before me."

Moray made a protesting sound, but she said quickly: "Don't argue! I'm not a fool. You've been lecturing me for half an hour because I like Ranse. I know what's the matter with you. But this is serious, Emerson. And, Ranse, it won't do a bit of good to lick him, or whatever you're going to do!"

"Shore," Vic Agreed

"If he can," Moray corrected.

"So stop being children; and, Emerson, tell him whatever it is he wants to know."

Moray said stiffly, "I'm the one to decide that, Enid."

"If you don't," she cried furiously, "I'll let him whip you."

But Ranse, looking past them up the hill, said in a sudden great relief: "Wait a minute, ma'am! Maybe we won't have to finish this. Here comes Lin and old Vic now."

The others turned at his word and followed Ranse as he hurried up the slope to meet the newcomers. A quarter mile away the riders pulled their horses to a trot, and then to a walk, for fear the clatter of hoofs might disturb Mr. Bayless.

Ranse and Enid and Moray met them a hundred yards above the tents; and before Ranse could ask a question, Lin spoke quickly.

"Here's something, Ranse," he said. "I met Vic halfway over here."

Ranse looked at the old man. "What's happened, Vic?" he asked quietly.

And Vic spoke briefly. "You saw them dudes of mine, Ranse? Well, they're lost! Art and me have been looking for them since morning."

Ranse stood very still, weighing this information. "What happened?" he repeated. "How did they lose themselves?"

"We went out yesterday morning," Vic explained. "And we hit a trail. First lion I've found over there in two years. The four of us was together. Art and the dogs run this lion, and I could hear them circling along the rim rock above us; so I left the two of them and cut up to head him off. They couldn't either of them do any very stiff riding, but I told them to follow along, and if we treed the lion we'd hold him till they got there."

Ranse nodded.

"Well, we treed," Vic continued. "That was in the middle of the afternoon. And we'd run around in a circle like, so they couldn't help hearing the dogs and knowing where we was. So we waited for them to come along. But they didn't come, and they didn't come; and finally it got near dark. So Art and me, we got a loop on the lion and tied her up. It was dark by that time. We fired off our guns every so often to fetch them. And when they didn't come we lugged the lion into camp ourselves. It weren't but about two-three miles. We got there at midnight, and they weren't there. But this morning their horses was back with the bunch, saddles still on 'em, and one of them had broke his rein."

Ranse had been expecting this. He turned without a word and walked to where he had left that piece of leather old Juan had found. The others followed him slowly, and he showed the strap to Vic. Vic nodded.

"That's it," he agreed. "It was tan, and a new bridle. That's it, I'd say."

"Where'd you get that, Ranse?" Lin asked.

"Juan found it tied to a tree by the old road above the shaft," Ranse replied.

Enid cried softly, "Then these men did it, Ranse?"

Ranse hesitated, and he smiled. "Miss Bayless," he said, "this here is Vic Buker, an old friend of mine and an able man. I'd rather have him around right now than anybody I know."

Vic acknowledged the introduction; he smiled reassuringly. "Don't worry, ma'am," he told the girl. "We'll look out for you."

She laughed cheerfully. "I'm not worrying," she assured them. "I don't want to hinder you, and I want to help all I can. If we weren't here, you'd go out and hunt these men, wouldn't you?"

Ranse asked Vic, "They had guns?"

"Automatics," Vic agreed. "Yes, they was heeled. I told 'em I'd rather have a revolver, if it was me; but they'd been practicing up, they said. Liked their own artillery."

"If that's the case, I don't think we'd hunt them very hard, ma'am," Ranse confessed, smiling grimly. "Not with old Vic having the only gun in the outfit." He hesitated. "The way it looks to me," he said, "they'll head for outside. It'll be hard going on foot. Maybe they'll catch up a horse somewhere. But I don't believe they'd hang around here. They've killed old Peak, and they likely think they've killed Mr. Bayless too. So they'd leave the country. By the time Norris gets back here we'll have a chance to get word to the railroad ahead of them. But I'd say our cue is to sing low till Norris comes."

"Art and me just figured they was lost," Vic said regretfully. "Art has rode up the Puerco to look for them today. I told him to circle down and meet me here this aft'noon."

"I hope he don't find them," Ranse confessed gravely. "They might drill him. Art got his gun, has he?"

"He packs a little .22," Vic admitted.

Ranse nodded. "I guess you'd better stay around here, Vic, till he comes, don't you think?"

"Shore," Vic agreed. "My camp's all right to leave. It'll be there six months from now."

Lin chuckled. "And there's nothing to stop me getting supper," he decided. "We got to eat, any way it turns."

So they swung together back toward the fire, and Ranse went to tell Mrs. Bayless what they knew and guessed. That competent woman met the news calmly, as he had expected.

The sun dropped toward the western mountains and the shadows flowed down the slopes opposite camp and touched the lake and crawled up toward where they were. Old Juan came into camp to ask for Mr. Bayless, and Ranse told him the hurt man was comfortable. The sheep herder smiled with quick pleasure and relief, as though Mr. Bayless had been his brother or his friend. Enid stood by, and when the old Mexican departed again she spoke to Ranse.

"He seemed so pleased that father's better," she said.

"He's a gentle old soul," Ranse agreed. "With the fine heart of a woman! Yes."

"And the boy who works with him is as handsome as some pagan god," she remarked. "But neither of them seems to have very much to do. I should think one man to a flock would be enough."

"It's a state law that they must work together," he reminded her. "If a man tends sheep alone, the solitude and the blatting of the sheep will turn him crazy by and by."

She laughed. "I rather like the noise the sheep make," she admitted. "It seems a part of the scene up here."

"You've only been here twenty-four hours," he retorted. "Twenty-four days would be different; and I suppose old Juan has been tending sheep for twenty-four years."

They ate supper by firelight; for when the sun had set night came quickly. And afterward Enid and Mrs. Bayless withdrew to their tent, which had been moved close beside that which Mr. Bayless occupied. Moray had spoken no word to Ranse since that moment when they came so close to blows; he, too, presently withdrew. Lin and Ranse and old Vic Buker stayed by the fire, waiting for Art Shill to ride in. But Art did not come, and their increasing anxiety could find no outlet. It was useless to attempt to

(Continued on Page 103)

Ranse Said, Half to Himself: "If I Had Been Spiann and Lutz, I'd Never Have Chosen This Way"

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Disarmament

THE London Naval Conference was discussed by the press and the people of this country from a great variety of viewpoints. What it accomplished and what it failed to accomplish were canvassed exhaustively. Conferences among nations are always a disappointment to many people because the millennium does not appear immediately. Indeed, these meetings may at times accentuate causes of irritation. Yet to deny the continuing, underlying value of such endeavors indicates an unwholesome and destructive cynicism. The fact that nations are willing to thresh out their problems of security is an achievement, because it means that they are on the right road. The slightest gain in the way of agreement is a step in the right direction. The reduction of naval burdens is not to be accomplished all at once; the process is slow and difficult.

Those who scoff at the idea of disarmament, and to whom the very word is odious, ridicule the few agreements or reductions which usually emerge from an international conference. Nations agree to reduce or destroy categories, it is said, that are about to become obsolete, and remain very quiet in regard to commercial airplanes, commercial chemicals, commercial ships and other agencies which might be turned into fighting weapons in case of war. There is enough truth in this point to make the great mass of moderate people impatient with schemes to outlaw war or to ban it by any stroke of the pen. Total disarmament is an extreme ideal which seems highly theoretical and unreal to the bulk of mankind. Even the idea of parity between Great Britain and this country is rather theoretical, because to have actual parity it would be necessary to have a precise equality in economic resources, commercial advantages, military genius and a thousand other factors.

But to make no effort to reduce armaments is suicidal. It is a vicious circle for nations to keep building weapons against one another. Racial, religious, social, economic or political conditions may provide the ultimate causes of war, but an excessive preparation for it is an aggravation. Germany was one of the most heavily armed of nations, but that did not prevent its entering and losing a great war. Wars do not seem to settle problems for either the victor or the vanquished.

Thus it is only common sense for nations to keep on trying to reach agreements concerning the limitations of fighting weapons. No one conference can progress far, but the need for continued discussion and consultation is obvious. No sensible person argues that agreements reached in this way will alone prevent war. Fortunately the technic of preventing causes of friction among nations has improved greatly in recent years. As President Hoover pointed out in a speech several weeks ago, the world has greatly advanced the method of arbitration by scores of treaties, and there are now six or seven methods of securing pacific settlements of international controversies. He spoke of the developing skill of the foreign offices of the civilized nations in preventing causes of friction, and added that we have need steadily to expand their machinery and method.

The day may come when all nations will be civilized and invariably able to settle their differences peaceably and justly. Obviously no armaments except police forces would be needed under such happy conditions. Here are ideals to be worked toward. But they are not to be realized by assuming, on the one hand, that the millennium is already here or, on the other, that no improvements in existing conditions are possible. Neither the militarist nor the extreme pacifist is a constructive worker.

Strong Banking

REGARDLESS of the criticism directed from time to time at the Federal Reserve System for its failure to do this, or its alleged mistake in doing that, the element of strength furnished by the system is conceded by all observers. The necessity of such a method of central or regional reserve banking in these days of highly developed finance is fundamental. As everyone knows, national banks are required to join the system for mutual protection, but there is no such obligation upon state banks, and national charters can be surrendered for state charters, and frequently are, for reasons which seem trivial. Thus there is a constant loss of members from the system, or what students of the subject call a defection rate. It is true that many powerful state banks voluntarily belong, but numbers do not feel that it is worth their while.

Two quite opposing views of this condition are taken. Senator Glass has said that should the present rate of defection persist, "it will soon be a question whether the Federal Reserve System will predominate in the American banking community or yield to the dangerous and irresponsible holding companies, now already reaching out over the country." Others argue that not only is there no necessity of either coercing or coaxing reluctant banks into the system but the system would actually be weakened thereby. The type of bank which does not care to comply with the requirements would better stay outside, it is said. From the point of view of resources and deposits, a large majority of the commercial-banking strength of the country remains in the system, despite expressions of dissatisfaction. It is a fallacy to suppose that if all banks were members our banking difficulties would cease. Membership is not a guaranty of deposits, and something more than technical adherence to a banking system is necessary for safety.

Plausible as all this seems to be, and true as part of it is, we are inclined to the view that membership could and should be made more attractive. It is not necessarily taking an alarmist view of the situation to admit that the member banks are fairly entitled to a larger percentage of the profits earned by the system. The Federal Reserve banks were not organized primarily for profit, and the law declared that the member banks, which provide all the capital for the Federal Reserve banks, should receive dividends of not more than six per cent on their stock, anything above that going partly to surplus and partly as a franchise tax to the United States Treasury. The Federal Reserve banks have, however, accumulated large profits, and, after paying considerable sums into the Treasury, have surpluses which are generally admitted to be beyond their needs.

The Government has no proprietary interest in the Federal Reserve banks, and their profits have been derived mainly from dealings with their own members, which, in turn, furnish them the capital for these operations, and yet are limited to a six per cent return. It is true that the Federal Reserve banks perform many free services for the member banks, and the Government has given the member banks a great franchise in the note-issuing power. But, on the other hand, the Federal Reserve banks freely perform all manner of valuable services for the Government. Thus the account is fairly even.

Naturally banks should belong to the Federal Reserve System, not primarily because of the direct profits involved but in order to support the safety of the whole banking structure. On the other hand, if membership in the system can be rendered more attractive to the individual banks by safely and conservatively giving them a larger participation in its net earnings, we can see no reason whatever why it should not be done.

The Declining Price of Silver

FOR some time the price of silver has been declining, and directly after the opening of the new year the New York quotation for bar silver went below forty-six cents, and in April was below forty-three. In China the silver dollar has fallen to thirty-eight cents, a loss of ten cents within a year. In countries on a gold basis of currency the decline in the price of silver is really only a commodity phenomenon, a variation in the price of a useful metal. But in countries on a silver basis the results are of a very different order and importance.

The chief untoward effects are to be observed in countries like India and China. In India, now on a so-called sterling exchange basis—in effect, at least—the results of the decline in price of silver ought to be controllable. But in China the evil effects are bound to be widespread. With decline in silver, prices of goods and services rise, banks find their resources undermined, importers are faced with payments in gold, and meeting the fixed obligations of the government in respect of interest and principal payments on foreign loans is made difficult, if not impossible, for the time being. The disturbances in rates of foreign exchange make foreign commerce hazardous. Finally, political consequences are certain to eventuate. A gold standard for the silver countries is the usual remedial formula prescribed, but this is something not obtainable on short order.

The Economic Situation in Britain

THE weak spots in British industrial life are shipping, coal, textiles and the heavy-metal industries. These have been in more or less difficulty since the war. During 1929 coal made some recovery, but the textile and metal manufactures seem to have shown little improvement, despite cheaper prices for raw materials. Shipping has fallen into a pronounced slump, partly in consequence of short wheat crops in Canada, Australia and Argentina. Ocean cargo rates have fallen to such a level that it has recently been possible to ship a ton of grain a hundred miles for as little as two cents, not including loading and discharging costs.

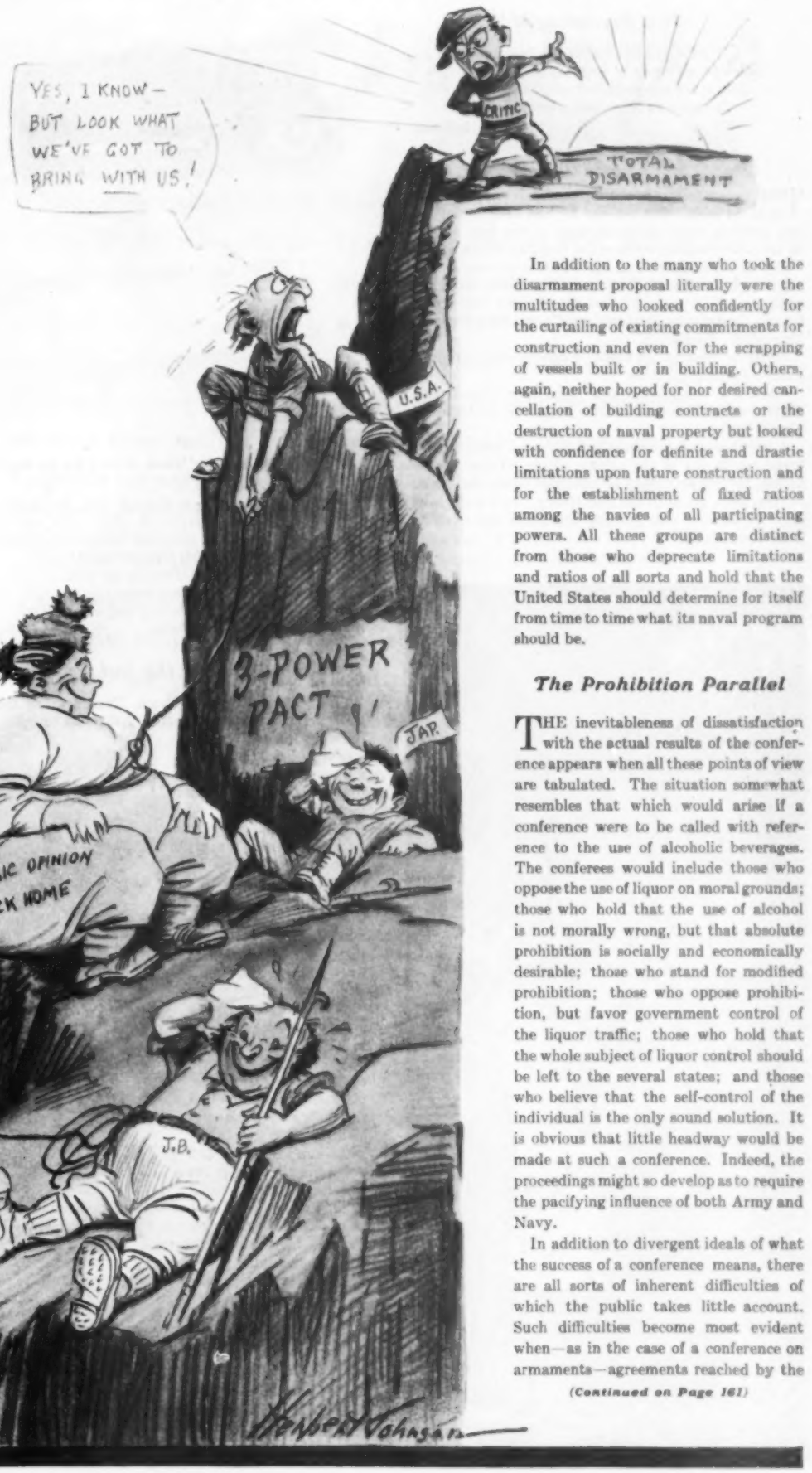
The cost of production in Great Britain is high. Into this enter high wages, high social services, high taxes, high standard of living, and low relative outturn of goods. In part, the British plants of industry are less modern than those of their competitors. The combination of high cost and low outturn represents inefficiency. This inefficiency depresses trade, and the trade depression in turn exaggerates the inefficiency. In consequence, a surprising proportion of the basic industries of Great Britain are running without profit or at a loss. To some extent, it is to be agreed, the causes lie outside of Great Britain, but to a large extent the causes lie within the British organization.

At the International Economic Conference of 1927 rationalization was prescribed as the remedy for the industrial ills of the type afflicting Great Britain. Apparently an extensive alleviation has not been accomplished during the interval. Great Britain profits heavily from her investments in industries abroad; apparently the investments in domestic industries stand on a lower footing of organization and remuneration.

International Conference

By GEORGE WHARTON PEPPER

CARTOON BY HERBERT JOHNSON



AS I WRITE, the eyes of the world are fixed upon London. By the time this article is published, the naval conference now in session there will have adjourned. Only one thing can with certainty be predicted about its outcome, and that is that there will be a wide divergence of opinion respecting the value of its achievements. There will be those who will acclaim it a success and those who will seek to discredit it as a failure. The truth, of course, will lie somewhere between these extremes.

It is not my intention to discuss the conference or the problems with which it is grappling. I refer to it merely as a typical attempt to settle amicably a difficult international question. I use it to give point to some general suggestions respecting conferences called to consider important matters about which nations are not in agreement. My reason for so confidently predicting divergent views respecting the outcome of the London Conference is a simple one. The meeting has from the outset meant different things to different people. There was no consensus of popular opinion respecting its objectives and no general realization of the scope of the issues to be considered. Those who did not know what it was all about cannot reasonably be expected to agree upon an appraisal of results.

A Many-Titled Meeting

ONE evidence that there was widespread misunderstanding regarding the objectives of the conference is furnished by the names popularly given to it. It is variously referred to as a Conference on Naval Armaments, a Conference on Limitation of Naval Armaments, a Conference on Reduction of Naval Armaments and a Conference on Disarmament. The term "disarmament" was freely used when the conference was in contemplation. The persistent use of this word undoubtedly encouraged multitudes of people to look hopefully for the actual abandonment of the use of warships. Even Premier MacDonald unwittingly encouraged such a world hope when, in his speech before the League of Nations on September 3, 1929, he continually emphasized disarmament as the objective of the proposed conference. I say "unwittingly" because a careful study of his address satisfies me that by disarmament he meant merely a reduction of existing standards of armament rather than the scuttling of all the warships of the world. Doubtless it was in the sense of reduction rather than of destruction that Secretary Henderson again used the term "disarmament" in the British notes of October 7, 1929, summoning the conference. Be this as it may, the careless or insidious use of so significant a word unquestionably aroused false hopes in the minds of all who are by temperament or on principle opposed to war. President Hoover was much more careful in his choice of words. Both in his speech of acceptance and in his Memorial Day address on May 30, 1929, he avoided all reference to disarmament and spoke merely of carrying the process of limitation of armaments to the point of reducing existing commitments. And although the British note invited the United States to participate in a conference called "to deal with the question of naval disarmament," Secretary of State Stimson, in accepting, was careful to describe the meeting as "a conference on naval armaments."

In addition to the many who took the disarmament proposal literally were the multitudes who looked confidently for the curtailing of existing commitments for construction and even for the scrapping of vessels built or in building. Others, again, neither hoped for nor desired cancellation of building contracts or the destruction of naval property but looked with confidence for definite and drastic limitations upon future construction and for the establishment of fixed ratios among the navies of all participating powers. All these groups are distinct from those who deprecate limitations and ratios of all sorts and hold that the United States should determine for itself from time to time what its naval program should be.

The Prohibition Parallel

THE inevitableness of dissatisfaction with the actual results of the conference appears when all these points of view are tabulated. The situation somewhat resembles that which would arise if a conference were to be called with reference to the use of alcoholic beverages. The conferees would include those who oppose the use of liquor on moral grounds; those who hold that the use of alcohol is not morally wrong, but that absolute prohibition is socially and economically desirable; those who stand for modified prohibition; those who oppose prohibition, but favor government control of the liquor traffic; those who hold that the whole subject of liquor control should be left to the several states; and those who believe that the self-control of the individual is the only sound solution. It is obvious that little headway would be made at such a conference. Indeed, the proceedings might so develop as to require the pacifying influence of both Army and Navy.

In addition to divergent ideals of what the success of a conference means, there are all sorts of inherent difficulties of which the public takes little account. Such difficulties become most evident when—as in the case of a conference on armaments—agreements reached by the

(Continued on Page 161)

SO FAR, SO GOOD

POST SCRIPTS

To a Psychologist

SUPPRESSED desires you have succeeded
In selling us in large editions.
Now don't you think that what is needed
Is more and better inhibitions?

—Joseph Anthony.

Love's Labor Lost

THE man who names the Pullman cars was again at his beloved task. For months he had been intent upon this problem every spare moment of the day, and now he sat in the waiting room of the hospital, oblivious of the white-coated surgeons and trim, uniformed nurses.

Lovingly he turned the pages of his little black notebook, on which were inscribed the choicest specimens of his art: "Anagwilla, Brangwynne, Carsaminth, Dwenthor, Extravinor, Farapenth."

Softly he intoned the names, lingering over the dulcet, smooth-rippling syllables.

"And if it should be a girl," he said to himself with a slight shudder, "here are others—Arsupulsis, Bellegladenia, Claudnipe."

A white-capped nurse touched his arm. Silently he followed her to one of the private rooms. Voices sounded within, and for an instant he hesitated on the threshold.

"Oh, we're going to call him Henry," he heard his wife say. "I decided that months ago—after my husband's father, you know." —ROY H. FRICKEN.

DRAWN BY PAUL CARRUTH

The Professor's Wooing

DRAWN BY A. B. FULLER

Motorist: "Gosh, Didn't He Do That Pretty! Some Folks are Born Pedestrians!"

Song of the Open Road, No. 87,343

OH, I FOLLOW the siren that beckons me thither,
And the whispers that lure me thence;
Oh, I hark to the voice that entices me hither,
For then I can hie me from hence.
Ah! the foot-tangling witchery of any old whither!
Nor am I particular whence. —*M. H. Jey.*

Between the Halves

"JUST a minute, you fellows. There's a few things I want to say to you before you go on tonight. In the first place, I guess you've noticed that there are a couple of men missing today who were with us yesterday. Well, we told you what was going to happen if there wasn't some improvement shown around here. And there's going to be more missing if there isn't more improvement damn quick! Now, there isn't any reason in the world why the people that patronize this theater shouldn't get just as much and more service here than in any house on Broadway! When people pay a dollar to see a Broadway picture, they expect—and rightfully so—to get service! And that's what Mr. Birnbaum and myself and every one of you men are here for—to give service!

DRAWN BY A. B. FOSTER

"You Never Called Me Your Wonder Woman!"

"The management of the Empire Theater makes every effort and spares no expense in giving the public the best show on Broadway every week. But all their efforts don't mean a thing unless they've got your coöperation. They've done their job, fellows; the rest is up to you!

"Now, what's the first thing anybody sees when they go in a theater? The screen? The stage? No! The ushers! You're our contact. You're the contact between the management and the patrons. And what's the first thing anybody thinks of when they enter the house? Are they gonna wonder if the picture is as good as the picture at the Roxy? Are they gonna wonder about the presentation or the music? No! They're gonna think: 'What are the ushers like? Are the ushers here as good as the ushers at the Roxy?' That's what they're gonna think of. The first impression that they get of this theater is through you, and remember, fellows, 'The first impression is the lasting impression,' and it's up to you fellows out there to see that the first impression is the right impression!

"Now, one thing—remember what Mr. Schorchet told you the other day at the psychology meeting about the average man liking respect and all that? Well, from now on we want you fellows to come to attention and salute whenever a patron speaks to you. If you show them to a seat or give them any kind of information, like directing them to the rest room or something, come to attention, click your heels and salute. And don't be afraid to click your heels! And when they thank you, say, 'Empire service, sir.' Got that? Attention. Click. Salute. 'Empire service, sir.' Just like in New York. Then they'll know that when they and their friends come to the Empire they're not only gonna get a good show for their money but that they're gonna get courtesy and Empire service as well.

"Now, I'll just illustrate you fellows an example of how important that can be. Suppose some friends of yours were gonna have a theater party. Well, now, naturally, the first thing they'd think of would be: 'Where'll we go?' wouldn't it? Now, suppose you were there, and you'd been in this theater and the ushers had given you courteous service, why, the first thing you'd say would be: 'I want to go to the Empire,' wouldn't it? And they'd ask you why, and you'd say, 'Because I know I'm going to get good service there.' Do you see how that helps the house?

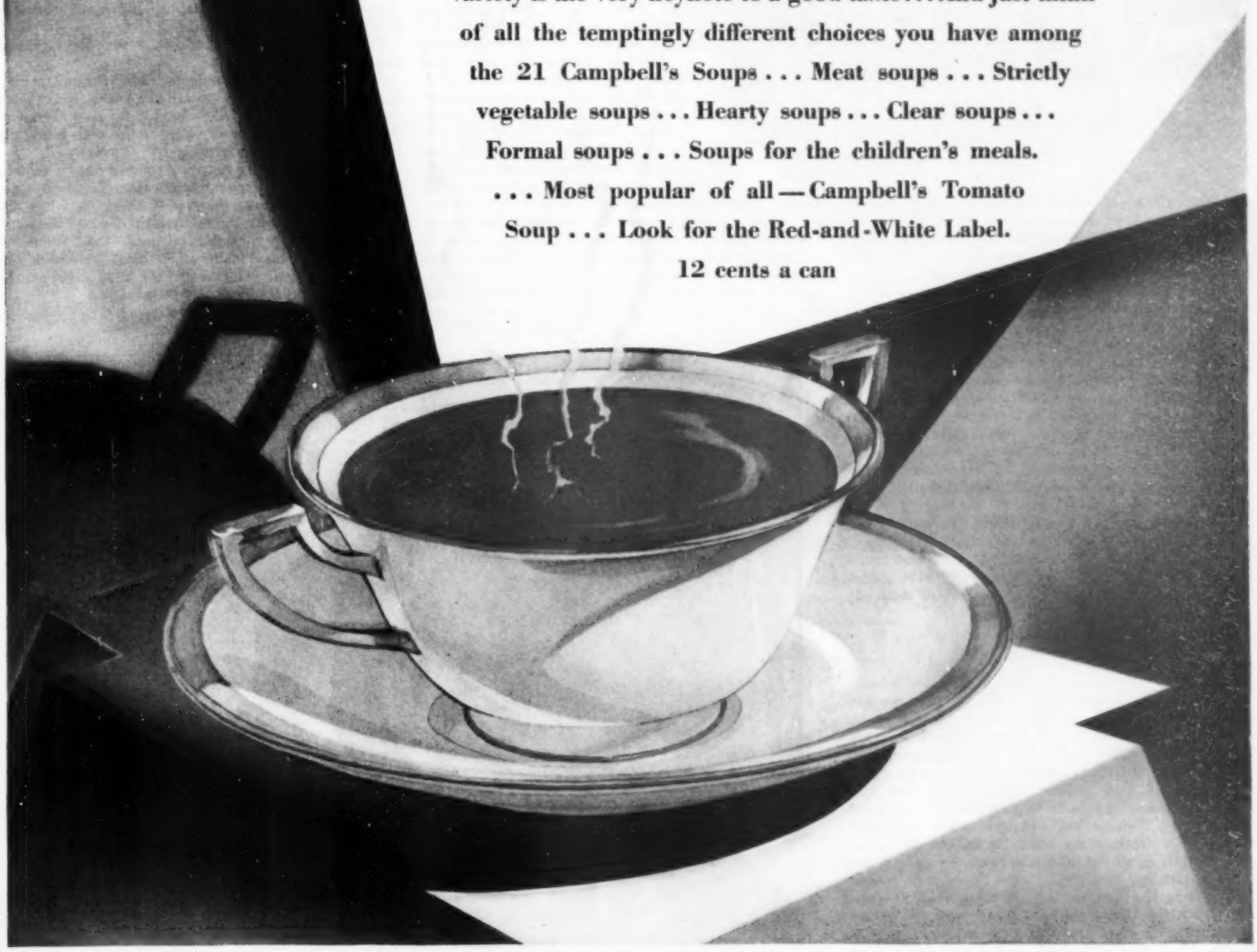
"Now, on the other hand, supposing you'd come in here and the ushers were untidy and discourteous, or, for instance —— And that's another thing! There's one thing around here that's gonna be stopped right now, and that's this business of trying to make the women that come in this place! The next fellow that we catch at it is gonna be fired right off the floor. Why, suppose your sister was in this theater party that I was just talking about, and she'd been in here and been annoyed by one of the ushers trying to make her. What do you think she'd say if they asked her where she wanted to go? Why, she'd say: 'I don't want to go to the Empire, because the ushers there are always trying to make you,' wouldn't she? And there the Empire

(Continued on Page 79)

In the light of modern knowledge—

Ours is an epoch remarkable in the world's history for attempting to teach all the people what and how to eat... the correct diet. And as this knowledge spreads and grows the daily use of soup increases at an astonishing rate... Soup is a sheer delight to the taste... It invites with a fascinating variety of flavors you cannot get in any other food... Soup refreshes and invigorates—sets the digestive juices in freer motion... Modern knowledge also says that Variety is the very keynote to a good table... And just think of all the temptingly different choices you have among the 21 Campbell's Soups... Meat soups... Strictly vegetable soups... Hearty soups... Clear soups... Formal soups... Soups for the children's meals. ... Most popular of all—Campbell's Tomato Soup... Look for the Red-and-White Label.

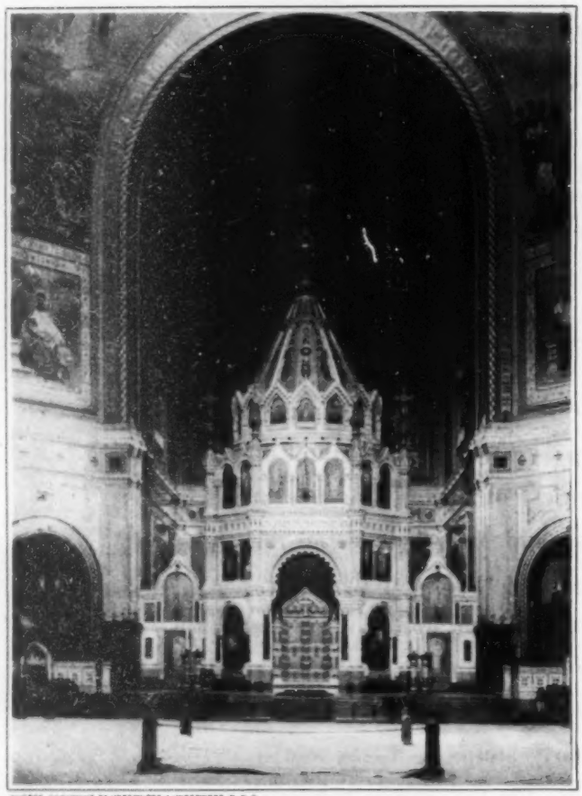
12 cents a can



MEAL-PLANNING IS EASIER WITH DAILY CHOICES FROM CAMPBELL'S 21 SOUPS

CONSEQUENCE, A MEMOIR

By Marie, Grand Duchess of Russia



PHOTOS. COPYRIGHT BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, N. Y. C.

An Altar in the Temple of Our Saviour, Moscow

VOLODIA had several friends who came to see him. Oftener than the others came Aleck Putiatine, the youngest son of Prince Michail Sergeievitch Putiatine, the commander of the palaces in Tsarskoye Selo. His eldest brother, Sergey, who served in the fourth regiment of the Sharpshooters, came sometimes with him. He was a splendid officer, twice wounded, and cited for heroism in action. He came fairly often to our house; I had known him since childhood, but during the war I saw him but seldom. He spent almost all his time at the front and I in Pskov, and our leaves did not correspond.

Only once, I think, we found ourselves in Tsarskoye Selo at the same time. It was in winter. Some friends gave a dinner followed by a sleigh ride at night in the park, and Putiatine and I found ourselves in the same sleigh. A light flirtation began between us, and a week later, when I had returned to Pskov, he surprised me by appearing at the hospital on the way to his regiment. He brought an immense package of jellies as a gift from my stepmother—and as an excuse for seeing me; for this attractive and agreeable young man was endowed with an almost insurmountable shyness. Until then I had seen him only once alone, and we were completely at a loss how to begin our conversation.

Love Comes to Tsarskoye

MANY months passed. The revolution which brought me to the comparative refuge of Tsarskoye Selo brought him there also from the front, where—because of his father's position at court—his situation had become dangerous. And now that we were both refugees, in a manner of speaking, at Tsarskoye, he came often to see me at my father's house. Our relations adjusted themselves; our mutual shyness disappeared; we were definitely attracted to each other. Feelings that I had never before experienced stirred in the depths of my heart. In spite of the revolution, in spite of all the uncertainty, all the anxiety, our unused youth, our fresh mental forces leaped to claim their due. Spring was upon us, carrying along living floods of new joy. Above all else, one wanted happiness, one wanted to take from life everything that it was left for life to give. Our very realization of the peril, of the indefiniteness of our situation, our constant personal danger contributed to the awakening of these feelings and set them aglow. Thus, at the collapse of our old world, we dared, upon its wreck, to seize at a new chance of happiness, to plan a new life.

I gave myself entirely over to the strange new delight of being really in love. Hesitating to invite him too often to Tsarskoye Selo, I began going to Petrograd to receive him in my apartment in the palace on the Nevsky.

These trips I made entirely alone—a new experience, as I had never, until then, traveled unaccompanied. Before, even for the short trip from Petrograd to Tsarskoye or back, the imperial rooms were opened for us and a special compartment or even a whole car was assigned to our use. Now I had to buy my own ticket and take a place in the car together with the rest of the people, most of whom refused to conform to class distinctions. Upon the velvet seats of a first-class carriage I traveled side by side with soldiers who carried their rifles loaded and smoked a villainous cheap tobacco, being careful to blow the smoke in the direction of their neighbors, the hated bourgeois.

A certain risk was involved in these trips. Once, in summer, when the Bolsheviki were trying out their strength, I came into Petrograd when it was in a state of ferment. Everything that we owned in the way of a vehicle had long ago been requisitioned and there was not a single cab in waiting at the station; I had to walk. As soon as I came out from the station onto the square, I sensed that something was wrong; I had by that time become used in a certain degree to recognize by intuition the mood of a street. Where trouble was brewing, streets would be deserted, and the whole vicinity would seem tense, hushed, holding its breath. So it was now. I had to walk to the Nevsky. On the way I met almost no one. I heard distant shots and the bark of machine guns. I cannot say that the walk gave me any special pleasure and I was glad when I reached the gates of the house safely.

That evening Putiatine accompanied me back to Tsarskoye Selo. Nothing, however, would have prevented me from making those trips, and my family, who knew about the disorders expected in Petrograd, received me upon my return with offhand questions and no particular anxiety. This was in no sense surprising. We had become accustomed to living from day to day amid constant alarms, true and false. We knew that we lived only on sufferance, that our lives hung in the balance between the whims and expediencies of contending factions. The danger was so obvious and so constant that we ended by pretending not to notice it. Otherwise, life would have been unbearable.

But my father one day broke through all such pretenses.

"No one," he said, "can possibly tell what will happen to us. We may be obliged to part or we may be parted by force. I am old; Dmitri is far away. You must find yourself a good man and marry him; then I would feel easy about you."

Royalty in Exile

THIS last he repeated, half teasingly, when he began to note the frequency of Putiatine's visits; and then one day he said to me quite seriously:

"Listen; if you like Putiatine, I consider that you should marry him."

Our own minds were already decided. With my father's approval, we became engaged early in August and decided not to postpone the marriage, but set the date for one of the first days of September. For the first time in my life I was truly in love and very happy.

On all sides one heard rumors of the government's intention to remove the imperial family from Tsarskoye Selo. Tsarskoye had become a center of Bolshevist activity; the government feared for the safety of its former rulers and proposed to transfer them to the Crimea—this was but one of the rumors; also, many other things were said. In reality, the Soviet was afraid that the Allies might aid the Emperor and his family to leave Russia.

(Continued on Page 34)

Alexander Kerensky, Leader of the Russian Revolution in 1917

New-churned from pure rich cream

THERE's an art in it! One way that's exactly *right* to churn the rich cream brought in from the farms . . . so as to make the finest butter. In just this way, Swift's Brookfield Creamery Butter is made. Swift's efficient, nation-wide distributing system then brings it *quickly* to your town or city in spotless refrigerator cars. Rigid care at every step gives you a new assurance of delicacy and fresh flavor. Ask your dealer for Swift's Brookfield Creamery Butter today. It's *Creamery Fresh!*

Swift's Premium Quality seal identifies a complete line of foods of superior merit. It is your guide to products of unvarying excellence.

The mellow flavor of Swift's Brookfield Cheese will please you. Delicious and wholesome, because so carefully pasteurized and blended. You can buy it from the same dealer who supplies you with Swift's Brookfield Eggs and Creamery Butter.

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Swift's Brookfield

FARM AND DAIRY PRODUCTS · BUTTER · EGGS · CHEESE

PHOTO, COPYRIGHT BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, N. Y. C.

The Peterhof Fountains, Before What Was Once the Summer Residence of the Czar

(Continued from Page 32)

The Allies, however, showed but small concern for the fate of their former mighty ally; they were busy with their own affairs. Having hastened to recognize the Provisional Government at once, they had been sending missions and diplomats to greet the revolution, hoping always to receive better support from a democratic order than from the former autocracy. But Russia could not help any longer. She could not, it seemed, even help herself. Striving to retain power as long as possible, Kerensky made greater and greater concessions to the Bolsheviki.

On August twelfth, at which time the Emperor, the Empress and the children had spent five months under arrest in their palace, they were sent, with a few of their former attendants and servants, to Tobolsk, in Siberia. No one was permitted to bid them good-by except the Grand Duke Michael, brother of the Czar, who was admitted only for a few minutes.

Their departure was accompanied by humiliations similar to those which had accompanied their life under arrest. They were told the night before to hold themselves ready for departure and were kept waiting, dressed, almost all night. Their departure left us with painful impressions, but we had no definite intimation of the tragedy that would put an end to their exile.

Prisoners in a Palace

A MONTH before my marriage I moved to Petrograd, to the Nevsky, in order to prepare some things. On one of the last days of August, Putiatine and I went to Tsarskoye Selo for luncheon. In a pouring rain, we took a cab from the station. Coming to my father's house, I noticed that the immense grilled entrance gates, which usually stood wide open, were closed. A second glance showed the house surrounded by sentries. Chilled to the heart with fear, I jumped from the cab and, followed by Putiatine, began pacing along the grille, trying to peep into the windows of the house to see someone. But there was not anyone to be seen anywhere; the yard was empty, the house looked as if everybody had died. The only thing that we succeeded in finding out was the number upon the soldiers' shoulder straps. Putiatine knew the commander of the regiment to which the guards belonged. Not knowing what else to do, we went to the barracks. This was not especially safe, for had the soldiers recognized me, there might have been trouble, but we never thought of that. Even there, we did not learn very much. The commander of the regiment could only tell us that thus far my father and his family had not been taken away; they were under arrest in their home by order of Kerensky.

I was somewhat calmed by the realization that my father was still in his own house. But the situation was none the less threatening. This arrest, I saw, marked us out. Until now no one had touched us; in the general turmoil we had escaped attention. Now that we had been drawn by this arrest into the focus of public notice, it was likely that the consequences would go beyond arrest alone. Still, I hoped. Misunderstandings constantly occurred these days. Not infrequently these arrests were unauthorized. On our way back to Petrograd I determined to take a desperate chance and appeal to Kerensky direct.

I phoned the Winter Palace, where the new government held its sittings. A member of the cabinet—M. Tereschenko—came to the telephone; I spoke with him. His manner was kindly; he said that he would come to see me as soon as he could.

Shortly after, he came into my drawing-room. It was my first meeting with a man taking an active part in the new order. I hardly know what I had expected him to be, but I was greatly surprised, I remember, by his irreproachable appearance and manners. He listened to me with great attention and promised to find out the cause of the arrest and to do everything possible to have the order withdrawn.

In spite of his amiability and all his promises, I never heard from him again. Distressed, distracted, not knowing that the Provisional Government was living its last days, and was of little importance in the eyes of the Soviet, I struck out more or less blindly in another direction. I determined first of all to see my father. The first step was to get a permit. Several devoted friends undertook to help me, and after long hours of waiting in various headquarters the permit was obtained.

Written for Citizeness Romanova, it gave me the right to a half-hour interview with the former Grand Duke Paul Alexandrovitch Romanoff, in the presence of the officer of the guard.

Armed with this paper, I went to Tsarskoye Selo. Putiatine went with me. At the gates to the back yard—to all appearances an admission post—I showed my pass to the officer of the guard, summoned by the soldiers. The young officer read the paper, looked at me silently and motioned to the soldiers to open the gate.

Putiatine remained in the street. I followed the officer, who led me the well-known way. We crossed the yard and, turning the corner of the house, came to the veranda. I heard voices. A few steps ahead, with his back to me, was my father, talking to the girls. Near by, facing me, stood a soldier with a rifle. A little farther, my stepmother was walking with Volodia. I could not speak. Volodia was the first to see me.

"Marisha!" he cried, running toward me. Everybody turned, and the joy on my father's face was such as would have rewarded me for any torture.

We went into the house, still accompanied by the officer. Tea was served in the dining room. It was not like the teas which we used to have. There were now no cakes, no delicious buns, no butter. The bread that we ate was black, and we had no cream for our tea. But the joyous atmosphere, it seemed to me in my excitement, was the same as of old.

Interceding With Kerensky

THE officer sat at the table with us. My stepmother offered him a cup of tea. He placed it in front of him and began, with obvious embarrassment, to stir it, trying evidently not to listen to our conversation. Having sat thus for some moments in silence, not knowing in what direction to look, he suddenly jumped up and rushed out of the room.

I stayed almost an hour. Having finished our tea, we went into the drawing-room. There the officer came for me and escorted me back to the street. Thanks to his kindly attitude, we had the chance of discussing the situation. It was decided that I should try to see Kerensky and obtain from him the withdrawal of the arrest. Only a few days remained until my marriage, and we wanted to be together that day.

After repeated difficulties and numerous approaches, I was finally told that Kerensky could receive me only late in the evening, around eleven o'clock.

I took a cab and went to the Winter Palace. A young aide-de-camp was waiting for me at the entrance. I mounted with him the wide stone stairway, now stripped of its rugs and curiously bare. We had to give way at every step to groups of ragged soldiers who were continually going back and forth.

We reached the apartments of Emperor Alexander III. In the ballrooms through which I passed people were gathered, a great number of them, but I seemed to be moving in a dream and the faces were blurred. I only noticed that at my entrance all conversation stopped.

My guide led me to the high mahogany door. There we stopped. He went in alone to announce me, and a moment later opened the door, motioned me to enter, turned and left.

I stood before Kerensky. In spite of my agitation, I took a good look at him and remembered every detail of his appearance. He was of medium height, with a face broadening toward the cheek bones, and a large, narrow

(Continued on Page 144)

PHOTO, BY INTERNATIONAL NEWS PHOTOS, INC.

Early Days of Revolution in Russia

Announcing a new oil for your car

If you drive a

Ford Model A — **Essex**
De Soto — **Dodge**
Hudson — **Reo**

—your engine's design requires a change to the new

Mobiloil "AF"

The lubrication needs of the cars listed above—and others listed in the Mobiloil Chart at the right—call for this new Mobiloil "AF".

It is heavier in body than Mobiloil "A" and lighter than Mobiloil "BB".

It is particularly rich in lubricating value.

It is made by the vacuum process in the world's most modern lubricating oil plants.

It is made from a scientific selection of the world's finest crudes.

It is toughened and tested to meet the severe service of modern high-speed driving.

It is made to fit exactly the requirements of the cars for which it is recommended.

It sells for 30 cents a quart (35 cents in the Southwest, Mountain, and Far Western States).

See your Mobiloil dealer. Try this remarkable new lubricant in your engine. If you drive one of the cars for which it is recommended, you will feel new response from correct lubrication.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY
Makers of high-quality lubricants for all types of machinery

LOOK FOR THIS SIGN

Your Mobiloil dealer cordially invites you to hear the famous Mobiloil Concerts each Wednesday evening . . . WEAF and 29 associated stations.

Make this Chart your Guide

This abbreviated chart shows the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil for most passenger cars. You will find the complete Mobiloil Chart at your Mobiloil dealer's.

NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS	1930 Engine		1929 Engine		1928 Engine		1927 Engine	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Auburn 6-85	AF	Arc						
" 6-66A, 6-80, 76			A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" *other models*	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc
Buick	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc
Cadillac	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc
Chandler			A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Chevrolet	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Chrysler 70, 77	BB	Arc					A	Arc
" Imperial	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc
" *other models*	AF	Arc	AF	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Dodge Bros.	AF	Arc	AF	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Durant 614	AF	Arc						
" *other models*	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc		
Elcar 6-70, 75	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" *other models*	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc
Erskine	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Essex	AF	Arc	AF	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Ford Model A	AF	Arc	AF	Arc	AF	Arc		
" Model T							E	E
Franklin	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc
Gardner 6-cyl. 136	AF	Arc						
" 8-cyl.	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc
Graham and Graham-Paige	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc		
Hudson	AF	Arc	AF	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Hupmobile	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc
LaSalle	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc
Lincoln	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc
Marmon Big 8, 75, 8-79	BB	Arc			BB	Arc	BB	Arc
" *other models*	AF	Arc	AF	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Moon 6-72			AF	Arc	A	Arc		
" 8-80			BB	Arc	BB	Arc		
" *other models*			A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Nash Twin Ig. 8, 490, Adv.6, Sp.6, Twin Ig.6	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc
Nash (*other models*)	AF	Arc	AF	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Oakland	BB	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Oldsmobile	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Packard	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Peerless 61, 81			AF	Arc				
" 60, 69, 80					A	Arc	A	Arc
" *other models*	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc
Plymouth	A	Arc	A	Arc				
Pontiac	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Reo (*all models*)	AF	Arc	AF	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Studebaker Com'der 8	AF	Arc	AF	Arc				
" President 8	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc		
" *other models*	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Whippet	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Willys-Knight	A	Arc	A	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc
Windsor 6-69, 6-72, 6-75	AF	Arc	AF	Arc				
" *other models*	BB	Arc	BB	Arc				

Mobiloil

QUALITY CONSIDERED

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CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

The Education of the Million-Dollar Child

By James Noble Gifford

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRIETTA McCAIG STARRETT

THERE is a story told of an incident during the education of the Princess Victoria, later the famous Queen Victoria who left such a profound mark not only on England but on the entire world. She was brought up in a very secluded way and apart from the dissolute court of the time. Being only a niece of the king she had no knowledge of her position as next heir to a great throne. Then one day her governess had her trace the royal family down through history. At the end of the genealogical table, Victoria, sweet, modest child that she was, looked up in amazement at what she suddenly saw. The governess faced her squarely. "Victoria, you shall be queen. You must be worthy."

The rest is history. During one of the longest reigns of history she was worthy. Mistakes were made in plenty. Mounting a throne as a girl of eighteen, it was sometimes hard, toward the end, for her to realize the changes of half a century, but she was always worthy. She was well prepared for her lifework. She faced it calmly and with the surety of knowledge.

In America there are no thrones, no crowns, no scepters. But all these are only symbols of power, and power, which is only the ability to force your will on others, exists in America. It is vested in millionaires—individuals or families. Consider the power of Henry Ford or the Rockefeller family. And then remember that in France before the French Revolution, where royal authority was supposed to reach its highest point, the royal children had to be born in public, and during the agonies of the queen the mob of Paris filled the great room. So great was the crowd during the birth of the first child of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette that the queen was suffocating. Then the King smashed his fist through a great window, crying, "There must be air!" When the very rich complain of undesired publicity let them remember that story. Yes, power is great in America, and is vested in the millionaire. What is his training like, now that wealth has become hereditary? When the young man sits at his desk throne and picks up his checkbook scepter, what is his background of education?

I Know a Girl of Fifteen Who Saved Her Money Until She Bought a Baby Lamb, Which She Then Took to a Hospital for Crippled Children

The Butler, the Spinach, and the Bad Little Boy

NOW America has a fine, widespread public-school system. In places it could be much improved—even in the great cities there might be some changes—but generally it has done very well. Most of us are products of it. Moreover, most of the men who made great fortunes came from it. That education—however little of it some of them may have had—helped them to succeed. But as money comes into the pocket a new standard is flung from the masthead: "My child must have all the advantages I missed." And so, in great haste, the rich man and his wife take unto themselves a French nurse or governess, depending on how old the child is when the money starts flowing in. In any case, by the age of four or five the child is saying, "*Oui, mademoiselle. Non, mademoiselle. Je suis très heureuse,*" and father and mother are satisfied.

Somehow, money brings with it a violent desire for the French language. It is strange, but true. It is the more strange since it occurs most strongly in the sort of man who brags that he can travel through Europe on the word "*combien.*" "If you have the money, all you need to know is 'how much?'" And in the next breath: "We got a new French governess this week. Mam'selle Tartine is a wonder, and so cheap too. You know, the children must have French these days."

Somehow, I don't know that they must, but I never tell proud fathers so. Personally, I think they must have English, and that there is no must about any other language. Children must talk their own tongue, and certainly the earlier the better. If mother spends all day between shopping and bridge, and father wields his vast business interests, and nurse talks a combination of French and Ellis-Island English, where is the child to learn? But children are determined in their small way. They usually perfect their English with the chauffeur. And now that the child has the French nurse or governess, let us see, practically, how it works out.

When I saw a boy aged thirteen knock a dish from the butler's hand, because he didn't like spinach, I must have shown my astonishment. I shouldn't have, you know, and the butler quite imperturbably picked the mangled mess of spinach and china from the floor. Later the lady spoke to me in her beautiful drawing-room:

"Really, Mr. Gifford, you mustn't blame Jack. It is the fault of the French governess he had for so many years. She even threw things about. I always had to have new cooks and butlers because of her. But I had to keep her because she loved Jack so much, and she had such beautiful French."

"But Jack knows practically no French after all these years."

"Yes, I'm afraid you're right, Mr. Gifford. But I feel it was good for him to hear."

"But if the boy isn't corrected, how far will he go after what happened today?"

"Yes, I know, Mr. Gifford, but what can I do? I can't correct him, because he isn't to blame. I'm hoping he'll realize how bad it looks as he grows older."

Ah, yes, those were the words: "How bad it looks." That the butler might have had human feelings never even occurred to her. Why should it? He was paid not to be human. In this case I got another angle on the story about a year later. I met the French governess in question. She told me how she had hated the boy and his mother: "Bah! such common people. If I could only have had one good fight with her and left, I would have been happy. But no matter what I do, she never say nothing. It was disgusting. Bah!"

An Open Sesame

ON THE way home I asked the Frenchman through whom I met her about her French. He replied, "*Mon Dieu,* you should know. The slums of Paris. Lucky you didn't understand everything."

One feels sorry for the lady somehow, but far sorrier for Jack. Also a little sorry for the governess, who was not to blame if certain rich employers must have French governesses and then use no discretion in picking them. For the French have used no propaganda to create this Gallic enthusiasm. It simply exists and they calmly take advantage of it, without, I fear, any love for their employers.

Another governess I knew turned a whole house topsy-turvy during her reign in the nursery. Among other things she went into the kitchen and cooked all her own food. One does hear, sometimes, of nurses cooking food specially for a child, but this woman was quite willing that the child should eat what she refused to eat herself. She had an acid tongue generally, and used it on all who came within sound of her voice. Even her "good" French finally had to be overlooked and an old Scotswoman brought in who had no languages, but much good common sense.

In many cases these governesses come to America and work as chambermaids before they find in what awed tones the very word "French" is pronounced in certain American circles. Then they suddenly blossom forth as *gouvernantes* and are accepted as such. No one seems to feel it necessary to inquire as to their education in France. They speak French, which is, after all, not an unusual accomplishment in France, but that is quite enough. Some of the more energetic form so-called groups and cater to the not-quite-so-rich who cannot afford individual governesses. Then they take the group into a park and the children may be seen sitting on the grass in a circle singing "*Sur le pont d'Avignon*" and "*Marlbrouck s'en va-t-en guerre.*" The latter is the same basic tune as "We won't go home till

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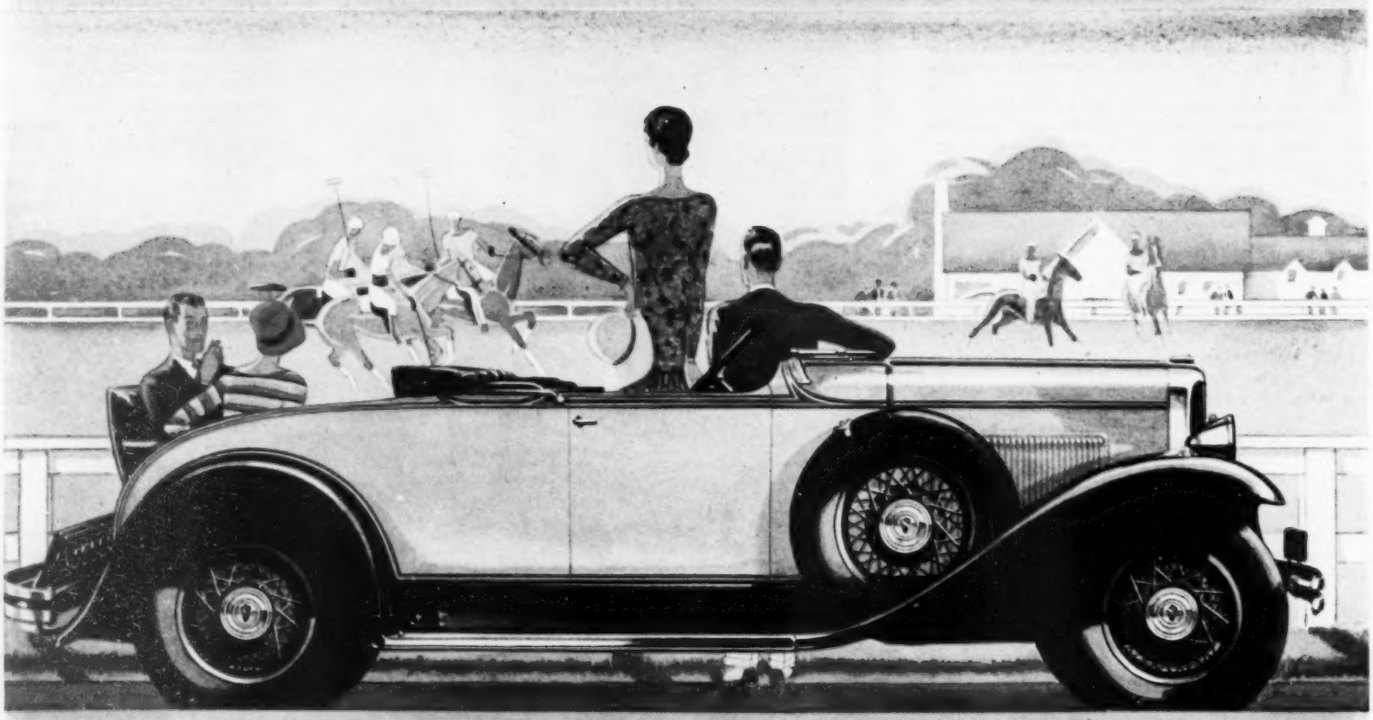

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(Continued from Page 37)

morning," but then, the tune is really good, or, shall we say, has the properness of all things ancient. It is probably the oldest tune we know because, according to legend, it was brought back from Palestine by the Crusaders in the eleventh century. But these groups are only of the near rich, and to be only near is to be sometimes very far.

But in at least one case I know, the governess was delightfully funny without meaning to be. By reputation she was trilingual, having German, French and English. This means she was Swiss, of course. She probably had a smattering of Italian, too; though the result was bad enough without that. The little boy in her charge was sweet and very imitative. So one day he said, "*Mam'selle*, tonight *gehen wir au cinema?*" Another time I heard him say, "*Fräulein*, may I eat now, *s'il vous plait?*" And the amazing part is that these were ordinary questions, and in no way unusual. He talked a superb hash of three languages. We named the governess Polyglot. She was certainly a mistress of several languages, but master of none. Otherwise she was a kind, devoted nurse and the boy loved her.

Now, as to living conditions, the nurse or governess, as the case may be, usually sleeps in the room with her charges, or in an adjoining one. This gives her a good room, as the child is well housed, but in many cases the governess' room is often the nursery as well, or else the governess sleeps on a couch in the nursery. Either of these arrangements means a complete lack of privacy, but, as a rule, one expects this in the homes of the very rich. The houses loom very large as one drives past in a car, but count the number of people living within and one finds that crowded conditions prevail. In any event, nurseries are unsatisfactory on general principles as bedrooms. I know a governess who says that she was awakened every morning for several months by the boy pushing toy automobiles over her bed, the track including her face. As she had a very prominent nose her face was probably a fine testing ground for toy tractors.

And the pay is bad. It is a bit more than that of a chambermaid and less than a cook. It averages about the same as a lady's maid—in general $75 to $100 a month. Oh, I know many may exclaim, "Why, I pay much more!" But then, I know cases of women paying less. In general that is the New York City scale, and that of such places as Newport, Palm Beach, Tuxedo Park, Lake Forest, and so on. In brief, chambermaids, $75; personal maids, $80 to $85; cooks, $90 to $100; butlers, $100 to $150. Special cases command special prices, of course. For instance, I know a butler who assures me his income never falls below $25,000 a year. But then, that is not salary, of course. As chauffeurs average $45 to $50 a week, one sees the relative values of car driving and education in the eyes of the very rich. One lady explained, "But good chauffeurs are rare." My answer was and is, "So are good governesses." My advice is to pay them more and treat them more as equals and less as servants. Also, good needlework should not be an essential qualification for a governess, but it is. It would seem that the teaching of French is secondary in consideration to fine workmanship on lingerie.

Aids to Social Climbers

LET me give an example of the true idea. A wealthy American and his wife were living in Paris at the outbreak of the war. They went to live in England and got a Norland Institute nurse for their baby. In 1916 they came to America, and for ten years that nurse-governess was with the boy. He still speaks beautifully, as she did, and has her calmness, her dignity, her repose. He stands at the head of his class in one of the best private schools in the country. I feel he is going to be worthy of his inheritance of many millions, worthy of becoming the fine surgeon which is his dream. And the child is one of many helped by that governess. Being a lady herself, she brought up her charges as ladies and gentlemen. One is a princess in Belgium; another an English merchant; another the boy in America. There are others, but all are stamped with the fine quality of the woman.

Next comes the tutoring stage in the child's education. Even if the child attends a small, ultra-select private school, there are always tutors somewhere in the background. A diminutive Frenchman was much in demand several years ago, and probably still is. He pedaled himself madly about from lesson to lesson all day long. He was especially favored among the very newly rich who were engaged in social climbing with the aid of a foreign car, a mansion facing the ocean, and a museumlike collection of Spanish furniture. Daughter would have a lesson at nine and mother at ten. Efforts always failed, however, to get father at eleven. Fathers of this sort have no interest in personal French. "*Combien*" still carries them across Europe, and getting a good tan is so necessary at eleven. For mother, there is the bathing at 11:30 which no climber would dare to miss; so she takes her lesson in a new bathing suit from Paris. She comes, about half an hour late, into the room where the tutor waits, and then has to leave early to meet someone. The lesson consists mostly of compliments on her attire in soft, gesticulating French. She, therefore, sings the praises of her wonderful French teacher, and he, being a clever man, is happy to be so well paid for so little effort. He will probably retire soon to a neat little house in or near Nice, raise a short beard, and forget the strange ways of rich Americans.

But if a boy has a tutor living with him at this stage, from ten or eleven to thirteen or fourteen, he often is English or near English. An Oxford "a" is of supreme importance if one is to be well paid. New England nasality, Southern drawls, Western rolls and New York slurs are in the same category as measles, scarlet fever and diphtheria. Proud is the mother who can capture a real Englishman from Oxford.

Putting the Cart Before the Horse

ONE such Englishman set a winter resort by the ears a few seasons ago. He first passed through on the yacht of a rich merchant. One mother who was climbing rapidly laid eyes on the charming scion of Oxford while playing roulette, and resolved to capture him for her two sons. She figured he would be only too glad to leave the yacht in order to share the comforts of her ménage. And she was prepared to pay, as she well knew the English come high, be they butlers or tutors. Now she would have both. But she delayed a little, and before she realized it the yacht had borne her prize away. And the very next day she learned he was the son of Lord Blank. It was too much. But she did not give up, and during the following summer she captured her Englishman in London and brought him to America. In January she opened her sumptuous ocean-front villa.

Then came the first of many shocks. The tutor accepted a fine salary for tutoring, but he didn't do any. He was never with the boys at all, but always playing tennis or golf during what should have been lesson time. She finally remonstrated.

"But my deah Mrs. ——. Did you suppose I would refuse an invitation to play tennis with an Egyptian prince and stay home to teach arithmetic?"

The lady was crushed. There was no answering that. She had never even been asked to meet the prince, and her tutor was playing tennis with him. She vaguely hoped he might bring the prince back to luncheon, but he didn't. He stayed and lunched with the prince. He told her about it when he came back to dress for a dinner at one of the few homes to which she had never been asked. It was too much. Her tutor was being invited to places where she was not acceptable. She discharged him and asked him to leave the house at once.

Now, the elegant young Britisher had no money and no place to go. His family, which lived in dignified penury on the family estate, would scarcely welcome a cable for money, and probably would not even answer it. Besides, the South was very warm and jolly; so he stayed a bit. But what he had not reckoned on was that many a foolish young man is swept into the social whirl because he plays tennis and bridge and dances well, and then the whim changes and he is dropped as swiftly as he was taken up. He finished out the season by sponging pathetically here and there, and finally a kind-hearted chap sent him back to his family. The social way of the tutor is hard, no matter how ancient his family. In America one needs money, and plenty of it, if only to pay for mistakes at bridge when playing at five and ten cents a point.

One of the chief difficulties in tutoring is that hours of teaching adapt themselves to the social life of the boy, rather than the reverse. Thus, in the average American home the child rushes home to luncheon to find it awaiting him, and he leaves for school to be there at a certain time. Mothers plan meals, shopping trips, and so on, around school hours.

When one is rich enough the reverse applies. At one winter resort everyone swims at 11:30; then the boys have boxing lessons at about 12:15. Boxing is of supreme importance in the educational scheme. One has only to look at the rotogravure sections of the leading Sunday newspapers to realize this fully. The yearly exhibition is shown in great detail. Luncheon is at one. To meet this schedule, a smart private school will have its hours from 8:30 to 11:15, and then begin again at two. A good moving picture has a disastrous effect on afternoon attendance. On Lon Chaney days the school might just as well be closed.

Actual tutoring is far worse. I lived with a family where lessons began after breakfast. As the boy was not studiously inclined he stayed in bed so long he barely managed to finish breakfast before lunchtime. In the afternoon there was tennis. I spoke to the mother, especially as I was trying to tutor the boy for a stiff examination for entrance to one of the best American schools. I told her I knew he was not sleeping until noon, but just lying in bed reading.

"Well, then, Mr. Gifford, you see he must be tired, or he wouldn't read in bed. I am sure he loves his studies."

Luckily the position was of short duration, as there was no answer to that. Another tutor came, of easier conscience than I, and cleverer. He had a fine vacation all summer, and the boy entered a different school, no less fashionable but much less strict, and where names out of the Social Register are treated with due respect.

But a reverse picture must also be shown. I tutored another boy four hours in the morning and two in the afternoon. Then there were two hours of work at night. It was hard work every day. Tutoring is much harder on a child than regular school work, as the one child recites all the time, and I think this was too severe, but the child was developed very well. I confess to being proud of him.

A friend of mine had a very amusing season at a Florida resort. He went to live with a family who had a fine house overlooking the ocean. But the architect had more ideas of grandeur than of modern comfort, and many conveniences were lacking. Thus, my friend was shown into his room by the lady in this way.

"You see, you have a lovely room. Such a beautiful view. But there is just one thing: The connecting bathroom also leads to mother's room; so I was wondering if you couldn't keep clean in the ocean. It's so near—just across the street."

My friend is blessed with a glorious sense of humor. I fear I should have exploded. Then the lady took him through the house and showed him, particularly, her bathroom. It had a beautiful sunken bath, of which she was inordinately proud. She did not mean to rub it in. She always entertained her dinner guests with a personally conducted tour of the bathroom.

And then the fun began. The woman had only colored servants, and they were completely bewildered by conditions at the resort. Before a week had passed, the tutor was planning meals, ordering from stores, and what not. The lady had never known how her household ran, and didn't care to know. It was all too ridiculous. Then came the climax.

A distinguished churchman passed through the resort, lecturing to raise money for his charities. He was swept up into the social net always flung out for celebrities. Hostesses fought over him, and as they donated heavily to his work, he was satisfied. Then the amazed lady found out that her tutor and the clergyman were close friends. In hectic frenzy a tea was planned and invitations flung on the breeze. When you are invited in the name of sweet charity and religion both you must accept, and the acceptances came in. The lady was wildly excited by visions of at last storming doors so long closed to her. And the tutor had done it all for her. She was radiant.

Private Tutoring in Public

AND then the tragedy. A note of deep regret from the churchman, who had been suddenly recalled to New York by his bishop. The guests would come, of course, but without her guest of honor they would just go home and all would be lost. They would never invite her to their homes in return. And then she remembered herself.

"But Mr. ——, of course you can come just the same."

Then the worm turned. "Thank you, but now having no obligation to come, I shall feel free to enjoy myself somewhere."

Another of my experiences is worth the telling. I began tutoring a girl about eighteen years of age. She and her mother were living at a hotel. As this place prides itself on the altitude of its prices, the lady probably felt they didn't have enough millions to warrant a large sitting room. Or the hotel may have been very crowded, as it is in February, even with rates from thirty dollars a day up, and very far up indeed. At any rate, I tutored the very elegant young lady in one of the reception rooms of the hotel. It was a room of palacelike proportions and as beautiful as any in Versailles, but the curiosity seekers came from miles around to see the hotel, and especially that one room. Behold me, therefore, in the center of the room, sitting beside a charming young lady on a Louis XIV sofa and carefully explaining the attitude of the British Parliament during the Revolutionary War, or the hidden meanings in Browning's poem Rabbi Ben Ezra.

How dull to a young lady on a glorious, warm day, with the faint sound of the surf just breathing in at the windows; and how fascinating to the local villagers, staring with open eyes and mouth at this new eccentricity of the ultra-rich. I grew to understand the feelings of a goldfish. And then I learned how pleased the girl's mother was with me. It

(Continued on Page 118)

American Business and Business Men—By David Lawrence

SOMEBODY once asked Thomas W. Lamont, of the firm of J. P. Morgan & Co., to describe the differing characteristics of the two Van Sweringen brothers, who are reputed today to be the largest owners of railroad property in the world.

"Well," he replied, "O. P. does the talking, and does it very well, while M. J. does the listening, and does it very well."

It is difficult to discover anyone who knows where one brother begins and the other leaves off—they are a perfect team. They have equal voice in the business; they complement each other. In fact, the railroad world knows them as copartners—"O. P. and M. J."

These two men—one fifty-one and the other forty-nine years old—have risen to the top by following a fundamental principle—they believe that ownership should maintain a personal responsibility for management. In the days of Harriman and Hill a 10 or 15 per cent control of the stock of a railroad was all that was necessary for management to perpetuate itself. So long as dividends went on at the average rate, the stockholders were not sufficiently interested to vote the management out of office, and there was no particular ambition on the part of anybody to acquire any more than a minority interest. Most of the owners, therefore, had nothing to do directly with the operation of the properties. The Van Sweringens constitute the only group of railroad owners in America who are actually operating their properties and who own 51 per cent or more of the stock of the railroads they operate.

The Van Sweringens were not railroad men originally; they got their start in real estate in suburban Cleveland and bought their first railroad—the Nickel Plate—in order to get a piece of land they needed for their real-estate operations. They bought the railroad on the installment plan. Ever since 1916 they have been acquiring railroad properties. Surrounding themselves with efficient railroad executives, they have quietly assumed active management of the properties they bought. They have been in no hurry to disturb existing management; they are always ready to give it a chance to prove real worth. For instance, they acquired control of the Erie in 1923, but actually did not begin to take operating control until 1927. Likewise they completed their acquisition of the Pere Marquette in 1924, but did not assume responsibility for management until 1929.

PHOTO, FROM N. E. A. SERVICE, INC., CLEVELAND, OHIO

O. P. and M. J. Van Sweringen, Seated in Foreground

The Van Sweringens do not give interviews, directly or indirectly. They fight shy of the photographers. Their last photographs were taken about ten years ago. What is known about them comes from friends who have watched them develop and who respect their confidences. Theirs is a modesty which forbids the telling even of those things which would be to their public advantage. They had been operating for several years, for instance, with an impression prevalent in some places that they, perhaps like others interested in railroad securities, had paid themselves enormous promotion fees. The Van Sweringens did not take the trouble to dissipate the impression, but at one of the hearings of the Interstate Commerce Commission in 1925 came this casual comment from O. P. Van Sweringen:

"It should be apparent, but if it is not I now make the statement that all sources of gain to us were by reason of the improvement of the shares purchased, and not one dollar by promotion fees or charges, stock manipulation or watering processes—the same as the ratio of gain to all stockholders and no more. . . .

"We were not speculating in shares. We were upbuilding a railroad. We had a feeling—and still have—that one of the most unfortunate conditions in the railroad world is the absence of parental interest, guidance and encouragement—someone to be responsible for the policies and pursuits of the company through having the majority stock interest."

In that last sentence may be found the key to the Van Sweringens' philosophy in business. They believe that if the owners lose fifty-one cents out of a dollar and the minority stockholders lose forty-nine cents, there will be a stimulus to find the cure, and then, when the rewards come, the owner management is entitled to fifty-one cents and the minority to its forty-nine. It is well known, of course, that the Van Sweringens took sick railroads and made them profitable. They took the Nickel Plate and the Erie, successively, and turned them into profitable properties. Out of their dividends they bought more railroads. They never were content to hold a minority interest. They never rested until they actually had 51 per cent. Just how long they were in acquiring their 51 per cent of the Missouri Pacific and the Western Pacific—their ownership of which roads was revealed just the other day—is not known.

Their latest acquisitions have attracted nation-wide attention because of the popular belief that it meant a single transcontinental railroad system. This, however, has been refuted by practical railroad men, who have pointed out the futility of operating a transcontinental system as one property, because of possible offsetting losses that may come through the refusal of railroads in the Western part of the country to exchange freight with Eastern roads if they know they are benefiting one of their own competitors in the Western territory. The rate structure of America is so involved that a through system from coast to coast is not considered expedient.

The Van Sweringens believe in equipping their roads with first-class tools. On the Erie Railroad they scrapped 427 locomotives in one year and replaced them with 130 new ones. The result was a big reduction in maintenance and operating charges, because the old engines would each haul sixty cars and consume twenty-four tons of coal, while the new locomotives haul one hundred and ten cars and burn twelve tons of coal. They have studied railroad management and have applied their dividends always to the purchase of new properties. Asked by one of their friends in Cleveland not long ago how they built up their position in the railroad world, O. P. Van Sweringen recalled the days when he and his brother were developing Shaker Heights, outside of Cleveland. "Whenever we sold a lot on the city end," he said, "we took the money to the country end and bought an acre. We invested and reinvested. That is all there is to our railroad business."

Because, unlike the old-fashioned railroad magnates who made their money out of fees paid to themselves, the Van Sweringens never took any stock for their promotion services, their credit grew, and when in 1927 they formed the Chesapeake Corporation, to put their holdings in one place, they invited the public to participate with them—but only up to 49 per cent. Again, in 1929 they created the Allegheny Corporation, in which they put some stocks of the railroad properties they had later acquired, including all their holdings in the Chesapeake Corporation. Once more they permitted the public to participate in the stock, while they themselves retained the responsibility for actual control of the property. They foresaw the importance, too, of consolidation long before the Interstate Commerce Commission was ready to announce its plans. Time and again they appeared before the commission in an effort to get authority to consolidate the Nickel Plate, the Chesapeake and Ohio, the Pere Marquette, the Erie Railroad and the Hocking Valley. Recently they saw the fruition of their hopes when the Interstate Commerce Commission, in announcing formally its plan for railroad consolidation in America, approved the putting together of all the foregoing railroads into a single combination to be known as System No. 8, and added also the right to put the Lackawanna Railroad into the pool, thus making a major railroad system in the East, along with the Baltimore and Ohio, the Pennsylvania, the New York Central and the Wabash.

This acceptance of the Van Sweringen view on what is practical from a transportation standpoint has given the two brothers as much pride as any material rewards they have received in building up their properties; for it means that two men, by dint of hard work and an actual participation in the management of their properties, have overcome the barrier of mere size, and have done so by being willing to take in partners to share their profits and also by being unwilling to let anyone else incur any greater risks of loss than they themselves were ready to absorb. It is perhaps the most striking example of personal responsibility on the part of owners since the corporate form of organization came to industry.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

When is a profit not a profit? Normally the answer is when the proprietor of a business forgets to charge interest for the money he has been using as capital. One of the most amazing business transactions in the history of the Government of the United States has just come to a close after nearly twelve years of operation, during which $500,000,000 of capital stock was available out of the Treasury and every dollar of it was paid back and, in addition, approximately $65,000,000 was returned as earnings.

This was the record of the so-called War Finance Corporation, which for a couple of years assisted in meeting emergency financial situations that arose primarily as the aftermath of war conditions, but which really, for four years thereafter, acted as a relief organization in agricultural finance, making loans to banks and financing institutions, including livestock loan companies and coöperative marketing organizations of producers.

Ever since 1925 the corporation has been liquidating—charging off losses, realizing on its assets, and getting back the money originally advanced by the Government. The record of repayments on the loans made is probably unparalleled in history. Though the corporation had the authority and actually did approve advances of $538,000,000, the psychological effect of its acts was so stimulating that only approximately $337,000,000 of government money was actually used.

Now comes the question of what the $65,000,000 really was. The official report calls it by the simple word "earnings."

Those who have for a long time contended that the Government might prove itself effective as a competitor of private industry will get small consolation, however, out of the way the War Finance Corporation, in winding up its operations, views the matter in retrospect.

(Continued on Page 193)

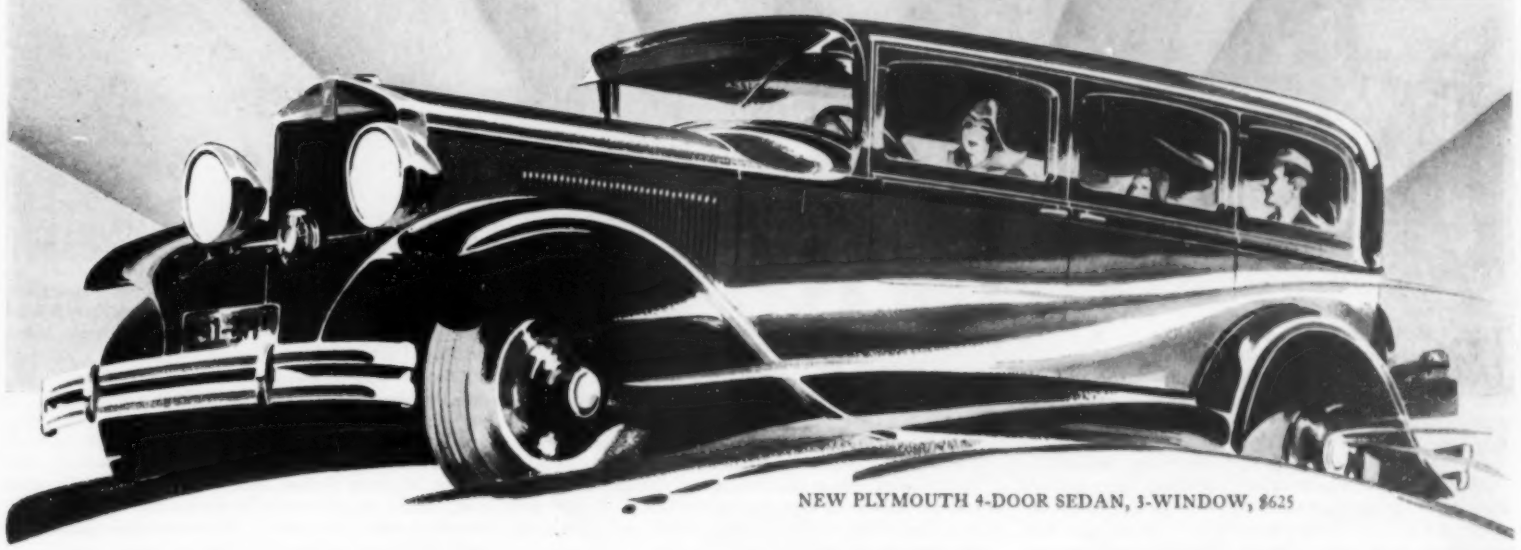
NEW FINER

$590

AND UP, F.O.B. FACTORY

PLYMOUTH

CHRYSLER MOTORS PRODUCT



NEW PLYMOUTH 4-DOOR SEDAN, 3-WINDOW, $625

NEW SPEED... NEW POWER... SMARTER ...LARGEST, FINEST, MOST IMPRESSIVE CARS IN THE LOWEST-PRICED FIELD

In the *new, finer* Plymouth, Chrysler Motors' scientific engineering and precision craftsmanship have created the most remarkable motor car in the lowest-price field.

With its new, larger high-compression engine, the *new, finer* Plymouth out-performs all other cars of this price group. This performance is delivered with the smoothness of cars of higher price and economy of operation and maintenance unsurpassed by cars of any price.

Brakes are hydraulic—internal, weatherproof and safe beyond comparison.

The *new, finer* Plymouth is the only *full-size* car in the lowest-price field. Every line emphasizes bigness as it sweeps gracefully back from a wide and high radiator.

There's beauty in its upholstery, good taste in its appointments and a new sturdiness and quiet in its Safety-Steel body. A French-type roof caps the effect of Continental smartness.

See it today. Ask for a demonstration. As you look and as you drive, keep reminding yourself that this amazingly big and fine automobile with its phenomenal performance is one of the lowest-priced cars in the world!

FEATURES: *Smart Safety-Steel bodies of new strength and silence—new radiator and hood design—full-size leg-room, head-room and seat width—larger high-compression engine—rubber engine mountings—full-pressure engine lubrication—crankcase ventilator—Chrysler-designed internal weatherproof 4-wheel hydraulic brakes—four long semi-elliptic shock-absorbing springs, laterally mounted, with self-adjusting spring shackles—safety gas tank in rear with gauge on dash.*

PRICES

4-door Sedan, 3-window, $625; Coupe, $590; Roadster (*rumble seat*), $610; Coupe (*rumble seat*), $625; Touring, $625. *All prices f. o. b. factory.*

SOLD BY CHRYSLER, DODGE BROTHERS AND DE SOTO DEALERS EVERYWHERE

INVENTORY

By Louise Kennedy Mabie

ILLUSTRATED BY HARLEY ENNIS STIVERS

"We Will Look Through Until We Come to Your Secretary," Said Amy, "and Then We Will Go Somewhere Nice"

IT'S a stuffy old flat. It dates from the tombstone period," Mrs. Jerome had said. "No one could have thought that Aunt Everson would leave so much. Nick is going to need every penny if he marries Amy Dale."

"If," March had said. "Don't you mean—when?"

"It's not so definite as that. Inventory every pillow, every tassel, every Cupid and Psyche, March, while I am away. All Aunt Everson's silver is in the bank. She had some fairly good things—lovely collection of old porringers, a painting or two, rugs—but most of it is junk. I tried to remember to see Aunt Everson at least twice a season. Every year I sent her an azalea at Easter. But she left everything to Nick—'To my dearly beloved great-nephew Nicholas Everson Dart.' . . . Aren't women the fools, March? Because he has a crook to his mouth and a certain air of weary grandeur, my brother comes in for a million dollars and a tasseled flat. I could have used Aunt Everson's money myself."

The flat had eight rooms and three baths. The ceilings were high and the woodwork was heavy and old-fashioned. March walked up two flights to reach the flat, and fumbled in the semidarkness of a landing to find the door. The flat was shaded and close, and smelled of tarred paper and camphor. March stumbled over rugs to reach a window. There was dust along the window sill. Even with the windows open and sunshine streaming in, there was the feeling of complete possession, of long tenancy, of age, of withdrawal over everything.

The flat had eight rooms and three baths, and it was completely stuffed with things. March walked through all of it except for the room which was locked, getting her bearings, judging the amount of work ahead, arranging the plan of work in her mind. March had never before done an inventory, but she decided to take it room by room, to use common sense, to allow herself plenty of time. March was what Mrs. Jerome called the perfect secretary—capable, sensible, silent, neat.

"The girl can add," Mrs. Jerome, speaking of March, said once to Amy Dale. "She pays my bills, Lord knows how, and leaves me with money in bank at the end of the month. She can mend china elephants. She can get the best of the butler. She can ignore Nick."

"Nick hangs about?" asked Amy Dale idly.

"Oh, no; but a man knocking about the house, restless, at loose ends, waiting for an estate to settle —— Now and then they meet on the stairs. And, to boot, she looks like a Greek dancing girl on a frieze."

"What's a Greek dancing girl on a frieze?" asked Amy Dale. "And why do you say 'to boot'? What does that mean?"

"It doesn't mean a thing. I just say it. She's a *cendrée* blonde with brown eyes, which is a very difficult and beautiful thing to be. She has grace and vitality. She has a sense of proportion about her place in our lives. She's honest."

"How do you mean—honest?" asked Amy Dale. "About not taking postage stamps?"

"No, I don't. I don't mean a thing. And if I did mean a thing, you wouldn't understand it, would you?"

"No," said Amy Dale. "Nor care to particularly. About secretaries."

March removed a Chinese embroidery from a teak table and set up her little typewriter in the drawing-room of the flat. She took off her hat and jacket, and got out her pad and pencil, and looked at the walls. The walls offered no visible point of attack, for they were covered with pictures—large pictures, small, framed in shadow boxes, framed flat, the Japanese prints not framed at all. Wherever there was a space on the walls among the pictures, plaques were hung. Above the sofa was a tapestry of very French ladies and gentlemen in a forest. A morning's work, March calculated, on the walls alone.

The floor was covered with rugs—large rugs, small, running this way, slanting that; here and there a rug above a rug—figured rugs, plain, Oriental, domestic. The piano was covered with framed photographs—Nick in white flannels, Nick in riding clothes, Nick reading a book, Mrs. Jerome in riding clothes, Mrs. Jerome in her court dress, Nick sitting on a wire fence, Nick on horseback. The piano was draped with two shawls. There was a glass cabinet in a corner filled with miniatures, with tiny spoons, with a little castle made of coral, with quantities of small stones and things. There were chairs of all periods and tables of all sizes. Each chair carried its cushion.

March began with the drawing-room. March crawled about the floor all morning, measuring rugs, finding labels, tabulating rugs. By noon she was pretty dusty and her ash-blond hair was coming down. When the bell rang she pushed back her hair with a grubby hand and went to the door.

"Good morning," said Nicholas Everson Dart, looking down at March. "I have brought lunch."

Blank, completely surprised, taken aback, March stood for a moment in the doorway. Her eyes were set wide apart, and when she looked up at Dart they were unexpectedly unfaltering.

"Lunch," said March at length.

"My lunch. Your lunch. Ours," said Nicholas Everson Dart to March's eyes. "What room are you working in, Miss Haskell?"

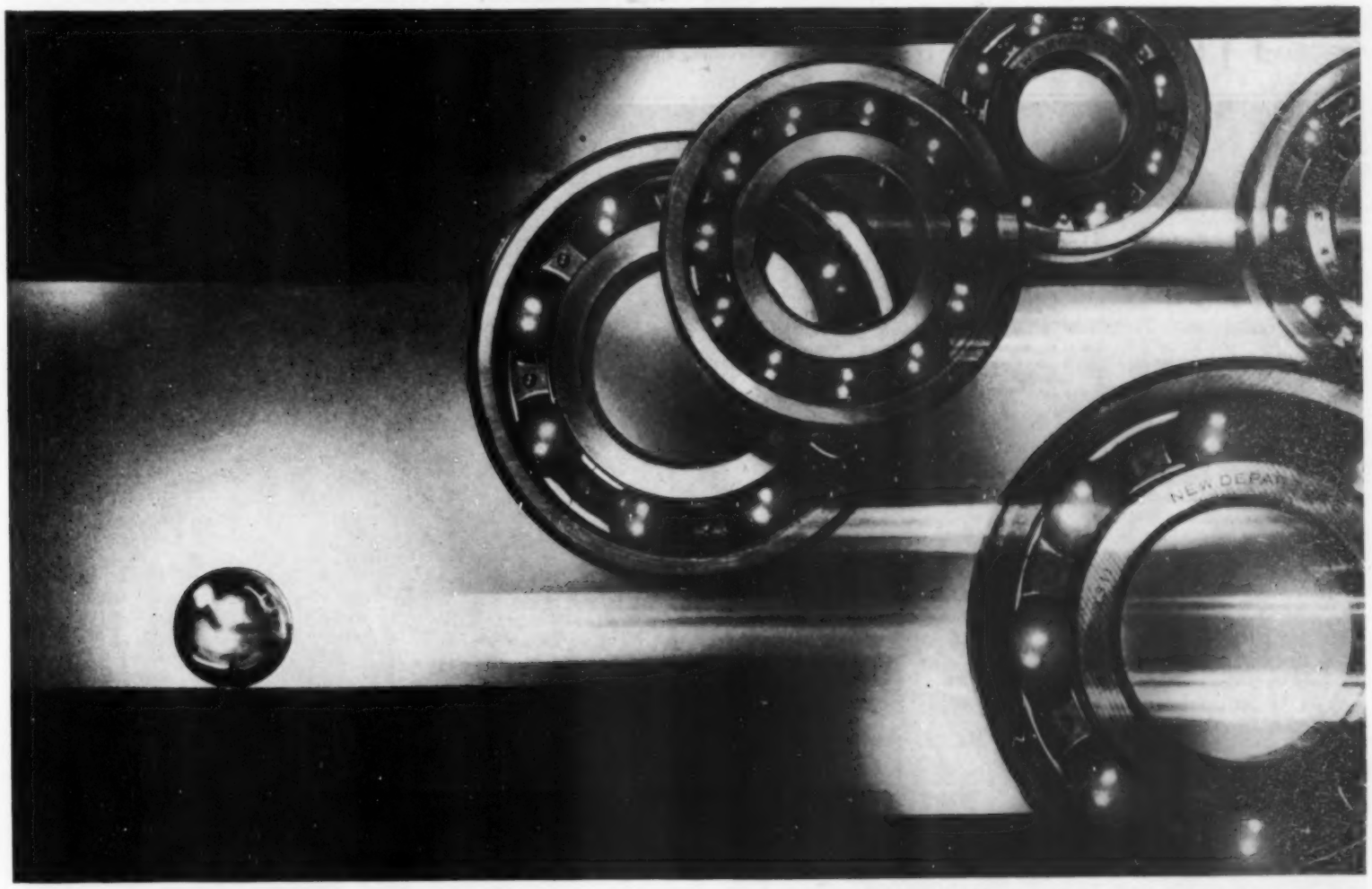
"The—the drawing-room," said March.

(Continued on Page 44)

One Was All Yellow and Terra Cotta and Sunny; "New Jersey in Autumn"

NEW DEPARTURE BALL BEARINGS

THE SUCCESS OF MASS PRODUCTION is based on ability to produce interchangeable parts that are of absolutely uniform accuracy. This requires machines of minute precision—precision permanently retained—in spite of the drive for more and more production—in spite of punishing speeds and loads. Machines with main spindles and secondary shafts mounted on New Departure Ball Bearings maintain their original precision for life—without requiring time out for making adjustments to take up wear.



NOTHING ROLLS LIKE A BALL

NEW DEPARTURE MANUFACTURING COMPANY BRISTOL CONN.

(Continued from Page 42)

"The drawing-room, Bell. Down the hall to the right."

Dart's chauffeur carried in lunch in a tea basket and left lunch in the corner indicated by Dart's stick. Dart was young, but not too young; tall, but not too tall; good-looking enough, but not too good-looking. Dart was cool, impersonal, too languidly self-contained to be much interested in or stirred by anything. Dart was correct, controlled, of his generation, flinty, impregnable. After depositing the tea basket where Dart had indicated, the chauffeur tested the drawing-room chairs by sitting down carefully in each one of them.

"The large red one, sir," said the chauffeur finally.

Dart's stick pointed to a leather one, but the chauffeur shook his head.

"The large red one with the tassels," he said, "is the only chair for you in the place, sir."

So Dart sat down in the large red-tasseled chair and lighted a cigarette. The chauffeur went down to his car. And March worked on the rugs. Now and then, Dart would point out something with his stick.

"River loop, Miss Haskell. Very fine." Or, "Kalgan, Miss Haskell." Or, "Bokhara." Or, "Anatolian mat. Throw the Anatolian out of the window."

Now and then, Dart would converse: "Machines are unfaltering and efficient, Miss Haskell, but you have grasp and concentration as well. You can work without an upward glance."

March glanced up in spite of herself.

"You work, Miss Haskell, as if you liked it."

"I do like it," said March.

"Not really? More than other things?"

"What other things?"

"Dancing. Riding. Driving in moonlight with the top down."

"Much more than those things," said March contemptuously, her upper lip curled.

"Dining on a balcony above Lake Lucerne."

"I have never dined above Lake Lucerne," said March. "It sounds chilly."

"Not in an evening wrap," said Dart, "made of velvet the color of your hair. And a sable collar. Your eyes are brown, Miss Haskell, aren't they?"

"Did you come in here today to talk about the color of my eyes?" asked March, very grim, very unpleasant.

"I hoped we might get to that," said Dart.

As she finished with a rug, March piled it into a corner. Some of the rugs were hard for her to fold and heavy for her to carry. Dart sat in his large red-tasseled chair and watched March struggle with the rugs. He smoked. He took his time.

"Do you propose to come here often?" asked March, on her knees before a rug; March hurrying a little, not taking her time.

"Only every day."

March sat back on her heels in dismay. "All day?"

"Only until you go home." He sat in his red-tasseled chair and looked down at her. Whenever she glanced up he was looking at her. And when she didn't glance up, she knew that he was looking at her. "After that," he continued smoothly, "I should be too lonely here in my ridiculous, eight-room flat; in my old-fashioned, tasseled, amusing flat. I have never before owned a flat. . . . It interests me to have you on your knees upon my floor, Miss Haskell. That streak of dust across your cheek belongs to me. Don't rub it. You're spreading it. . . . You have small hands, haven't you, Miss Haskell—dirty little hands?"

March looked down at her hands and put them hastily, instinctively behind her. March was tired. Her shoulders sagged. Her hair was coming down again.

"I am on my knees for Mrs. Jerome," said March with an attempt at dignity. "I work for Mrs. Jerome."

"So you do," said Dart. "There are certain terms for things. You seem to be what is called a working girl, Miss Haskell."

"I work," admitted March, piling up rugs.

"Stupendously," said Dart. "Why?"

"In order to eat."

"In order to eat today you don't have to work stupendously. Or at all. Lunch—sweetbread patties, very small sandwiches, coffee, a heart-of-artichoke salad—awaits."

"I never lunch with men I don't know," said March.

"You know me, Miss Haskell, better than you will admit. Four times we have passed each other on the staircase. Once you provided me with a stamp. Once you provided me with a tube of library paste. We have discussed the weather. And we have shared the same umbrella."

"Only for half a block."

"It is the spirit in which one shares an umbrella that counts. Mrs. Jerome," said Dart smoothly, watching March, "is safely in Florida for a month, so we will lunch here together today and then you will knock off work and we will go to a show."

March looked at him over the rug she was folding and then carried her rug over to the pile. She shook out her dusty skirt, crossed the bare floor, picked up her hat and jacket from the sofa, picked up her purse from the piano and walked out of the room. March lunched that day on a glass of malted milk and a slice of toast which awaited her at the drug store on the corner.

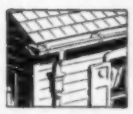
The car was gone when she came back from her lunch. The car was so long and opulent and high-powered that, standing before the curb, one could not help noticing that

(Continued on Page 189)

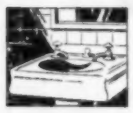
Dart Was Cool, Impersonal, Too Languidly Self-Contained to be Much Interested in or Stirred by Anything

COPPER BRASS AND BRONZE

ADD YEARS TO THE LIFE OF YOUR HOME



Gutters, rain-pipes, roof valleys and flashings of Anaconda Copper never rust out, need no attention.



A full flow of clear, clean water always with Anaconda Brass Pipe. No rust clogging nor leaks due to rust.

Rust stains clothes and linen. Avoid this by insisting upon a Copper tub in the washing machine you buy.

Water heaters with Copper or Everdur (Strengthened Copper) tanks are the most durable and economical.

Solid Bronze or Brass Hardware retains its beauty. No plating to wear through, exposing rustable metal.

ANACONDA
from mine to consumer

Anaconda Copper, Brass and Bronze add long years of service to the many products in which they form vital parts.

WHEN you buy or build remember that *cheap* materials are not necessarily *economical materials.* Consider durability. Consider, also, that rust-proof metals, though not cheaper in first cost, are much more economical over a period of years. They add trouble-free, expense-free years to the life of your home.

The desire on the part of home-owners to avoid repairs and replacements explains why Anaconda Brass Pipe, Sheet Copper and Bronze Wire for screens are going into so many thousands of homes all over the country. These metals *cannot rust*—and soon pay for themselves in freedom from repair and deterioration.

It will pay you to insist upon Anaconda products when you build, buy or remodel. The house safeguarded against rust is more comfortable to live in, more economical to maintain, easier to sell. Send for the interesting booklet "Rust-proofed." Address The American Brass Company, General Offices: Waterbury, Connecticut.

ANACONDA

COPPER - BRASS - BRONZE

BACK-TRACKING ON EARLY GAME TRAILS—By HAL G. EVARTS

IT IS popular nowadays to refer to early America as a "hunters' paradise." Also, contradictory as it may seem, there is a widespread tendency, even among those who so refer to it, to brand as exaggerations the chronicles left behind by earlier generations describing the vast hordes of game. Yet the weighing of the evidence points to the inevitable conclusion that, far from being greatly exaggerated, those early accounts of eyewitnesses present accurate pictures of America as the greatest hunting ground on earth when first the white man set foot upon it.

FROM FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, JUNE 3, 1871

The Far West. Shooting Buffalo on the Line of the Kansas-Pacific Railroad

To declare today to a Kansas hunter that his state was once the habitat of the grizzly would be to invite incredulity. To assert that an early adventurer once counted 220 grizzlies in one day in Western Kansas would assure one's being placed under observation as an eligible candidate for the incurable ward.

It does seem somewhat incredible to us of today. Yet in Pattie's Personal Narrative, an account of Pattie, his father and other members of the fur brigade that crossed through Northwestern Kansas in 1822, Pattie cites such an occurrence during a day's march near the head of the Smoky Hill River.

Trapper and Historian

AFTER numerous adventures in New Mexico and other parts of the Southwest, Pattie trapped down the Gila River in Arizona to its confluence with the Colorado; then down that stream to its mouth. It was his second or third attempt. On each former occasion he had been one of the few survivors that had turned back.

On this final trip, with six surviving companions, he crossed from the mouth of the Colorado to the Pacific Coast, eventually to be imprisoned by the Spaniards in San Diego.

The historian Thwaites later edited and checked Pattie's original book. The characters, Spanish, English and American, of whom Pattie made mention, the incidents which he related, all were checked by Thwaites from official documents relating to Pattie's imprisonment, Spanish army and official archives, the accounts left behind by others who met Pattie, and so on. All checkable portions of the work are amazingly accurate.

Why, then, should we doubt him in the one particular of the apparently too numerous grizzlies? On no other points does Pattie seem to exaggerate in the slightest. Also, it must be recalled that in a life of such incredible adventure as that led by Pattie, grizzlies were of minor importance. He accounted for their amazing numbers in that vicinity by the fact that they were feeding on the carcasses of dead buffaloes; also that they were killing such animals as ventured within rushing distance. Many other early travelers commented upon this trait of the grizzly.

PHOTO, BY BROWN BROS., N. Y. C.

The Lewis and Clark Expedition

The journals of the Lewis and Clark Expedition dwell at some length upon a similar if less numerous gathering of grizzlies near the head of the Missouri to feed upon the carcasses of drowned buffaloes. Several of their party had narrow escapes from the bears. Pattie's party was not so fortunate. One member was charged and killed by a grizzly.

Bear Facts

SIMILARLY, a catastrophe occurred within the ranks of another party that invaded the general region of Pattie's flock of bears from a different direction at about the same time. One of the party, Jacob Fowler, kept a journal, later edited by Coues. The party came up the Arkansas River, and when just beyond the western boundary of the present state of Kansas, near the present site of Las Animas, Colorado, one of its members was charged and killed by a grizzly bear.

That region was the known habitat of large numbers of grizzlies. Considering scores of early accounts of grizzlies congregating to feed upon buffalo carcasses, coupled with the scrupulous accuracy of the checkable portions of the narrative, the similar occurrence in the ranks of Fowler's party, there seems no reason to doubt that Pattie at least saw a sizable swarm of bears on that occasion.

For many years it has been a hobby of mine to collect the chronicles left behind by American adventurers and explorers on our frontiers of a hundred years and more ago. It is a fascinating pursuit to wander back over early trails through those pages to rediscover an America that remains forgotten or unheard of by present generations. Among other points of interest, all early chroniclers of the frontiers picture an abundance of game that seems beyond the realm of comprehension when compared with our present conception of plenty. Strangely enough, observers of more than a hundred years ago, while writing of game conditions which seem to us incredible exaggerations, nevertheless commented scathingly or sorrowfully upon the fact that wanton slaughter had left but a remnant of former abundance; a trait, incidentally, that has persisted through all such writings down to the present day.

The most popular gauges by which past abundance is contrasted to present scarcity, of course, are the triple classics of destruction—the extermination of the beaver by the trappers throughout

(Continued on Page 48)

EVERY GRAHAM SIX AND EVERY GRAHAM EIGHT IS COMPLETELY EQUIPPED WITH SHATTER-PROOF *PLATE* GLASS

Graham Special Eight Sedan. 100 h. p. with Graham time-proved 4-speed transmission. Also available in Coupe with rumble seat. Six wire wheels, side mountings, special equipment. With standard equipment, price at factory $1595

Graham Standard Eight, 3-speed transmission with quiet second gear, $1445, price at factory

Almost *incredibly* smooth even at its highest speeds

GRAHAM

SPECIAL EIGHT

Quality is GRAHAM the best policy

STEP into the Graham Special Eight—robust with full 100 h. p., and with the time-proved four-speed transmission. Start with a rush in second. Then shift silently into the silent third and accelerate with a swish that carries you to 60, if you like.

Now—again silently—into fourth, which is Graham's high gear, and in 10 seconds you should be doing 70 miles an hour—so smoothly, sweetly and easily you hesitate to believe it.

But it's true. This is the "something new" you've been longing for—and at a price literally hundreds below anything that can even approach it.

(Graham's top speed goes beyond 70, of course. Without turning a hair, you put it to 75, and on up to 80.)

Take stock of that Graham speed, please. Note how effortless it is. How the four-speed transmission takes away the usual excess flurry and fuss or "buzz" from the engine. How comfortably you relax on those rare occasions when you indulge in a 70-mile speed that seems for all the world no more than 55.

With all of this extraordinary speed ability, safety control is absolutely assured by the internal hydraulic brakes, smooth and soft. Safety of another sort is there, too, in the shatter-proof plate glass, in the sure-footed roadability, in the high Graham mechanical quality.

Brake your speed down to two miles on the dial. Don't throw out the clutch. Don't change from fourth speed. Now step on the throttle. Not a shudder or a tremor in the smooth, easy pick-up in direct-drive "high," and no tricks with the clutch. That demonstrates Graham super-development of refined power.

You might gladly pay anything up to twenty-five hundred dollars or even beyond for such brilliancy in your car's performance. But the list price of the Graham Special Eight is $1595—and the Graham charge for complete equipment of shatter-proof plate glass is by far the lowest ever placed on such equipment in any car.

Graham Standard Six, Four-door Town Sedan, $845; Universal Six-window Sedan, $895
Standard and Special Sixes, $845 up. Standard and Special Eights, $1445 up. Prices at factory
Special Sixes and Special Eights equipped with Graham time-proved four-speed transmission

GRAHAM-PAIGE MOTORS CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Graham cars will give you value and performance—reasons in plenty for preferring them. Their crowning appeal is the safety of the shatter-proof plate glass doors, windows and windshields. The more you study that one factor of protection for yourself and your family from an all too frequent and dreadful danger, the more surely it will lead you to the conclusion that it renders all the other attractions of Graham cars irresistible

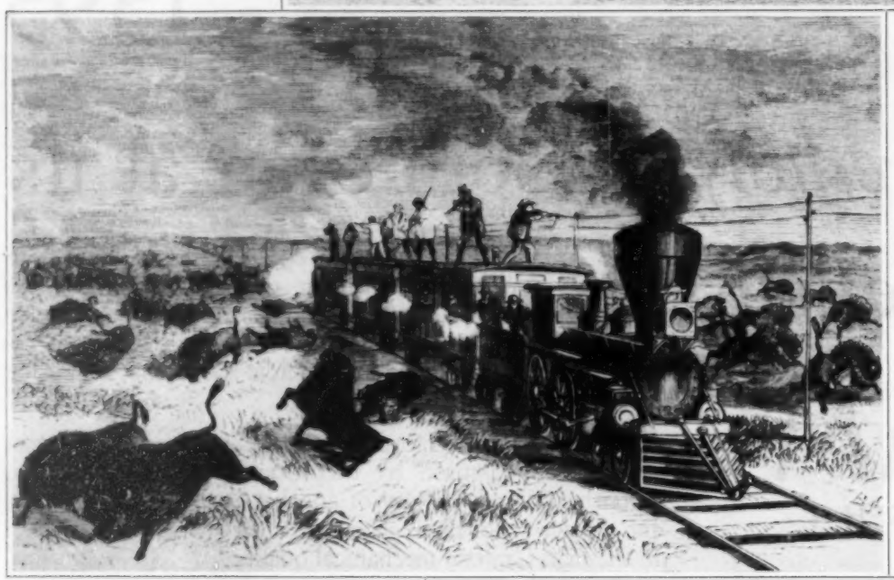
(Continued from Page 46)

almost the entire continent, the slaughter of the last buffalo herds by the hide hunters almost half a century later, and the subsequent extermination of the passenger-pigeon hordes by market gunners and squab hunters. All have been so widely heralded as to call for no comment here save by way of a brief reference to illustrate our point.

That widespread tendency to brand as exaggeration all early accounts of game abundance is leveled largely upon the written estimates of eyewitnesses as to the numbers of buffaloes and pigeons remaining in the 70's, during the height of the hide-hunting and pigeon-gunning campaigns. All that occurred at a relatively late date, yet observers of that day, writing the accounts now deemed exaggerations, were unanimous in declaring that the buffalo and pigeons that remained were but pitiful remnants of former vast hosts.

FROM APPLETONS' JOURNAL

Native Californians Lassoing a Bear



A Lively Scene on an American Prairie. A Buffalo Hunt by Steam

The number of buffaloes slain during the last decade of hide hunting is variously estimated at from 5,000,000 to 12,000,000. No doubt the actual figures are somewhere between those two extremes. Yet competent observers of that day believed that, when the widely heralded era of hide hunting began, there was but one buffalo remaining for every eight or ten that had graced the original American herds.

The Disappearance of the Buffaloes

AS EARLY as 1819–20 members of the Long Expedition to the Rockies observed the fact that the buffaloes were far more afraid of whites than of Indians, and ascribed it to the fact that whites always killed ruthlessly and wantonly. There was an implied prophecy that the teeming game of the West would be exterminated as that of the East already had been slaughtered almost to the vanishing point.

Gregg, in his Commerce of the Prairies, the classic of the early Santa Fé trade, wherein Gregg made his first trip over the Santa Fé Trail in 1831, wrote that at a somewhat later date the buffalo was less numerous than formerly along the trail. In 1860 another observer bewailed the fact that the buffalo had been exterminated throughout great areas along the Sweetwater and its tributaries; "formerly a veritable hunters' paradise" where they had roamed in untold millions. Only the bleaching bones, the pockmarks of buffalo wallows and the deep-rutted trails gave evidence of their former existence. He declared that the buffaloes were being exterminated with incredible rapidity, and predicted that the Sweetwater country would know them no more. And even at the time of Gregg's first trip across the plains in 1831, other writers were bewailing the fact that the buffalo was extinct east of the Mississippi River. By 1790 it was observed that the great buffalo herds of the Kentucky region had disappeared. A decade later, in 1800, Alexander Henry, one of the partners in the Northwest Company, jotted down in his journal daily accounts of tremendous slaughter among the buffalo herds in North Dakota and Southern Canada by members of his fur brigade; the tongues being taken from some, others being left to rot without even the formality of removing the tongues.

Whatever the actual number of buffaloes killed in that last decade of slaughter, the overwhelming mass of testimony of still earlier days leaves no room for doubt that the hide hunting accounted merely for the last remnants of a once vast throng.

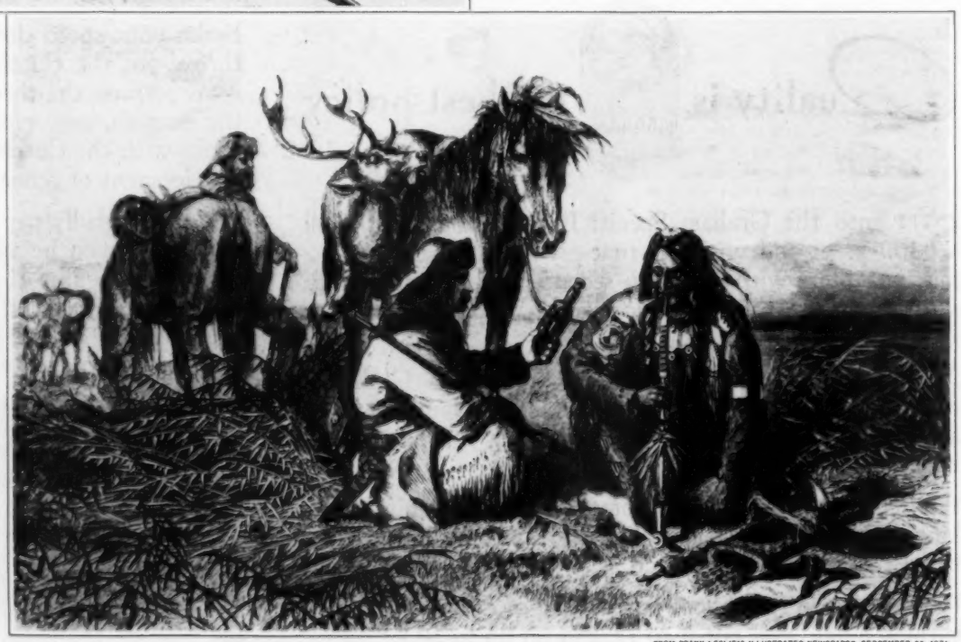
Organized Slaughter in the Old Days

SIMILARLY, the final hectic spasm of pigeon slaughter accounted merely for the last remaining flocks, the numbers of which, in a still earlier day, had staggered the imagination of observers.

The wild trappers returning from the wilderness with fortunes in furs stowed in flotillas of boats or transported by pack train, the herds of buffaloes that "blackened the prairies" as the pigeon migrations "darkened the sun," all were spectacular and gripped the imagination of the beholder.

Beaver trapping, hide hunting and pigeon gunning each in its way was an organized industry that provided a livelihood for hosts of individuals. For those and other reasons, more eyewitness accounts, more data and more statistical records were left behind relating to the beaver, the buffalo and the pigeon than those pertaining to all other species of wild life combined.

(Continued on Page 179)



FROM FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, SEPTEMBER 23, 1871

Trading on the Plains. A Seductive Offer. The Indian in Doubt

better performance is yours when you install

Champion

the better spark plug

All the world over, Champion Spark Plugs are in the majority, and it doesn't just happen to be so. Champions are preferred in the majority of all the motor cars running on the roads of the world, and underlying that fact is a solid basis of reason and common sense.

The common sense reason that makes millions of men and women act as any sensible man and woman always acts is Champions' *plainly proved,* easily *demonstrated, better performance.*

It isn't only the experienced millions who are sure they get better performance from Champions.

The specialists in spark plug dependability — the racing champions of the world — back up the solid opinion of the millions by insisting on Champions in every critical championship contest.

But there is something more to Champion Spark Plugs than dependability under every condition. There are measurable minutes, hours, days and weeks of better and more economical performance.

The majority millions of motor car owners, bus, truck and fleet operators have continued for years to prefer Champions —in constantly growing numbers—even to the extent of replacing others with Champions.

The makers of Champions feel that small as spark plugs may be, they are large enough in performance importance to merit all the scrupulous and scientific care which can be applied to maintain Champions as the better spark plugs.

After the engineer has done all he can in design and manufacture to give you wonderful performance—he still must have all that the spark plug engineer and manufacturer can do to insure you of all the performance and economy your engine can deliver.

Millions of motorists all over the world testify to the fact that Champions do improve performance, and that renewals every 10,000 miles maintain it, even though Champions will continue to give service almost indefinitely. More than 100,000 Champion dealers stand ready to advise you of the correct size and type Champion to develop the greatest performance from your engine.

CHAMPION SPARK PLUG COMPANY, TOLEDO, OHIO; WINDSOR, ONTARIO

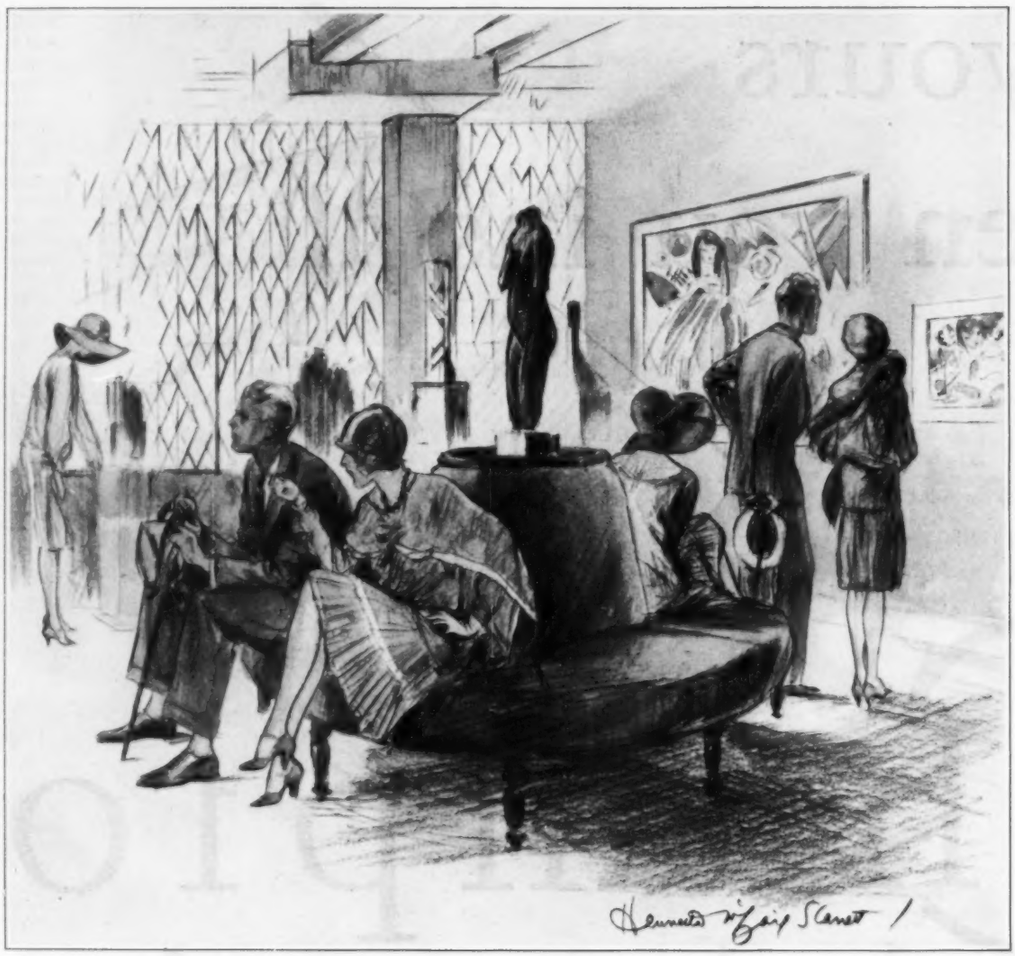
ART, OR YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU LIKE

By Brenda Ueland

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRIETTA McCAIG STARRETT

NOW, all around us, in art galleries, museums, libraries, on billboards, in magazines, in department-store windows, there are strange hieroglyphics, some charming, some enraging, known as modern art. Perhaps it ought to be explained.

The present artistic upheaval which vexes so many people shows what has been happening to the world in the last century. From Lorenzo the Magnificent to the Battle of Waterloo, civilization was much the same. People moved by leg power or horse power; there were no factories and all things were made in the home. It is strange that for all those centuries, though people were undoubtedly as ingenious as they are now and there was nothing to inhibit invention, hardly one homely, practical idea for the simplification of life was evolved save the clock.



All Around Us, in Art Galleries, Museums, Libraries, There are Strange Hieroglyphics, Some Charming, Some Enraging, Known as Modern Art

But ever since Waterloo, since the industrial revolution, man has been freeing himself from nature. Before, he was the slave of nature, the parasite of the horse. Today, we can see this emancipation from nature running through everything—in philosophies that show the world as an image of the mind, in novels full of spiritual contest instead of action, in medical discoveries showing the influence of the mind upon the body, lastly, in the demonstration that solid matter is composed of something which is not matter at all—something imponderable, immaterial.

Proving That Grass is Green

NOT only the scientists and philosophers but also the artists have been demonstrating that things are seldom what they seem. For example, there is the matter of perspective. For about five hundred years it was believed that the horizontal lines converge to a point. The invention of the camera showed us that vertical lines are subject to the same law—that is, they also converge to a point—and that there are only two lines in nature that are visibly straight—the lines passing horizontally and vertically through the center of vision. But we still balk at accepting this as an artistic fact, and so complain bitterly about those very modern painters who do. In time we shall get used to it and accept it. The first quarrel with the public over art arose with the Impressionists. Before them there had been some skirmishes—Corot, for example, was reproached for painting smoke instead of trees—but these never amounted to much. But when the Impressionists appeared the public went into a wild rage.

"At the time of the Salon des Refuses," says Jan Gordon, an English critic, in Modern French Painters, "many a Frenchman would gladly have murdered Monet or Renoir."

What had they done that was so outrageous? They had merely shown up in their paintings a fact of nature that had been overlooked for centuries.

Just to give one example: The Old Masters had gradually convinced themselves and the public that trees were brown or burnt umber, until at last the burnt-umber tree was accepted with such faith that to paint a tree green was to attempt a shocking innovation. Long before the Impressionists, the English artist, Constable (1776-1837)—and in this day it seems impossible that once his pictures were considered too green—placed a violin upon a lawn to prove to one who criticized him that landscapes and grass were not, in nature, the color of an old violin, but green—green like green paint. When, however, the Impressionists presented a blue tree to the public, the public revolted. Yet, as a matter of fact, trees are often blue and very seldom burnt umber.

An object is a certain color because it reflects certain rays—all the other rays in the spectrum except the color it shows being absorbed. A leaf is green because it reflects green rays; if placed in a red light so that no green rays can be reflected, it appears black. A leaf under a blue light will appear blue because there are no yellow rays with which to make up green. A shiny leaf will appear more blue than a dull leaf because it is a better reflector. Under an intensely blue sky like that of Southern France there are sometimes so many blue rays that the leaves of a tree reflect far more blue than green, and so actually appear blue, at least to a person who has been able to free himself from the preconceived idea that all trees are green or burnt umber and never anything else. However, there are two facts for such an observer to accept, both equally true—the tree is blue, and yet this does not prevent him from perceiving that it is also really green. Thus he is faced with two paths, only one of which can be followed. He can paint the tree green or blue, as he wishes. As the Impressionists were making a study of light, they painted it as it looked to them, not as they knew it to be—blue.

Gravy in Art

NOW, the fierce anti-Impressionists would have artists make their paintings a faithful representation of fact like the painted fly that the emperor tried to brush off his picture. But as a matter of fact, just to give one reason, painting must be unlike fact because of the limitations of paint. For example, as long as an object shows no reflections of actual light, such as the sparkle of a high light on a glass bottle, an object that is indoors can be copied with fair accuracy; the lightest white can be matched with white paint, and the darkest dark is no darker than black. But once a glint of outside light strikes an object, the painter is lost. His lightest white is much darker than this sparkle.

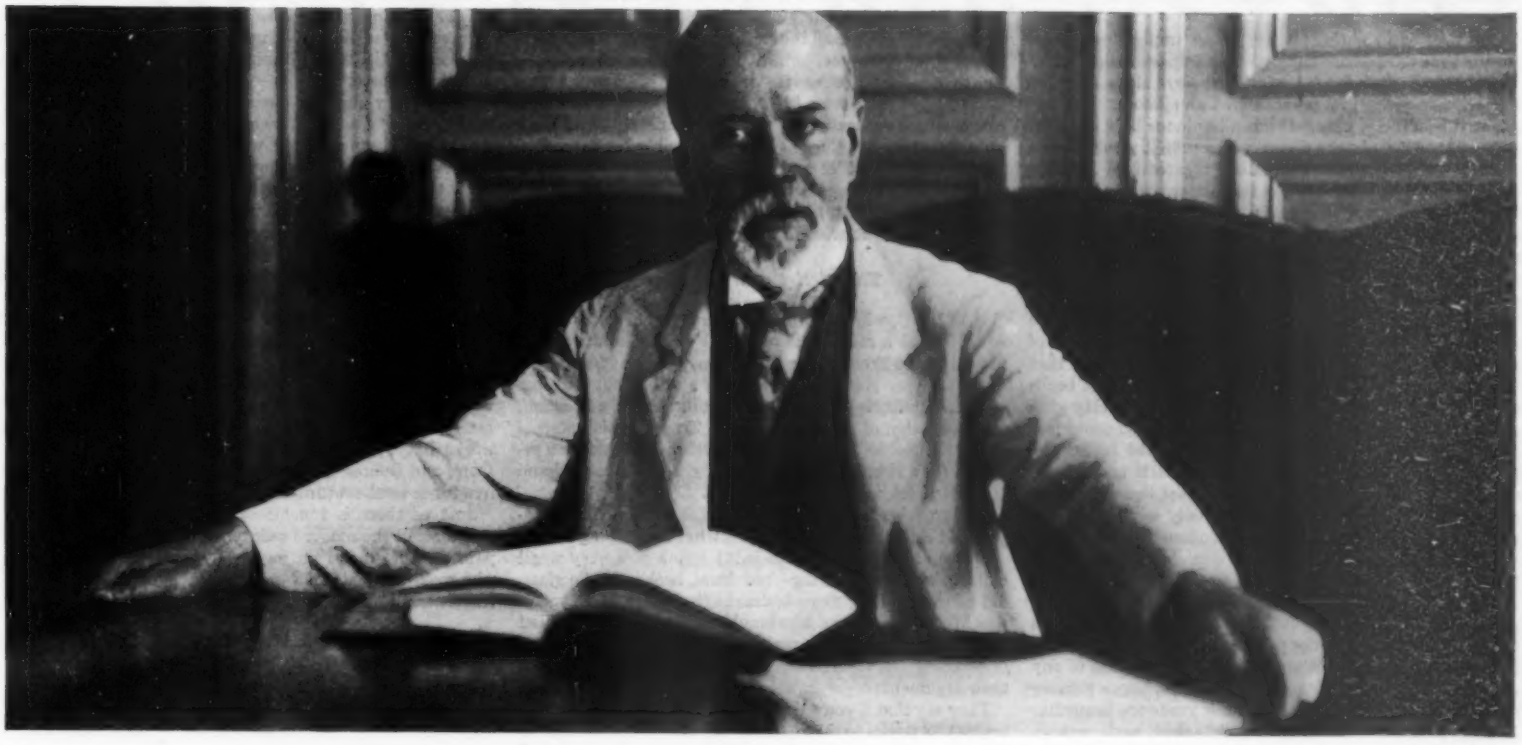
This means that the whole picture has to be painted in a key much lower than reality in order to give contrasting brilliance enough to the painted sparkle.

This fact led to the invention of the Lorrain glass, which lowered the whiteness of a white cloud in the sky to the whiteness of white paint on the canvas, but with the result that when the painter got to the shadowy parts of his picture, all subtle changes would be lost in that dark confusion so common in old pictures and because of which they are scornfully dubbed by young aspiring modern artists, "the brown-gravy school."

The Impressionists found that nature is a very unstable thing. A shadow beneath a tree which might be violet at first glance would, if stared at, lose its color and in the end could be imagined almost any tint of grayish quality. They discovered that the best way to study the effects of light was by means of rapid glances. But their great struggle and passionate research were directed toward getting more luminosity by means of paint. For example, they found that the process of mixing colors entailed some loss

(Continued on Page 52)

"I have treated *Thousands of Cases*"



The famous head of a famous clinic tells his experience with yeast

IN THE FOREFRONT of German medicine today stands Dr. Ernst Kromayer, founder and head of the aristocratic Kromayer Sanitarium and professor in the University of Berlin. During the War, Dr. Kromayer headed the great 2500-bed Berlin Eastern Hospital. He says:

"Fresh yeast greatly helps intestinal action and prevents constipation. Through its strongly purifying effect on the whole intestinal tract, common skin affections can be overcome.

"As the inventor of the first medical quartz irradiation lamp, I of course heartily endorse the irradiation of yeast. From my own experience—and I have treated several thousands of cases—I know that fresh yeast, when irradiated, will produce greater results than ever before. The 'sunshine' vitamin D which it contains has an extraordinary effect on strengthening the bones and teeth."

Every cake of Fleischmann's Yeast is rich in the *two* indispensable vitamins—B and D. Eat 3 cakes every day, following the directions printed on the label. At grocers, restaurants, soda fountains.

Medical Leaders Tell Yeast Benefits

DR. LOUIS DARTIGUES, famous French abdominal surgeon and former president of the Society of Medicine of Paris, says, "Cathartics cannot be often used with safety. Yeast is a harmless yet active intestinal cleanser."

GEHEIMRAT DR. FRIEDRICH KRAUS, the "father of modern German medicine," states, "Yeast stimulates the intestines to normal action, stops the growth of harmful bacteria in the colon and promotes normal digestion."

PROFESSOR DR. GUSTAVO PITTALUGA, most noted of Spanish physicians, says, "Yeast stimulates the glandular action and has a tonic effect on the general health. Its use will renew appetite and aid digestion."

Their experience matches what great doctors say

(Left) "Watch repairing means long hours with little exercise," writes O. J. Schaar of Salt Lake City. "When I relaxed after work, I often had a terrific headache. I was also troubled with indigestion. Fleischmann's Yeast improved my health tremendously. My indigestion stopped."

(Right) "Medicines every day! I had indigestion and constipation," writes Miss Blanche Irene Hill of London, Ont. "Bilious attacks made me weak. Then I developed skin eruptions... Thanks to yeast my sick days are now past! No more pains or eruptions. I eat well and sleep well. The yeast gave me more pep, too."

© 1930, Standard Brands Incorporated

(Continued from Page 50)

of brilliance. If you mix a bright yellow with a pure blue, the green color that results from it loses much in brilliancy. So some of them hit upon this method: They would paint a picture in spots, dots, of pure color, the dots of pure yellow and pure blue so juxtaposed that they would blend optically into a green that was more brilliant than if it had been mixed on the palette.

To most people the picture of an unpleasant object means that the picture is ugly. The Impressionists maintained that beauty is a question of the eye alone. For example, corrugated iron is considered an eyesore. But corrugated iron is not ugly. It has a luminous blue tint that reflects the sky. At the distance of a mile it would be impossible to distinguish a small corrugated-iron building from a tent of blue canvas. Yet the former would be dubbed hideous, the latter charming. Thus, the ugliness of corrugated iron is not a real visual ugliness at all, but is due to mental conception of corrugated iron.

The modern artist has been trying to free the eye from prejudices. Cheap pictures, they say, arouse emotion not because they are beautiful themselves but because they are pictures of something that we have been in the habit of considering beautiful. Thus, you may have the idea that the picture of a pretty girl on a candy box cover is beautiful. This is just because it reminds you of pretty girls at whom you have enjoyed looking. But if you could free your mind from these associations and see the actual picture, you would see, as like as not, that it is a vague, spotty approximation of a pretty girl, that there are enormous goggly eyes—eyes, after all, are only wells of mucous membrane, and as such, when tremendously enlarged, not very pretty—badly drawn ear lobes, horrible boneless fingers and smeary hair.

It happens this way: A great artist paints pictures of peasants and at last the public accepts the fact that there is beauty to be found in the peasant. Well, that is all right. But then they go on to the belief that any picture of any peasant is beautiful. Cézanne, for instance, began proving more than thirty years ago that back yards are beautiful; Renoir, that vast, beaming, broad-backed, nude women are beautiful; others, that factories are beautiful. So that now there is a tendency, especially on the part of artists themselves, and art adorers, to believe that all paintings of back yards and fleshy nudes and factories are beautiful and art itself. But you are not to be fooled. This is not necessarily so. You can't tell. At any moment there may suddenly appear a great artist who will prove that even pretty girls are beautiful and actually art.

To know anything about modern advertising art you will have to know a little about three French painters—Cézanne, Gauguin and Matisse.

Cézanne—1839-1906—was the first to avoid all suggestions of the picturesque. His pictures are about as picturesque as new plumbing. Yet they are everlasting; you never tire of them. Every time you look at his pictures you derive a new pleasure, not the resurrection of a past pleasure, because they remind you of something that you feel pleasurably sentimental about.

The Post-Impressionist's Gospel

HIS drawing is not a drawing of outline but a drawing of space. Space, depth, the distance between this object and that one beyond—that was what was thrilling to him. When a broad vista bursts upon us, it is not the contour of the hills, he maintained, but space that grabs us by the throat and shakes us with emotion.

With Cézanne, any subject—two or three pears, a landscape, his wife—each has equal significance. In everything he painted he showed us the shocking, strange magic that lies in reality as much as, more than, in fairyland.

Gauguin was a successful French banker, staid and grown up, when he suddenly plunged into art, deserted his wife and family, and finally, in the hope of discovering true primitive simplicity, went to Tahiti, where he turned native and died, the only witness of his death being an old ex-cannibal.

"How does that tree appear to you?" said Gauguin to a friend, looking at a corner of the Bois d'Amour. "Very green? Very well, then, use green—the greenest green on your palette. And that shadow is rather blue? Do not be afraid; paint it as blue as you can." Another time he said, "If I wish to express greenness, a meter of green is more green than a centimeter."

And thus he laid down the principle that every work of art is a caricature. He freed us from all the restraints of copying. If poets make metaphors such as "She walks in beauty, like the night" . . . which exaggerates grossly, why not painters? Therefore, use vermilion, if you like, in painting a tree which seems to you at the moment very reddish. Stress, even to the point of deformation, the curve of a beautiful shoulder, exaggerate the starched whiteness of a carnation.

In drawing, Gauguin said, you should not alter a line, once you have put it down; for, however imperfect it is, it is nearer the original conception of it than a correction of it, and any alteration in this first line can only represent a fumbling after an ideal that has been lost. Now, if you consider drawing as merely copying a fact, this idea is absurd. But if you think of it as representing an image which exists in the mind alone, there is much wisdom in it.

Gauguin popularized the method, that you now see everywhere in advertisements, billboards, fashion magazines—not to mention art exhibits—of inclosing his figures with a strong black line, now thick, now thin, as the colors in *cloisonné* are separated by an edge of metal. And Gauguin, by the way, they say, is responsible for more bad artists and spoiled canvas than any other painter since Raphael. He is responsible for those shoals of loafers who wish to paint without the struggle of learning how to draw, and for those who wish *faire du neuf*.

The Artist and His Line

MATISSE, who is living, is a third who explains much. He had a marvelous technical ability, and was employed by the French Government to copy the Old Masters in the Louvre. But he realized, after a while, that too often technical ability is just reflected light, like that of a diamond, and not a sign of real internal fire. To get at the internal fire in himself he trampled on his technic. He made a research for a simplification of drawing, a sort of shorthand of what is taking place in the mind.

And so, when Matisse was accused of drawing like a five-year-old child, he replied, "That is what I am trying to do."

He wanted the tender, unjaded retina of a very small child to whom everything—red drum, broken bottle glass, old house cat, anything—is dazzlingly interesting. And it was Matisse and those who emulated him who have raised the prevalent bitter cry against the old-fashioned method of teaching art, against academic art schools. And this is their argument:

They say that if you went to a school of journalism which trained its pupils to memorize all the known *clichés* such as "She bowed her head in shame," "but, alas, to no avail," "sleeping the sleep of the just," and so on, that would be like certain kinds of art-school training. For every thought you wished to express, out would pop some such hackneyed bromide, which would be only a rough approximation of what you were actually thinking. "She bowed her head in shame," you would write when you wished to say a young woman was embarrassed, while, really, in your imagination, perhaps, that was not what she did at all, but rather wagged her right foot agitatedly or swallowed several times. Well, such training in journalism would be analogous to a certain kind of art-school training—burnt-umber trees for trees that are really blue.

Modern art began seeping into advertising via fashion magazines. A man named Vogel, in Paris, published a fashion magazine, the Gazette de Bon Ton, illustrated by the most talented young French artists—Bernard Boutet de Monvel, Pierre Brissaud, Le Pape, Guy Arnoux, and others. The work of all these, incidentally, now frequently appears in American advertising and magazines.

American fashion magazines, which had formerly been lugubrious dressmakers' manuals, full of chromolike pictures of wasp-waisted ladies carrying parasols, tried to appropriate a little of the charm of the Gazette de Bon Ton. Fashion artists became sophisticated—modern. Not that there was anything particularly artistically valuable because ladies' necks were now drawn two feet long and their slippered feet became two-pronged forks. But there was respect at last for originality and freedom. Buckeye art was out. Besides, the artists began to get some real money for it. The movement spread from fashions to atmosphere advertising—automobiles, cigarettes, glass, silver, radios, grand pianos, furniture, bathrooms, and so on. And the result? Today good artists are not poor; they are rich. And the other even more astonishing fact is that many of these, far from being the old-fashioned, much disdained commercial artists whose work was as literal as a beer calendar and as dismally lacking in charm, are excellent modern painters who are eminent enough to have one-man exhibitions in Paris and are actually respected by art critics, than which there is nothing more finicky and snobbish in all the world.

Artists are always talking about "line." By his "line" you can tell a great draftsman. Look at Ingres' line—exact, and yet so subtle, so delicate, so intended, and so far from accidental that even a great forger could not reproduce it. Holbein's line—no one has ever been able to draw corners of the mouth with such tenderness as Holbein. Look at the line of the elder Boutet de Monvel. Then observe how many ugly, stiff, approximating pen scratches it takes for an ordinary pen-and-ink illustrator of the Gibson school to draw a face. The elder Boutet de Monvel outlines a face with a single line so microscopically fine and subtle that only a jeweler could etch it, and yet by its subtle changes in direction and thickness expressing jawbone, cheek muscles, brow, with all the definiteness—in a tiny face half an inch across—of an exact portrait. And the younger Boutet de Monvel—he draws round skulls and chins with a compass, and legs with the help of a curved ruler, and the tender meeting of lips with a straight ruler, and yet the mysterious genius in his hand makes his line such that no one can duplicate it without losing three-quarters of his charm and force.

"Gee," a young art director of an advertising agency said to me, "if a lot of these fellows, instead of trying to draw like Gibson or Flagg, would try to imitate Boutet de Monvel, they'd be up against it, because where they can't draw they just fill it up with a lot of pen scratches."

A great illustrator creates a character as much as the author. You cannot think of David Copperfield without seeing pictures of him by Phiz, of Oliver Twist without Cruikshank. Where would be our ineradicable memories of the darling, tall, gray-eyed, black-browed Trilby without Du Maurier's drawings? Where would the Mad Hatter be if it weren't for his picture?

John Leech was a comic artist on Punch, yet he was one of the greatest artists England has had; and because he was so interested in life around him and drew it so accurately, with the mystery of his talent illuminating it all, his works have great historical value. There was Gustave Doré, and Boutet de Monvel, Senior, whose drawings will live for several centuries.

Just as there is touchiness between the brown-gravy painter and the modern painter, and between the modern painters who make no money by advertising and those who make a great deal, there is touchiness between illustrators and artists.

—— Says the Illustrator

THERE are oil painters who will spend months painting a couple of apples, who will say contemptuously of a man like the elder Boutet de Monvel: "Mere illustration! Not an artist."

This drives illustrators wild.

"An illustrator draws what he really enjoys looking at," one of them explained. "We are looking with excitement every minute of our lives; craning our necks like children at a parade. Everyone knows what a pleasure, what a fascination it is to stare at a troop of horses, dirigibles, sailors, Follies girls, shop windows, crazy people, accidents, fights, pugilists, circus girls turning handsprings, murderers, handsome young men, spangled evening dresses. Well, the illustrator is a man who takes an unusual pleasure in looking and then draws what he sees—draws everything. But the average ordinary ham oil painter will spend months over a still life or a posed nude, and then, in order to make it sufficiently interesting, he'll have to make feet gnarled and ugly and accidentally drawn, and a great, projecting hipbone rising out of the loose flesh like the hips of an emaciated cow. Why don't they draw what they see—which is exciting enough—without straining to be so interesting?"

The first artist I ever saw—in 1913—had a dim studio with a gallery in it, hung with musty portières; a hushed place immersed in a Rembrandtish darkness, smelling of dust, with oils on the walls, oils on the clothes, incrusted oils on the palette, oils on the hands, oils under the very long finger nails; and the artist was, all in all, a sallow, amorous young man who, when he had a dollar in his pocket, brought in sandwiches from the delicatessen store and called it dinner.

Today I can think of more than ten artists who live elegantly in penthouses, with sunlight, air, servants, taxicabs. Perhaps the Impressionists' interest in sunlight has had something to do with it.

I will now describe the working day of a leading fashion artist, for her income and her businesslike habits are now not at all rare among artists. She has a house in Connecticut, on Long Island Sound. She takes a 9:05 train to New York, a taxicab to her office on the roof of an apartment building. It is a large room with bright yellow walls, a black-and-white-checkered floor. A French door leads to a very sunny roof, where there are green iron chairs and a table and a swinging couch and a rowing machine. On arrival, she reads her mail, sharpens her pencils and goes to work. A servant has been there before her, so that her desk, drawing table, everything is in perfect order. At eleven o'clock the servant brings her a glass of orange juice. At one o'clock she puts on a bathing suit and tennis shoes. A Swedish gymnast comes and gives her exercises on the roof. Then a sun bath, a shower bath and clean clothes. The servant serves luncheon upon the roof in the sun. She resumes work at 2:30 P.M. and keeps at it until six. She

(Continued on Page 198)

FACTS OF LEADERSHIP

THIRTY years ago in a little shop in Akron I began to make tires. I put my name on them to certify that they were the best tires I knew how to make and that I was ready to back them up.

♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

The little shop has grown to a great factory which employs fifteen thousand workmen. Every one of these workers is a part owner of the business—every one of them is a stockholder. They have backed the quality of their product with their savings.

♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

From Akron we have pressed out through the world. We have plants in Los Angeles, Boston, Fall River and New Bedford. We have plants in Canada and in England. We have a plant at Singapore—in the heart of the East Indies—so that we may buy the raw rubber where it is grown. We have offices and expert buyers in every important rubber growing center in the world.

♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

When the British Rubber Restriction Act sought to raise the price of rubber, Firestone fought it practically alone and unaided. And, in order that this country might never again have to beg its rubber from a foreign power, Firestone planted an outpost of American life in Liberia on the west coast of Africa—the Negro Republic founded by Americans in the days of President Monroe. There we have a million acres to insure that America may always have rubber at a fair price.

♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

The first little shop could make a dozen tires a day. Today we can make eighty thousand a day. That is progress. We will not make a tire that is just a tire. Every tire must express all that we know about tires and its fitness for its use. That is why we have progressed.

♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

Such is the spirit which has taken Firestone into absolute tire leadership. Such is the spirit which maintains the leadership. Never has the leadership faltered. The record of Firestone is the record of the march of improvement in the tire industry. For Firestone brought out for automobile use:

♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

—The first straight side tire

—The first rubber non-skid tread

—The first commercial demountable rim

—The first patented Gum-Dipping Process

—The first balloon tire

♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

Each of these five inventions marked a new era in tire building. Together they made possible the safe and economical high speed motoring of today.

♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

An automobile is no better than its tires.

♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

Firestone has:

—kept ahead of the tire makers.

—kept ahead for the automobile makers.

—kept ahead for car owners in safety, comfort and economy.

♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

That is leadership.

The ultimate test of leadership is performance.

♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

—Firestone Gum-Dipped Tires hold all the world's records on road and track for safety, mileage, speed and endurance.

—for ten consecutive years they have won the 500 mile Indianapolis Endurance Race.

—were on the winning cars in the Pike's Peak Race—where a slip meant death.

—were on the Studebaker car which on a board track in Atlantic City in 1928 went 30,000 miles in 26,326 minutes.

—were on the G. M. C. truck, carrying a two-ton load, that hung up the coast to coast endurance record.

—ran 71,351 miles on a Detroit taxicab, before the first tire was replaced.

—and for 10 years Firestone has sold more tires on a mileage cost basis to taxicab and bus lines than any other manufacturer and now equips the world's largest taxi fleet and world's longest bus line.

♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

Such are the facts of Firestone leadership.

♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

Each year we have learned more about tires. Each year we have put that added knowledge into our tires to give added values.

♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

And so we can say, with all the facts before us, that, while there are many good tires, the best is Firestone.

Harvey S. Firestone

DEAL ME OUT

By FRANK WEAD

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT W. CROWTHER

SOME men love women, others love diamonds, dogs or horses, but Mickey Polk's undying passion was just a deck of cards. Paradoxically enough, Mickey, who seldom deviated from the twin maxims, "Never give a sucker a break" and "Never bet even a white one unless you're looking down their throats," was a right guy.

Mickey took little pride in the skill of his fingers or the sums of money he had won or lost. Mickey's one boast had to do with the delicate subject of bluffing. "If a guy," Mickey was wont to say, usually tapping the top of the table with a well-manicured finger nail, "ever makes me lay down the best hand when I think it's the best hand—if a guy ever gets my nerve that bad and makes me like it, I'm through. I'll get another racket." Which, to the Big Shot and Hymie Blotz, and other of Mickey's fellow artists in the poker profession, seemed an unnecessarily fine distinction about nothing. And now Doc Feretti, who was also a right guy, with several diplomas on the wall, had Mickey's nerve pretty pale and groggy, and also was making him like it.

"What d'you mean—take a long rest?" growled Mickey.

Doc shrugged his shoulders. "Just what I said. Your blood pressure would run a train and your heart rattles around like a rock in a tin can."

Mickey passed a trembling hand over his smoothly shaven cheeks. "Why, I never been sick a day in my life."

"You will be," said Doc ominously. "You're nothing but a shell, and you might crack any minute."

Mickey vainly tried to deny that vague, weak sensation that for days had hovered around his middle. He reached out suddenly, twisted a handful of Doc Feretti's white jacket in a heavy palm, lifted his body clear of the floor and swung it to one side as easily as if Doc weighed no more than a two-bit doll.

"A shell, am I?" he said, angrily holding Doc with his toes barely touching the floor. And just then Doc grew very small as he danced out the window, and a copper taste tingled in Mickey's mouth and the room was a whirling black void.

A few minutes later Mickey feebly pushed the smelling salts away from his nose, blinked his eyes and said: "Jiminy criminy! I must 'a' fainted or something."

And then Mickey listened with sober attention while Doc told him that he was going to give up cigars, whisky, two-inch New York cuts, late hours and gambling; and to start with, he was going away by himself for two months to a mild climate and spend a lot of time in the great out-of-doors, which did not mean sitting around some race track.

"You'll live to be a hundred if you do as I say," said Doc placatingly. "It would be fine if you'd take up some light exercise like golf."

Mickey hesitated a moment. "Wouldn't I look swell," he said—"a big guy like me chasin' a pill around with a club?"

A five-handed stud game was going on in the Big Shot's apartment. It was a small game, with no suckers or angels in it—just the gang, amusing themselves and killing time. They looked up and said hello to Mickey as the Big Shot's coon boy let him in.

"Have a drink," said the Big Shot, nodding toward the sideboard.

Mickey hesitated and shook his head. The Big Shot looked surprised. It was the first drink he had ever seen Mickey refuse. One of Mickey's best qualifications as a poker player was his ability to hold good or bad liquor.

The Big Shot Rose to His Feet and Made a Gesture to Mickey With His Head. They Conversed in Low Tones in a Corner of the Room

"Want a seat?" asked Hymie Blotz.

"No, thanks," said Mickey. "I just come up here to say good-by. I'm goin' away for a while."

Hands paused in mid-air as they looked at him with fear and suspicion flickering over their faces.

The Big Shot rolled his cigar nervously across his mouth. "What's wrong?" he asked.

"Oh, it's nothin' like that," said Mickey. "Doc Feretti says the pump and the meal bag are gettin' shot. Tells me to take a rest."

A sigh of relief ran around the table. They were sympathetic.

"No!" said the Big Shot incredulously.

"That's a bum deal," said Hymie Blotz.

"An' you look an' eat like a horse," someone said.

The game stopped as they turned to listen to Mickey's tale.

"Aw, it's nothin' serious," he said, a little ashamed. "He just wants me to lay off and take a trip for a couple o' months."

"Where you goin'?" asked Hymie Blotz.

"Wherever you go," interrupted the Big Shot, "we'll fix it up right. They'll meet a pal of mine at almost any station with a brass band. Believe me, we got plenty friends that are out o' this town for their health."

"They ain't comin' back," said Mickey quietly. "I am."

They were silent for a moment. Mickey knew that they were thinking that most of those other guys had also said that they were coming back, and were wondering whether he was sick over some deal they didn't know about and was blowing town until he got well. But this was on the level. His nose was clean. The way they acted about it made him a little bit sore.

"The wife and kid are goin' to stay here," he said, as if that cinched it. In his heart, Mickey knew that if he stayed away longer than two months he'd have a hard time fitting in with the gang again when he did come back. Too much would have happened during his absence; there'd be new angles and associations that he wouldn't know about, and the Big Shot wasn't very good at explaining his private affairs, even on the witness stand.

Mickey dismissed the thought. Two months would fix him up swell, and he'd slip right back into his old spot again.

"You oughta go to Florida," said Hymie. "Billy the Dude's got a joint in Miami, an' you could sit right in."

"I thought I'd try California," said Mickey tentatively.

"They're runnin' at Caliente," someone said.

Mickey waved his hand. There were too many things that could go wrong about a horse race for that form of investment to interest him seriously.

"You go to Los Angeleez, Mickey," said the Big Shot, with sudden decision. "They got a swell town out there. I'll send Tony Perna a wire. He can steer you."

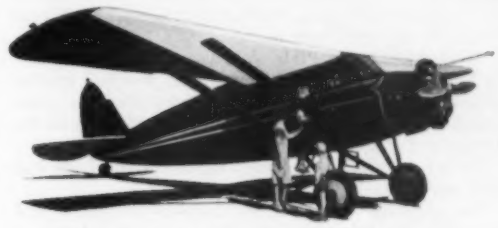
Mickey hesitated. "Just give me his number," he said. "I'll call him if I need anything." So it was settled that Mickey was going to Los Angeles.

The Big Shot rose to his feet and made a gesture to Mickey with his head. They conversed in low tones in a corner of the room. In one minute Mickey's small interest in the newly formed Consolidated Distributing Agency, which is a pretty swell name for a cutting plant, had reverted to the Big Shot, thereby canceling Mickey's recent inability to hold spades of any size before the draw. They shook hands. The Big Shot slapped him on the back as Mickey turned to go. The others murmured good-by.

(Continued on Page 56)

Is Flying Safe Today?

The lives of people always have been bounded by the radius of their transportation. At one time, the distance a horse could travel in a day was the range upon which men predicated their activities. Railroads and motor cars shrank distance and crowded years into months. Now airplanes make possible an even longer hour and a much shorter mile. Social contacts and business calculations are now expanding to the wider radius of flying. It is not exaggeration to say that airplanes will remake the map of America, introducing even greater changes than the transition from ox carts to railroads. Because such a phenomenon stirs the imagination, there is need for sober judgment. While airplanes make possible totally new and better living and business conditions, yet they are mechanical vehicles for transportation, and as such are not immune from restrictions. An ocean liner, a locomotive, or a motor car is as safe as the person in command of it. So is an airplane. Ocean liners must watch storm warnings and often lie anchored until the fog clears. A railroad engineer must continuously obey signals. No motor car owner can drive safely if he ignores traffic regulations and road conditions. We believe that flying is actually safer when it is regulated by the same consideration and common sense required in other means of transportation. We believe the sooner this common sense view of flying is accepted and the "romance of being bird men" is forgotten, the sooner the general public will enjoy the utility benefits possible only through flying. This is the attitude that determines the Stinson policy. It is reflected in the type of plane Stinson builds. Sturdiness, safety and ease of handling are the dominant requirements placed upon Stinson planes. They are built for American family use, rather than for "stunting." They are built capable of day in and day out dependable service, proven by the regularity with which they are meeting transportation schedules for all kinds of purposes in all parts of the world today. They afford, in the air, the same comforts and luxuries to which people are accustomed in land conveyances.



It is a fact that any normal person can fly a Stinson plane the first time a pilot takes him up. And it is a fact that Stinson planes are easier to handle in the air than motor cars are upon the road.

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(Continued from Page 54)

"You let us know," said the Big Shot. "We'll give you a send-off."

They turned back to the stud game as Mickey went out the door. He wondered what they were saying about him.

Mickey smiled to himself for the first time that day as he passed through the cool shadow of the Polk Building on his way up the Avenue toward Central Park. A little glow shot over him as he eyed the letters carved in the stone arch over the doorway. There it was—"M. Polk, 1914." His namesake was a quiet laugh that Mickey kept almost entirely to himself, though every now and then the Big Shot or somebody would try to kid him about some deal of Polk's that had been written up in the papers. Mickey, by the simple process of dropping a few letters, had changed his name from Polansky to Polk several years before he'd known about the building or the other M. Polk, whose first name was also Michael and who was a big number and a right guy in the theatrical racket. That change had been Mickey's first step toward preparing himself for the big break that he felt certain would some day come in his life—a chance to play poker with a flock of high-bending babies who still looked upon that time-honored pastime as a game of chance. As he once had hesitantly expressed it to the Big Shot: "All I want is a chance to sit in a game with important guys who play wide open for fun, like the polo crowd. I can wear the clothes and talk all right. I'd get by. And I'd be just as busy as a bee in a field of daisies." The Big Shot had merely grunted. But Mickey's yen stayed with him. It was more than just the opportunity to pick up a chunk of easy money. Mickey took a lot of pride in his work. Such a chance would be an appropriate zenith to any man's career.

Sadie looked up in frank surprise as Mickey entered their living room shortly after four P.M. He kissed her and sat down. Distress showed plainly in her face as he reported the latest news from Doc Feretti. She dropped her sewing and went over and pulled his head close against her for a moment. She seemed to feel more cheerful after that.

It is one of life's anomalies that men like Mickey often win fine wives. She'd caught his eye on one of the famous Moonlight Excursions of the Pastime Athletic Club. They clicked. Mickey was a counter man in a pool room then, taking a hand in a game for the house once in a while. Easy-going assurance, indifference to the fall of the cards of life had attracted her. It had not surprised Sadie when Mickey quit his job a few months after their high dive into the sea of matrimony, nor did it surprise her that he never got another one. She quickly adapted their home to Mickey's routine of never up at noon and seldom home before morning, if at all, and filled the empty hours with books, a few close friends, an occasional show, and Michael Polk, Junior, now aged eight. Sadie was not exactly ashamed of Mickey's occupation, but upon inquiry it seemed easier—and not technically untrue—to reply to inquisitive acquaintances that her husband was a banker.

"If it's better for you, why don't we live in one of those places all the time?" she said gently.

Mickey laughed. "I'll be right as a top in two months," he said. He knew what she meant. It was just another little hint about the thing that she had started four years ago, when she'd fixed up their unoccupied maid's room for him to sort cards and practice dealing in.

"The boy's getting old enough to notice things," she had said apologetically.

The very next day after that incident the papers had been full of the fact that Joe Bemis, one of the few of Mickey's associates in the banking business whom Sadie had met, had got bumped off in a pleasant little argument over a red-dog game in the Forty-Third Avenue Hotel, in which someone had very carelessly dealt himself two kings of diamonds.

Sadie had her arguments well lined up, and she had made her big play right then. They had a little money, she said—enough to get Mickey started in real estate or some other legitimate business and to make the down payment on a house in the suburbs. Sooner or later Mickey was bound to be mixed up in something like the thing that Joe Bemis had just been mixed up in; everyone would know that Mickey was just a gambler—and so would Michael Polk, Junior.

"Do you want him to be a gambler too?" Sadie had asked.

Mickey burned. "He could do a lot worse then be a gambler," he had said acidly. "He could be hungry or a dope or a gorilla." But in his heart he saw Sadie's point.

She took the lapels of his coat in her hands. "You could be a big man, Mickey, if you'd try," she said, soberly, with a lot of feeling in her voice. "You think that I don't get lonely, but I do. I want the things that other women have."

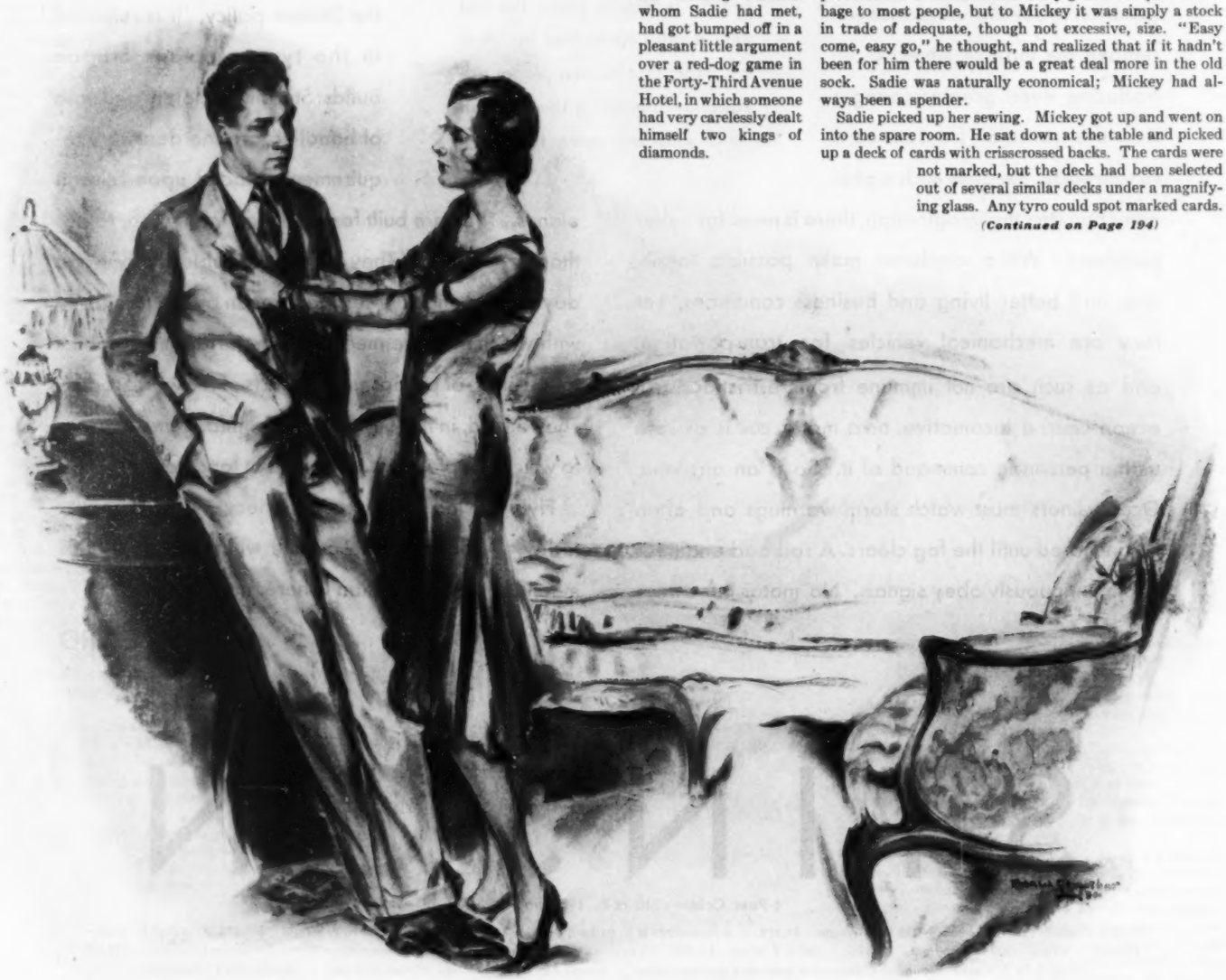
Mickey had been embarrassed. It wasn't like Sadie to talk like that. He felt as if he'd been giving her a bum deal. He patted her on the shoulder.

"I'd be a cluck in any ordinary business," he said, "but when we get a decent roll, I'll quit and try it." In his heart Mickey knew that he would never quit—unless the thing got him that got so many of them. He'd seen plenty of good ones who had been way up on top do a slow, pitiful fade-out with gray faces and shaking hands, sliding down the toboggan with the jackals of erstwhile pals yelping for the kill. You lost your nerve once, it seemed, and everybody hopped on for a ride. Every now and then someone who had slipped would ease up alongside of Mickey in the street and a whining voice would ask for a century, or two or five. Mickey's hand never hesitated. He never spoke about those donations and he did not consider them loans.

Mickey felt very uncomfortable as he considered the present state of his finances. Sixty grand was quite a cabbage to most people, but to Mickey it was simply a stock in trade of adequate, though not excessive, size. "Easy come, easy go," he thought, and realized that if it hadn't been for him there would be a great deal more in the old sock. Sadie was naturally economical; Mickey had always been a spender.

Sadie picked up her sewing. Mickey got up and went on into the spare room. He sat down at the table and picked up a deck of cards with crisscrossed backs. The cards were not marked, but the deck had been selected out of several similar decks under a magnifying glass. Any tyro could spot marked cards.

(Continued on Page 194)



"You Could be a Big Man, Mickey, if You'd Try," She Said, Soberly, With a Lot of Feeling in Her Voice

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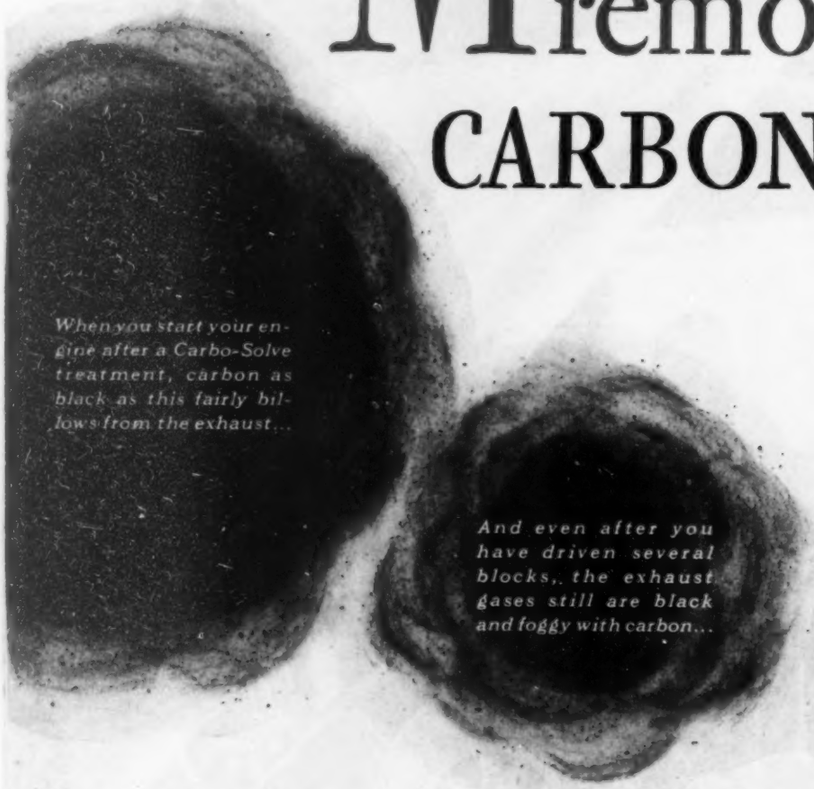

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RUINS

By DON MARQUIS

ILLUSTRATED BY MARGE

They Slide Down From the Summit of the Jungfrau

I HAVE no objection to foreign travel. I've never done much of it myself, but I am glad when I see other people enjoying it—or I used to be glad before so many of them got to telling me all about it when they came home, or writing me little notes from abroad. For some of them never seem to get used to themselves as travelers. They slide down from the summit of the Jungfrau or climb up out of the crater of Vesuvius, and rush right back to the hotel and write me about it.

It grieves me a little, for all these people know that I spend most of my life chained to desks, shackled to typewriting machines, lunching with editors, or wearily playing Kelly pool with theatrical managers to whom I hope to sell scripts. My friends may idle happily among the crocodiles in the carefree sweat baths of the River Nile. Or eat peanuts and frolic in the catacombs of Rome. Or kick off their heavy shoes and dance gayly among the cobras and snake charmers of Hindustan. But I am a slave. While they enjoy these pleasures, my head is bowed in toil and sorrow over a telephone directory in an effort to pick out an editor to whom I can sell something at once which I intend to write when I get around to it. I have no more chance of becoming a sophisticated cosmopolite than I have of swapping backstairs gossip about Napoleon with Mr. Baedeker, if any, in person. Or of hiring Alfred Dunhill himself to follow me around the world as a smoke caddie, with cut-plug tobacco and matches always handy. Messages from such delightful places as the slums of Shanghai, or the reptilian jungles of the Amazon, or the leper island of Molokai remind me of my drab servitude.

Seeking the Wily Card Shark

WHEN they come home they tell me they saw Mussolini; usually they have formed such a definite impression of him as he flashed through the Corso—or is it the Torso?—that they know just what he is going to do about Albania, Jugo-Slavia and Tripoli. It makes me envious, for they know I'll never see Mussolini unless something happens in Italy that gets him onto the lecture platform in America. Or they show me pictures of the Leaning Tower of Pisa. I'm getting awfully tired of that tower. After all, there are only two important questions in connection with it. One is: What makes it lean that way? And the other is: Why doesn't it fall? And I never knew anyone who could tell me the answer to either one. On the hottest and thirstiest day of the year, when I am wondering who invented Volstead, and why, I get a note written from a Munich beer hall.

Of course there are some exceptions among my traveled friends. One conspicuous exception is Mr. Russell Owen, who was down around the South Pole for a couple of years, sending back wireless dispatches about the Byrd expedition. I really wanted a word from Russell, and tried to get through to him several times, and was never able to make it. I wanted to ask him a question.

The last time I saw Mr. Owen was some years ago. I met him one cold, blustery day in midwinter, down in front of the New York World Building, and he was carrying a cane and limping.

"What's the matter, Rusty?" I asked him.

"Rheumatism," he said. "I can't stand this confounded cold weather. It gets harder on me every year. Hang me if I ever spend another winter in New York City! It's me for the deep and sunny South after this, just as soon as cold weather comes."

The next time I heard anything about Russell he was in the Antarctic with Byrd. What I have been wanting to ask him is whether he finally got far enough south to cure that rheumatism.

But the travelers you would really like a word from are silent. Not so the others. They get me more and more envious. All the more so, since the only time that I ever indulged myself in foreign travel, it turned out to be rather commonplace and unadventurous. I just got on a ship and went over there; and after a few months I got on another ship and came back.

I gave the thing every chance to get away from the commonplace too. I peruse an enormous amount of fiction, and a good deal of it is of the sensational kind. I am most particularly fond of the stories in which some innocent party gets into a card game on a ship and transatlantic card sharks get his money.

I had an ambition to watch one of these professional gamblers at his brilliant, nefarious work. Right at the start, things promised well. There were warnings posted on the ship advising the innocent pilgrims to beware of card sharpers. I thrilled. I was going to see in real life what I had so often read about in fiction.

I made up my mind to set aside a couple of hundred dollars to lose to card sharpers on the trip over, just so I could watch their work. And almost from the first moment I got on the ship in New York I was sizing people up and trying to pick out the slick crook who was going to get my money.

Sure enough, the second night out a poker game started and I was invited into it. It was a small game—a twenty-five-cent-limit game—but that was what it should be. Of course the crooks, or crook, would get the suckers into a small game at first, and the limit would be gradually raised. They had six or seven days to work in, for it was one of the slower ships.

There were seven people in the game, including myself, and they all looked like nice people too. But that was just as it should be—the smoother the crook, the nicer he would appear. Naturally. That was like the books. I settled down to the game with a purr of contentment, watching keenly every personality involved.

I am not a very good poker player; it has taken me a quarter of a century to arrive at that sad conclusion, and my self-education in acquiring the bitter conviction has cost me more than I could afford. I was surprised to find, therefore, that none of these other six people seemed to be a better poker player than myself. A couple of them were downy young Englishmen of peculiarly innocent appearance—no one can look so innocent as that type of young Englishman; perhaps no one can possibly be so innocent as that type of young Englishman looks. I suspected them all the more on account of their innocent looks, for two or three of the stories on which I had fed my imagination had for their slickest villains milky-looking young Englishmen of good family. But after an hour or so I had to give these boys up as villains; they were so palpably uninformed as to the value of the different hands—what they needed was not surveillance but chivalrous protection and the most generous interpretation of the fish and game laws. One of them, in particular, I threw back every time I caught him.

A gentleman with a German accent, who had a nervous feeling that he ought to give an account of his entire life every half hour, next attracted my roving suspicions. But his hands were so pudgy that he could not adequately hold for his own private view what cards he had, let alone dipping feloniously into the waste places of the game for such other cards as he might need in an emergency. As a crook, I had to give him up, too, but I did it reluctantly, for I was annoyed by his autobiographical notes.

This reduced me to three Americans. They might have been anything or anybody. A couple of them looked a little sharp and sophisticated, but they did not seem to know any more about poker than I did. But that was quite in character; of course, in the first few games their method would be to inspire an easy confidence among the lambs marked for the slaughter.

The Plot Thickens

SO I WAS not surprised when the first game ended with me a winner to the modest extent of eight or nine dollars. That was quite to be expected. It tallied with everything I had read in my favorite works of fiction. Nor was I surprised when, the next night, the limit was raised to fifty cents and I won fifteen dollars.

It made me look harder and harder for the poker crook. By the fourth night out I was certain that it was one or the other of the two Americans—perhaps both of them working in collusion. They had seemed not to know each other at first, I remembered, and I perceived that they did not associate with each other outside of the game. This was all as it should be.

On the fourth night out the limit was raised to a dollar, draw poker. On the fifth night somebody suggested stud poker with a dollar limit and a two-dollar bet on the last card.

Myself and one of the two men I had under suspicion were the only winners the fifth night; we each won somewhere in the neighborhood of a hundred dollars. But, of course, that was only come-on money, bait for the fishes. The crook—whoever he was—would naturally make his killing on the last night; he would take us all for a ride then. Now he was gradually getting us used to higher stakes.

It was all according to the book, and I continued to look for the sharper with an intense cunning learned from my favorite works of fiction.

And, sure enough, the last night out the stakes were doubled again. It became a stud game with a two-dollar limit and a four-dollar bet permitted on the last card. There are circles, of course, in which this is a piker's game, but to me it was a pretty stiff affair. I settled

(Continued on Page 186)

They Dance Gayly Among the Cobras and Snake Charmers of Hindustan

TROUPING WITH SEALS

By Capt. Charles F. Adams

As Told to Carroll S. Slick

TRAINED seals once were such a standard vaudeville act that the characteristic backstage odor of a variety theater was a blending of grease paint and fish, and the name became a figure of speech for celebrities performing out of their element. When William Jennings Bryan and the author of the current best seller, for example, were engaged by newspapers to report a national convention, they became, to the working reporters, "trained seals."

I invented the trained-seal act fifty-two years ago, and have lived to see it all but disappear, partly because of the decline of vaudeville, more because of its stereotyped form. Seals were too easy to train. Twenty years ago I changed my act radically, but I still use seals and, at seventy-two, expect to continue doing so until the end of the piece. Take my word for it, all that Nature failed to give them was intelligible speech.

In 1878, in New York, when vaudeville of any sort was still in rompers, I went to work for Capt. Paul Boyton. Old-timers will remember the captain and his famous rubber suit and inflated shoes. He walked upon the water, cooked and ate meals upon its surface, did everything but go over Niagara Falls in a pair of galoshes. It was he who invented the shoot-the-chutes, the amusement-park water ride.

The captain's act was losing its novelty when I joined him, and being a prime showman, he was seeking new effects. As a youth I had sailed out of San Francisco with the salmon and the sealing fleets, and on the Alaska coast I had seen marine mammals on their home grounds. I brought back with me a lively memory of their extraordinary sense of group play, their mimicry, their great speed in the water, their ease on land, and their good nature. The seals are the clowns of the seas; after the monkeys, they are the most manlike of Nature's creatures.

PHOTO, BY SCHINDELE, BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

Captain Adams With Sea Lions Outside of a Baltimore Theater

Seals on a Hunger Strike

I had seen them play for their own amusement a game of their own devising so ordered that I doubt that it could be taught to any other animals after years of training. They play it in the water after eating their fill and before resorting to land to rest. Eight of them form an octagon, with a ninth in the center.

The center starts the game by tossing a fish to one in the outer ring, which passes it in a flash to another. The fish flies around and across the octagon faster than it ever moved in the water.

There are guile and deceit and strategy in the game; the players look one way and throw another and cavort like a baseball infield warming up. The first to miss or drop the fish becomes "it," and changes places with the seal in the center.

I had seen them play the game often at the New Year's Island rookeries in the Pacific and I described it to Captain Boyton. The idea was startling, but with the captain's encouragement I went to Maine and contracted with the skipper of a sturgeon-fishing boat to net a herd of seals. They fished for sturgeon with 1200-foot nets capable of snaring seals as well. Sighting our seals on an island, we waited until the tide was at low ebb, for they can be caught only on land or in shoal water.

When the tide turned we stretched the nets offshore. Wooden floats kept the edges up, and lead sinkers kept the body of the nets under water. Then slapping the water with our oars and yelling, we frightened the resting seals into the surf and so into the nets. Strange to the job, we were slow in lifting the nets, and so drowned all but seven. I did not realize then that these sea mammals can stay under water only a few minutes at a time—the true seal twenty minutes, the sea lion not more than ten minutes. The trick, I have since learned, is to start drawing in the nets the moment the seals strike the water.

I got the seals to New York safely and into a storeroom the captain had rented as training quarters, and then nearly lost them through a hunger strike. For seven weeks they refused to eat, even when tempted by salmon and mackerel, their favorite dishes. The great stores of fat on their bodies kept them alive, and one day they began to eat with a vengeance. Normally they consume from twelve to twenty pounds of fish a day; after their long fast they doubled this quantity.

No one had trained seals before me and I had to learn by trial and error. They showed no fear, but resented any attempt to touch them. The way to more than a man's heart is through the stomach, I discovered. By dangling a fish just out of reach and scratching their backs at the same time with a long, thin stick, I scon taught them that food was to be had only at the price of familiarity.

In my first attempt at training I strung a soft rubber ball from the ceiling on an elastic band and coaxed my first pupil to the ball in the hope that it would remind him of the fish game. In intervals of feeding it salmon, I rubbed the ball gently across its nose to make it realize that the ball could not hurt it. The seal is a born balancer and juggler, and can bristle its long whiskers upward as an aid in nose balancing. Its way of playing with an object is to toss it. Balancing and tossing the ball followed naturally.

A Real Novelty Orchestra

Every time it did so I fed it a fish. Within a week the seal was so interested in playing ball that it wanted to do nothing else. When its mates had followed it in the ball lesson, I introduced drums, tambourines, xylophones, harmonicas, cornets and routine balancing equipment. They not only juggled these instruments but played upon them after a fashion. Mine was the first seal orchestra on the road, and I changed the act little for thirty years while I toured the world with it.

With patience, seals can be trained to the point of public appearances within three months or less; I once showed five of them within five weeks of capturing them. The ease with which they can be broken, together with the striking novelty of the act and its success at the box office, produced a stream of competition.

A One-Man Sea Lion

I was one of the first to discover that the sea lion is a performer greatly superior to the true seal. The latter uses only its front flippers on land; the sea lion, living more ashore, walks and stands on all four fins and is much more agile out of the water. I shifted to sea lions early in my act and have used them since; principally the females, because they are smaller and gentler.

Twenty years ago, with every vaudeville bill, circus and park showing trained seals and all the acts much the same, I revised mine completely, abandoning all balancing stunts for feats of intelligence, and adding an attractive young woman, who swims with them and feeds them under water in a glass tank.

In the summer, when we happen to be playing coast or lake cities, this young woman takes her seals into the sea for both publicity and the enjoyment of her charges. One of their tricks is to pull her through the water at top speed, with her clinging to a slippery rear fin. If she loses her hold the tow immediately turns and darts back to her. When I call them out of the water to their cages on the beach, they come as obediently as a properly taught dog.

They understand much of what I say. One stands on his forefins like a boy turning handsprings, others roll over, turn somersaults, applaud with front flippers, and one makes a brave attempt at singing. I had one male, Glut, who weighed 500 pounds, in my troupe for thirty-four years. I caught him on the Oregon coast when he was two and buried him last December in Utica, New York, with something of the same emotions with which I would have buried a member of my family.

I do not expect to find another like him. Glut could do everything but talk. He could count to ten, responding to a number by rolling over that many times. He was fastidious about his person, never failing to clean his teeth carefully with the long nails in his foreclaws after eating.

Glut was blind for the last six years of his life. I did not tell my audiences so, for fear they might have thought me cruel or else seeking sympathy. Blindness is prevalent in the seal family, presumably because of their protruding eyes, but his lost eyesight concerned Glut little, and nothing could have been more cruel than to deprive him of his public.

Former Gov. Gifford Pinchot, in an article in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST of March eighth, told of having seen a blind sea lion in the Galápagos Islands and of wondering if his fellows fed him. I am sure that they did, for I have watched both seals and sea lions carrying fish to blinded brethren in the Pacific rookeries.

Glut was a one-man sea lion and I was his one man. That went for women as well. He was never permitted in the tank with the young lady and the other sea lions; but one night in a Providence, Rhode Island, theater I unthinkingly opened his cage while she and four small females were performing. He shot past me and up the stairs leading to the top of the pool, and was poised to dive by the time I could cry a warning to the swimmer.

She struck out for the steps on the opposite side of the tank, but Glut was in the water before she made it. He probably would have sunk his sharp canine teeth into her leg, but the four females, sensing their mistress' danger, formed a barrier against him and she escaped.

Like all good performing animals, sea lions know when a house is crowded or sparse, cold or enthusiastic, and work their hardest when they are most appreciated. They are such enthusiastic exhibitionists, in fact, that they begrudge any share of the spotlight and sometimes have to be restrained from continuing to perform when their share of the act is over.

The worst up-stager in my troupe is Butt, short for Buttinsky. I have had her twenty years, since she was a yearling, and she grows worse rather than better. When her fellows are performing, Butt rocks on her back in the cage and beats her front flippers together. Audiences take it as part of the act, but Butt knows differently. My animal man keeps a long stick handy in the wings, and when she grows disturbingly noisy he pokes her warningly.

Speed Demons of the Deep

This same Butt demonstrated to me and others why the sea lion is so called. I had thought that its roar suggested the roar of a lion, but I have learned that it is king of the sea as the lion is the king of beasts. Generally amiable and mindful of its own business, it still fears nothing that swims. Though its jaws are paltry compared with those of its enemy, the shark, the sea lion's amazing speed and its courage more than offset this disadvantage, and the shark well knows it.

It is of government record that a herd of sea lions migrated from the Bering Sea to the California coast, a distance, in this case, of 1780 miles, in twenty-one and a half hours, an average speed of eighty-three miles an hour—faster than any animal can run and, possibly, as fast as any bird can fly.

At the municipal bathing beach at Sydney, Australia, in 1922, Butt killed two sharks, each nearly twenty feet long and weighing about 1500 pounds, in less than two minutes. Yet Butt is a small female of 140 pounds and had at that time been in captivity for twelve years.

Since the Tasman Sea is infested with sharks, the city of Sydney long ago fenced in the water side of the municipal beach with a heavy wire inclosure. While we were

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WE HAVE CAST OUR LOT WITH THE INDEPENDENT MERCHANT

Time to Re-Tire
Get a FISK!

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

BY HARRY T. DUNN

PRESIDENT, THE FISK RUBBER COMPANY

The Fisk Rubber Company feels that the motoring public should know why independent merchants sell and service Fisk tires. Fisk has faith in the independent merchant. He is in business for himself. It is to his advantage to give the motorist all the service, all the courtesy possible. Fisk merchants are sustaining members of the communities of which they are a part. They support civic and social organizations. Interest in their customers is therefore earnest, sincere. As one of the leaders in the Tire Industry, Fisk is concerned with two accomplishments, and two only:

First. To build better tires and to offer better tire values than any other manufacturer.

Second. To sell and service Fisk Tires through the independent merchants who can best serve the motoring public.

Many years of experience in making and distributing tires has convinced us that the independent merchant is especially fitted to provide the best service. Therefore the twenty-six experimental retail stores now in operation by Fisk in cities where no merchants of Fisk qualifications have been available up to the present time, are being turned over to substantial independent merchants as soon as possible. Practically all of Fisk's present merchants are technically-trained men. They and Fisk have a common viewpoint in the matter of tire service to the consumer. The independent merchant, Fisk finds, is *flexible.* He is bound by no hard and fast rules of procedure. He can deal with local service problems in his own personal way. The independent merchant is more the *thinker.* He is less "mechanical" in methods of store operation. In the interests of the motoring public, Fisk supports the Independent Tire Merchant. Two weeks from today I shall publish another message on this subject.

High-Hatting Little Brother

By WELFORD BEATON

THE stage has become tolerant of its little brother, the screen. True, it will not admit that the little fellow knows how to behave in genteel society: but it no longer shuns him as one would a poor relation. The little beggar is rich, and is generous in bestowing riches, and it is unwise to withhold recognition from riches. High-hatting is one form of recognition. To be successful it has to be based on the high-hatter's recognition of the existence of the person or persons high-hatted.

Adolph Zukor went into the famous-player business because he thought the screen was an offshoot of the stage. He was the first man to present photographed plays to the country, the first to realize that an animated photograph of a person famous on Broadway might be sold to Main Street. Prior to making The Prisoner of Zenda, Zukor had been turning out pictures with unknown people in them. These people he now pushed to the background, giving his first attention to those in which his famous players appeared. All his pictures made money, which is not of itself a tribute to their worth, for screen entertainment still was a novelty that the public patronized eagerly. Gradually the public began to pick its favorites and unconsciously to differentiate between screen art in its undiluted form and that which was diluted strongly with stage technic. It registered its approval of the former and elected as its favorite not one of Mr. Zukor's expensive famous people, but a little girl unknown to stage fame in the person of Gladys Smith, who during her brief career had contracted the name of Mary Pickford.

Mary Pickford, it has been urged on behalf of the theater, came to the screen from the stage. The people who advance this fact to support their argument that stage training helps screen acting probably did not see Miss Pickford in the first pictures she made. However, we'll grant that Mary Pickford had some stage training. At the ripe old age of fourteen she deserted her first love and wooed the camera with such success that in two years she was Mr. Zukor's biggest money maker. This fact made him decide to raise his own crop of famous players.

PHOTO, BY COURTESY METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

Norma Shearer (at Right), a Screen Actress, Who, in "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney," Scored Heavily in a Cast Composed, With the Exception of Herself, of Experienced Stage Artists

Round-Trippers to Hollywood

IT WAS a few years later that Miss Pickford left Mr. Zukor's employ. Her idea of what her salary should be did not come within a few hundred thousand dollars of matching his, and when it finally became known what her new employers were paying her, the stage lifted its eyebrows and snorted. It never has lowered its eyebrows or ceased to regard the screen as a vulgar upstart totally lacking in knowledge of the fine art of acting. But as Beverly Hills mansions with swimming pools multiplied, individuals from the stage became more tolerant and expressed a willingness to join little brother and do what they could to raise his social and artistic standard. Some of them are still in Hollywood; most of them went back to Broadway. Those who went back found that there was something about screen art that eluded them; but when they reached Broadway they gave another reason for their return.

Hollywood, if you would believe Broadway, is a terrible place. The people there do such odd things. They know nothing of dramatic art. Chits of girls draw enormous salaries for doing nothing—positively nothing!—in front of a camera. Years of training in dramatic art meant nothing to the makers of dramatic pictures. And so on. And so on. For a score of years the stage has high-hatted the screen, and for the same score of years the screen has continued to build swimming pools.

Peculiarly enough, Hollywood accepted the high-hatting humbly. Its hundred-thousand-a-year actor looked up to his twenty-thousand-a-year brother of the stage, and no concerted effort was made to refute the Broadway charge that Hollywood was a low-brow community. Broadway studiously encouraged the thought that it could raise Hollywood's social, ethical and artistic standard if it cared to do so, and Hollywood believed it. When the talkies came, Broadway became more charitable. Stage directors, writers and actors, in return for salaries several times larger than they ever before had earned, graciously consented to journey to Hollywood and show the little brother out there how to do things. The Westward-Ho stuff depopulated Broadway. It was instigated by Hollywood itself. The cost of it is chargeable to the screen, not to the stage. In an article which was published in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST last September I characterized Hollywood's invasion by stage people as a colossal blunder, and if such it has proved to be, no blame can be attached to the invaders. The screen opened its arms to its big sister; it pleaded for help; it asked to be taught how to talk, and it placed an order with Tin Pan Alley for several carloads of theme-song writers.

There were a few of us in Hollywood who raised our voices in an effort to stem the tide of immigration. When we protested that the stage had nothing whatever to contribute to the screen, even screen people laughed at us. Merely by acquiring something, the lack of which had not been detrimental to it, the screen lost all sense of proportion and regarded this new and unnecessary thing as its most important possession. Talking suddenly became Hollywood's most absorbing industry. It imported huge quantities of assorted trained voices, stage directors to see that the voices behaved as well in front of cameras in California as they had behind footlights in New York, and writers to put down the words that the voices were to utter. Screen art was ignored—the art that built Hollywood and its mansions and swimming pools, that built an industry of gigantic proportions, that created an extra set of multi-millionaires.

Those of us who protested really were the only ones in a position to see the humor in the situation, humor that was instigated by the screen and provided by the stage. After a score of years of high-hatting, the high-hatters had come into their own. At last they could see themselves riding in pea-green cars. It was as conquerors that the stage people came to Hollywood. Among them, of course, were some who waved no flags; some intellectual, cultured people whose ability and training the motion-picture industry had hired and who strove earnestly to prove worthy of their hire. But the general feeling was one of superiority, and determination that Hollywood should thank whatever god it worships that hereafter the stage would guide its feet along the new talkie path. The bystander could see the humor in it because he could foresee its end. When I wrote the article that appeared in these pages last September, I stated that there was no use including in it a list of the big names that had invaded Hollywood because by the time the article appeared the names would be back on Broadway. They're back!

Elocution in the Dining Room

THE screen's capitulation to the stage reached the peak of its completeness about a year ago. Its most laughable manifestation was the extraordinary fervor with which the artists trained in silent-screen technic clamored for experts in elocution to teach them how to talk. An actress would enter a restaurant, order a cup of coffee and wonder where she could find someone to teach her how to order a cup of coffee in a restaurant scene on the screen. Even the fact that the waiter brought her the cup of coffee she had ordered did not make her conscious of the fact that without training she had managed to get the coffee, which, after all, is the main idea behind the order, either on or off the screen. No matter what degree of artistic perfection she achieved in uttering her order, the sum total of the returns it would bring her would be one cup of coffee, and she got that without even one lesson in elocution. But her method of asking for it in real life would not do on the screen under the new order of things. Hollywood sent to Broadway for someone who knew how to put just the proper inflection into each syllable that was part of the order.

Hollywood also imported from Broadway whole carloads of stage writers, directors and actors. Neither Hollywood nor Broadway knew that a great mistake was being made. In the early days of the migration the attitude of the majority of stage people was notable neither for its tact nor its good taste. Actors and directors who had spent a decade or more in pictures, who had their homes and families in Hollywood, and were established parts of the community, were left to walk the palm-lined boulevards while

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BUILDING THE FORTRESSES OF HEALTH

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Rare Ben Jonson and his friends at the famous Mermaid Tavern, haunt of 16th Century London's literati.

"Laugh and be fat"

Science knew little about obesity three centuries ago—when "rare Ben Jonson" advised his friends to "laugh and be fat". Today medical science is quite sure about the penalties of excessive fatness—and it advises men and women to think twice before dismissing their condition with a bright and merry laugh.

Overweight can be caused by a number of different conditions. It may come merely from over-eating and lack of exercise. It may, on the other hand, be due to glandular disturbances. Frequently obesities are the result of a combination of these two causes.

Who should reduce?

Every case of obesity, therefore, requires individual treatment. If the condition is due to some bodily disorder, modern medical science can give very definite help. And, of course, if proper dieting is all that is required, your physician knows exactly how to adjust a reducing diet to the needs of each case.

Those who diet without sufficient knowledge of the real reason for their excess poundage frequently undermine their health by depriving themselves of necessary, nourishing foods. And suddenly to undertake heavy exercise without medical advice may be a risky thing to do.

The most serious menace to those who desire to reduce, lies in the many pet notions, fads, crazes and questionable methods that are all too prevalent.

Before anybody starts to reduce, he should consult his physician to determine: first, whether or not reduction is really desirable; second, if desirable, which particular line of treatment should be followed.

* * *

Growth disturbances and obesity as influenced by the ductless glands have been the subjects of long-continued research in the Parke-Davis laboratories. Glandular extracts have been found useful as part of the treatment that certain types of obesity require, and it is obvious that they can be used safely and intelligently only under the guidance of a physician.

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In addition, the Chevrolet Sedan Delivery offers such highly modern chassis features as completely enclosed, internal-expanding four-wheel brakes—four long semi-elliptic springs—four Lovejoy hydraulic shock absorbers—a big, rugged banjo-type rear axle—a ball bearing steering mechanism—and a heavy channel steel frame, with four rugged cross-members.

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CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN, *Division of General Motors Corporation*

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hotel rooms emptied New Yorkers into the jobs that should have been Hollywood's, and in restaurants and at other places where temporary residents forgather, the New Yorkers made noises that sounded like praise to Allah that they had arrived just in time to prevent Hollywood's total collapse as a producer of entertainment.

It was a queer business. Silent-screen art, which had captured the fancy of the world as no other art in all history had succeeded in doing, was composed of many parts: the proper use of light and shade; an appreciation of both the dramatic and pictorial values of grouping; tempo on the set in relation to both photography and projection; its own pantomime, which included dialogue, although the spoken word was not heard by the audience; determination of the relative effect of showing a given scene in a long, medium or close shot; camera angles; composition of scenes; and scores of other things, big and little, technical and artistic. To these the sound device added the ability to make the spoken word audible to the audience, in itself a trivial thing technically and one that did not disturb, distort or alter in the slightest degree any of the other elements of screen art. Let us assume these other elements numbered nineteen and that the sound device completed a score. As soon as the twentieth was added the motion-picture industry forgot all about the other nineteen and placed its destiny in the hands of people who were supposed to know something about the twentieth, and who were known to know nothing about the nineteen.

In some spots the screen's capitulation to the stage was complete. Motion pictures costing as much as a quarter of a million dollars to produce were intrusted to people who had had no training whatever in making motion pictures—to stage producers, directors and writers. Scenarios prepared by people who had contributed to some of the triumphs of the silent screen were handed to stage playwrights who filled in the dialogue. This was one of the weirdest things the industry did when it was suffering most acutely from its stage complex, and it had the result of calling down upon talking pictures the united ire of critics, who lamented the quality of dialogue that the public was getting. Anyone with the most elementary knowledge of fiction writing knows that it is impossible for one person to conceive a character, and another, who does not work with or consult him, to write lines for the character to speak that will round out and complete a perfect characterization. Picture producers were convinced that dialogue, being the extra thing they had to offer, could be conceived apart from the rest and stuck on from the outside, like a putty nose on a clown.

Too Indignant for Words

Stage directors strode onto motion-picture sets, crushed screen art beneath their feet and proceeded to erect on its mangled remains structures that conformed to all the technicalities of the stage. For years they had been dreaming of the day when they would have an opportunity to show Hollywood exactly how motion pictures should be made, and now the day had come. Their first step was to re-form experienced screen actors to fit the mold of the theater. I visited a set to watch the shooting of some scenes under the direction of a man well known on Broadway. A talented and successful screen actress, whom we will call Miss Blank, was playing the part of a secretary. She was called to the office of her employer.

"When he speaks the insulting line to you," said the stage director, "you boil over with indignation, rise from your chair and say to him, 'You low hound! You had better employ a secretary who will tolerate such insults.' Then leave the room with a finality that will make it plain to the audience that you are quitting."

The scene progressed up to the point of the insult, which was uttered, incidentally, as an actor, not an employer, would utter it. Miss Blank boiled over with indignation—boiled so completely, in fact, that she could not utter a word. She slammed her notebook and pencil on the desk in front of her employer, and strode from the room, her back being eloquent of the indignation she felt.

Her contribution to it made the scene perfect. It was pure cinema, the very essence of the art that has built the country's fourth largest industry.

The stage director, who had honored me with a chair by his side, turned to me with a resigned smile that had in it amused tolerance for the lamentable ignorance of the screen in general. "It is so hard to get things done properly," he muttered to me. Then he returned to the task at hand.

"I asked you once before, Miss Blank, please not to forget your lines," he said to the young woman. "They were written by John Doe—a famous playwright—and I assure you there is value in every one of them. Let us do the scene over again, and this time please do not forget."

The resigned smile this time came to me from Miss Blank. To the extent of my ability and energy I am a champion of screen art in its undiluted form. There were several things lying around that would have served handily as weapons with which to brain the director, and I left the set before I was tempted to use one of them.

Wide Backgrounds of Directors

Even in the motion-picture industry itself the impression prevails that stage training helps a screen director. Ernst Lubitsch came to the screen from the German stage. Clarence Brown was a mechanical engineer before going to Hollywood. William K. Howard was a film salesman before becoming a motion-picture director. Upon what grounds do we assume that Lubitsch's stage experience helped him any more in pictures than Brown and Howard were helped respectively by engineering and salesmanship? The truth of the matter is that these three men had in them the power to express themselves in motion-picture language, to take a story, actors and sets and with them produce things that entertain the world; and every experience they had had prior to entering pictures contributed its bit toward the sum total of their equipment for the new job.

Perhaps in a Broadway theater today there is a young man who is destined to be the greatest motion-picture director of tomorrow, but it is just as likely that this great man of tomorrow is today driving a laundry wagon far from Broadway.

But before theorizing further, let us examine some facts and ascertain how they square with the theorizing done thus far. It brings us back to Mr. Zukor and his famous players.

After Mr. Zukor had determined to raise his own famous players, he occasionally featured in one of his productions an established Broadway star, as did other picture producers from time to time; but offhand I can't recall an instance of one person who was really famous on the stage achieving a corresponding degree of fame on the screen. Motion-picture stars were created by motion-picture patrons, not by people who attended the legitimate theaters in New York. When the sound device made its advent, the New York stage, as I already have related, was raided for new talent. If this raid was the result of clear thinking, it must have reflected the opinion of motion-picture producers that audible dialogue on the screen would produce an entirely new crop of stars to replace those who had been good bets at the box office when the screen was silent. If the screen barons were right, the biggest box-office attractions today must be new people whom the talking screen has developed; if those of us who maintained from the first that the stage had nothing to contribute to the screen were right, the big names today must be the same names that were big in the silent days.

The first real twelve-month test of the talkies was afforded by the year 1929. By the time it was ushered in the novelty had worn off to a great extent and the public had ceased to patronize a given picture solely because it squeaked. The worthy examples of the hybrid art were patronized liberally and the unworthy spurned. At the beginning of 1929 Mr. Zukor's company, now called Paramount, had on its roster some players whose appearances on the screen seldom failed to fill a house. In alphabetical order they were Richard Arlen, George Bancroft, Clara Bow, Evelyn Brent, Clive Brook, Nancy Carroll, Ruth Chatterton, Gary Cooper, William Powell and Charles—Buddy—Rogers. During the year Paramount presented for public approval a number of people of established Broadway reputations. It presented them in screen versions of plays that had been successful on the stage; supplied them with adequate productions and the best of direction. It also presented to the public Maurice Chevalier, who came to Hollywood from the music halls of Paris, and whose name consequently was without box-office value in this country. The new players were given an even break with the old ones. If screen dialogue could be entertaining only when spoken by stage people; if the stage had anything to contribute to the screen, then the end of the year must have found some new names topping the Paramount list of best box-office bets. Let us scan the list.

I would rate Chevalier as Paramount's greatest actual and potential money maker today. I do not attribute to the stage any of the credit for this, for he has a personality that of itself would make him a tremendous success even if he came from a hat shop. Clara Bow is the second biggest money maker, and the others, in order of box-office value, are: George Bancroft, Buddy Rogers, Nancy Carroll, Gary Cooper, William Powell, Richard Arlen, Evelyn Brent, Ruth Chatterton. That is a list of the Paramount stars. It might be well to explain what a star is. There are only a few of them in Hollywood, although whenever anyone whose face has appeared on the screen gets into any sort of mess the papers of the country forthwith give him or her the rank of film star. When you see a picture advertised as "Clara Bow, in The Saturday Night Kid," you may accept Clara as having the official rating of star; but if the advertisement reads, "The Saturday Night Kid, with Clara Bow," Clara then would be a featured player.

Making Money With Silents

As we run down the list of Paramount's featured players we encounter the names of such established favorites as Mary Brian, Clive Brook, William Austin, Neil Hamilton, James Hall, Warner Oland, Eugene Pallette and others, and we would have to go still farther down the list before we encountered the name of one stage favorite whom the talkies made a screen favorite. On this Paramount list are several people who graduated from the stage, but in not one instance did a stage player become prominent on the screen and an asset at the box office until he had substituted screen technic for stage technic, and until he had climbed his way up slowly in the new art. And we must not lose sight of the fact that when it raided Broadway, the screen was looking not so much for experienced players as for famous ones. The people who control it thought the screen had lisped its way into a new business.

Out on the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot at Culver City they were not so sure that the whole world was made over in a day. For one thing, they had on their hands a foreign actress, in the person of Greta Garbo, who couldn't talk; and an American actor, in the person of Lon Chaney, who wouldn't; and, for another, they were not swept off their feet by the talkie hurricane, consequently they had to make many silent pictures to supply their customers while the sound equipment that they were ordering was being installed. At the end of 1929,

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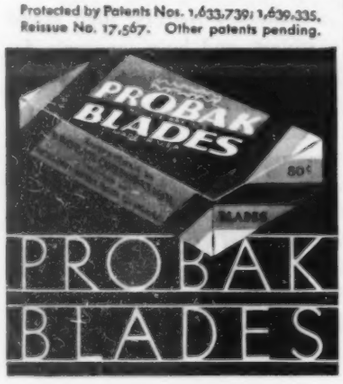


the first full talkie year, Metro made some interesting discoveries. It found that of its nine stars the one who earned the most money for it was the one who couldn't talk, and that second on the list was the one who wouldn't; also that of its straight motion pictures, which exclude such musical extravaganzas as Broadway Melody and The Hollywood Revue, the two that topped the table of receipts were silent. They were Our Modern Maidens, starring Joan Crawford, and The Single Standard, starring Greta Garbo.

But Metro did not escape the stage complex. All the other studios were giving their customers sophisticated stage plays in talkie form, and Louis B. Mayer and Irving Thalberg thought they might as well fall into line. They selected The Last of Mrs. Cheyney and cast for various parts skilled stage artists. Rather timidly they cast in the leading rôle of Mrs. Cheyney a young girl who had had no stage experience whatever—Norma Shearer. If ever an actress had been cast into a den of lions, this one of Hollywood's Normas was she, and she stood in imminent danger of being devoured by the stage lions if she did not conquer them. When The Last of Mrs. Cheyney was presented to the world the newspaper critics bestowed their blessings upon it, and the box office registered its approval in a much more substantial, and even more reliable, way. And all the critics credited Norma Shearer with giving the best performance; they agreed that she dominated the production, and the exhibitors who showed the picture in their houses stated that it was Norma's name that attracted the money to the box offices.

The business of Hollywood is to turn out the kind of entertainment the country wants, but its ambition always had been to produce something of which Broadway approved. It has suffered from this Broadway complex since films ceased flickering, but it was not until the talkies came that it suddenly realized that it was in a position to do things in Hollywood exactly as they were done in New York. Laboring under such an obsession, it is quite understandable why it sent to New York for the craftsmen to turn out the new product. A play that is fine entertainment on a stage in New York can be just as good entertainment on a screen in Walla Walla. Producers of motion pictures were justified in presuming that such was the case, and while laboring under such an impression it was logical for them to employ, to provide the screen entertainment, the people who had been responsible for the stage success.

But what the producers overlooked was the fact that the people whom they work for, the public, want motion pictures, which I contended in my articles last September and which the box-office record of the past year supports. Walla Walla spurned the photograph of the New York stage success because it was not a motion picture. People who are trained only in stage technic are equipped but little more to make a motion picture than they are to perform an operation for appendicitis or to fill a tooth. When Ernst Lubitsch left the stage to enter pictures, he started with one-reel comedies and worked his way upward until he was qualified to turn out a Patriot and a Love Parade. He applied subjectively to his screen work what he had learned from his experience on the stage. Stage technic must be made over to fit the requirements of the screen. Hollywood did not ask its importations from Broadway to serve an apprenticeship in pictures. It asked them to make motion pictures, and they failed because they did not know how. Every good picture made since the dawn of the talkies was made by an experienced motion-picture director, and every picture that has done well at the box office had a cast of established screen favorites.

I never did believe the assertion of the late Frank Bacon in Lightning that he had driven a swarm of bees across the continent and never lost a bee. Neither do I want you to believe that the stage sent an army of its members across the continent and back again and kept its ranks intact. A goodly number of return tickets were not used. Some actors have remained in Hollywood, and when they have learned the difference between stage acting and screen acting they probably will contribute something that will serve to uplift screen art. Some writers also have lingered in Hollywood and give promise ultimately of learning the literary requirements of the screen.

Getting On in the World

We Made Them Pay!

THE court appointed us receiver for an organization with twelve hotels in its chain, all situated in a large city or in its immediate vicinity. We found that only two of the hotels were meeting their mortgage requirements; the other ten were losing money.

We gave our attention first to the two which seemed the saddest on the list. Both are small hotels.

Young Green wasn't a skilled hotel operator, but he was a livewire with ideas. He was assigned to these hotels with instructions to "rent them up" and to keep expenses down. We gave him carte blanche.

Green tackled the larger one first. At the end of four months he had succeeded in renting 92 per cent of the rooms, which income was sufficient to pay all expenses and mortgage requirements, and show a fair profit besides. The following is a copy of his report to us when he had finished the job:

"On January tenth, when I took charge, only sixty-one of its one hundred and twenty-five rooms were rented. The manager's excuse for this was 'too much competition.' It is true that in this section, which is on the fringe of one of the manufacturing sections, there are nine other hotels of about the same size as this one. None of them, I found, was very well rented. They were all bidding for the same trade—the factory employes—and they were all doing it in the same way—by spending a great deal of money for newspaper advertising. Yet none of them seemed prosperous. I decided that we needed an entirely new approach and appeal.

"Finally I set out to attract the younger element, because I believed that the older folks had their own homes in many cases or were otherwise more permanently settled. I wanted those young men and women—clerks and factory hands in the near-by plants—who earned from twenty to thirty-five dollars a week, and who expected to pay about one-fourth of that for rent. Those who weren't married usually had roommates to share their rooms, and since our rooms rented from ten dollars to sixteen dollars a week, I knew our rates were in line. After these young people paid their rent, and a little more than that for food, it is easy to see that when they had finished buying their clothes and other necessities, they had very little left for entertainment. And young people like to be entertained! It was from that angle that I decided to work.

"Saturday night was selected as the big night of the week. We engaged a four-piece dance orchestra from the university near by, to play every Saturday, at a special price. Notices were put up in the hotel announcing: The First of Our Regular Saturday Night Dinner Dances for the Guests and Their Friends. The only charge we made was in raising the price of the regular seventy-five-cent dinner to one dollar; and for this extra twenty-five cents, the café manager arranged to serve a light buffet supper.

"We selected the two peppiest girls in the hotel and allowed them to give their dinner parties free of charge in consideration of their acting as hostesses. They greeted everyone who came in, introduced them around, and provided partners for those who had none. By midnight, when supper was served, everyone was having a jolly time, and almost every person there made it a point to express appreciation and pleasure to the manager and hope that these parties would be continued.

"We bought a radio, and on Wednesday nights the tables were pushed back against the walls after dinner and informal dancing was in order. Punch was provided, and the dining room served ice cream and cake for twenty cents a plate.

"Many of our guests liked to play bridge. On every night except dance nights tables and cards were available in the lobby, and we kept a large card on the desk for players to register on when they came home in the evening. Once a month a bridge tournament was held for hotel guests only, and suitable prizes were offered by the hotel.

"On every holiday, such as Washington's and Lincoln's birthdays, special parties were given, always preceded by a dinner dance. There was a costume party on St. Patrick's Day. On all occasions the hotel furnished the music and decorations, and the guests merely paid for their dinners.

"We stopped all newspaper advertising and printed an attractive announcement card in the form of an invitation before every Saturday-night dance and before every party. These cards were sent to people whose names were furnished us by our guests, inviting them to the hotel to enjoy the festivities.

"By the end of the first month we had achieved a really congenial and happy atmosphere, and we had rented ten rooms. The dining-room business also showed a gratifying increase.

"The young people were glad to come home at the end of the day, as they were assured of a pleasant evening without financial outlay. Most of them were making new friends, and they were boosting their hotel to their other friends and companions at work who lived elsewhere. This, I believe, is the very best advertising a hotel can ever get.

"Our business continued to improve rapidly, and at this time I am leaving the hotel rented to within 8 per cent of its capacity. During these four months, our expenses for music, printing, decorations, and so on, averaged one hundred and seventy-five dollars a month. Before this, the hotel had been spending four hundred dollars a month in the newspapers."

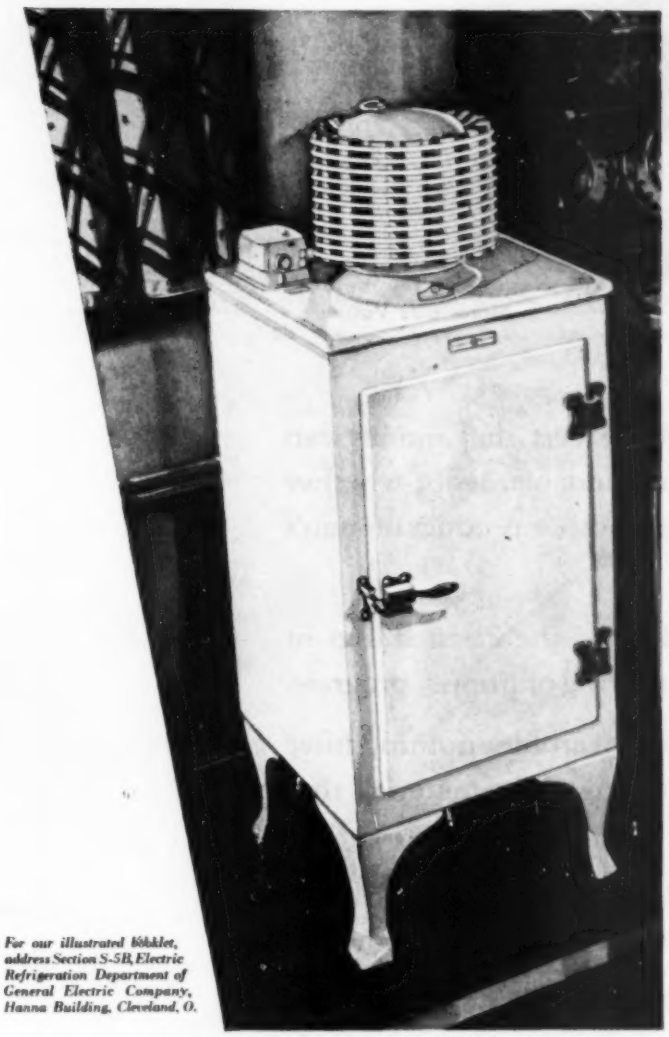
Young Green's next task was the smaller house. He stayed there only ten weeks, when his job was considered satisfactorily accomplished. The following report was turned in by him at the end of the ten weeks:

"The section in which this hotel is located is an old rooming-house section which has seen better days. When I arrived on May fifteenth, only forty of the hotel's ninety-five rooms were rented. Since this is the only hotel within the radius of a mile, its illness could not be diagnosed as 'too much competition.' After surveying the situation, I found that a different approach and appeal were necessary.

"Most of the people living in this section were respectable, elderly folk in very modest circumstances. Their average rent—for two—in their rooming houses was $12.50 a week. This was the prevailing rate at the hotel, but these people didn't

(Continued on Page 202)

What a Proof *of efficiency and economy!*



For our illustrated booklet, address Section S-5B, Electric Refrigeration Department of General Electric Company, Hanna Building, Cleveland, O.

Of the hundreds of thousands of owners of General Electric Refrigerators *not one* has paid a cent for service

What a Proof

What a Proof of Trouble-free Operation!

In a dramatic test to demonstrate the trouble-free operation of General Electric Refrigerators, the entire mechanism was submerged in water—and it still ran on!

What a Proof

What a Proof of Durability!

In General Electric Laboratories, tests were conducted to discover the durability of the doors, latches and hinges. The tests were stopped after a period equivalent to 30 years of wear!

What a Proof

What a Proof of Reliability!

The General Electric automatic freezing control was tested every ½ minute for a period equivalent to 465 years. At the end of that time, it was still going strong!

Not a cent paid for service by a single owner. What a proof that the refrigerator which costs you less to own is the General Electric! What a proof that the Monitor Top — that small round casing on every General Electric Refrigerator — is your unfailing safeguard against trouble, worry and expense. In the Monitor Top, the entire mechanism with a *permanent* oil supply, is hermetically sealed, so that moisture, dirt, rust and trouble can *never* get inside. Operation cost is but a few cents a day. What a proof of General Electric efficiency! And as for cost of upkeep—not one owner has ever paid a cent for service. What a proof of General Electric economy!

General Electric cabinets are *all-steel*. What a proof that they are built to *wear!* They are raised well above the floor on legs that allow ample space for sweeping underneath. All corners inside the cabinets are rounded, for easy cleaning. And a world of extra food storage space is in these glistening white cabinets. What a proof of General Electric convenience! You'll find General Electric Refrigerators quiet—incredibly quiet—the day you buy, and *always*. And you'll find the General Electric freezing regulator accessible—right at your finger-tips. What a proof of General Electric superiority!

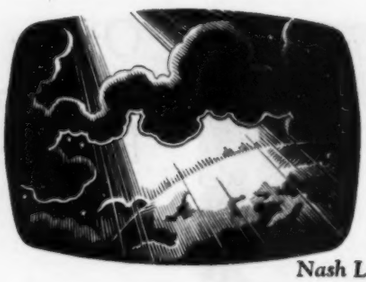
Prices start as low as $205 at the factory—and most people buy on our easy time payment plan. What a proof that any family now can own a General Electric!

JOIN US IN THE GENERAL ELECTRIC HOUR, BROADCAST EVERY SATURDAY EVENING, ON A NATION-WIDE N.B.C. NETWORK

GENERAL ELECTRIC

ALL-STEEL REFRIGERATOR

THE BEST THAT MONEY CAN BUY



Nash Leads the World in Motor Car Value

ALWAYS you have wanted the best that money can buy. That is a natural and laudable desire whether applied to an automobile or some other product of man's creative enterprise.

For the ambition to own and enjoy the finest things in life is the very motive and mainspring of human progress.

In the world of motor cars money can buy nothing finer than Nash design, Nash engineering or the materials that go into Nash cars.

The eminent professional ability of the great Nash engineering organization is recognized thruout the industry.

And Nash skilled craftsmen are inspired and encouraged to their best effort by the knowledge that Nash standards countenance only the highest quality workmanship.

The expert coordination of all these elements produces for Nash today the finest in motor cars—with engineering features which assure you of greater riding comfort, of finer performance, and above all, a car of long life and dependability.

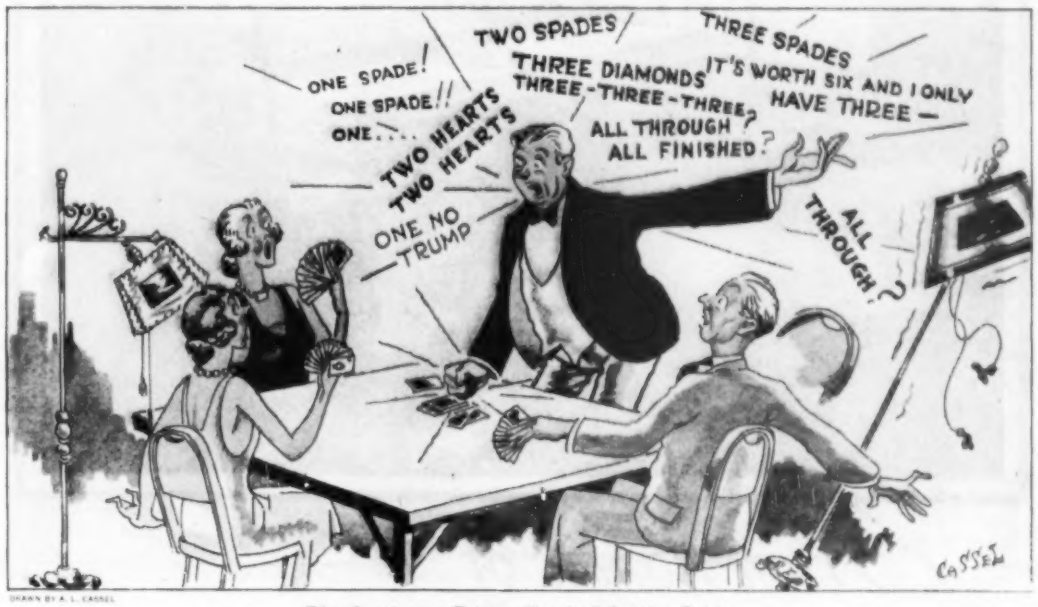
TWIN-IGNITION EIGHT

TWIN-IGNITION SIX *SINGLE SIX*

NASH "400"

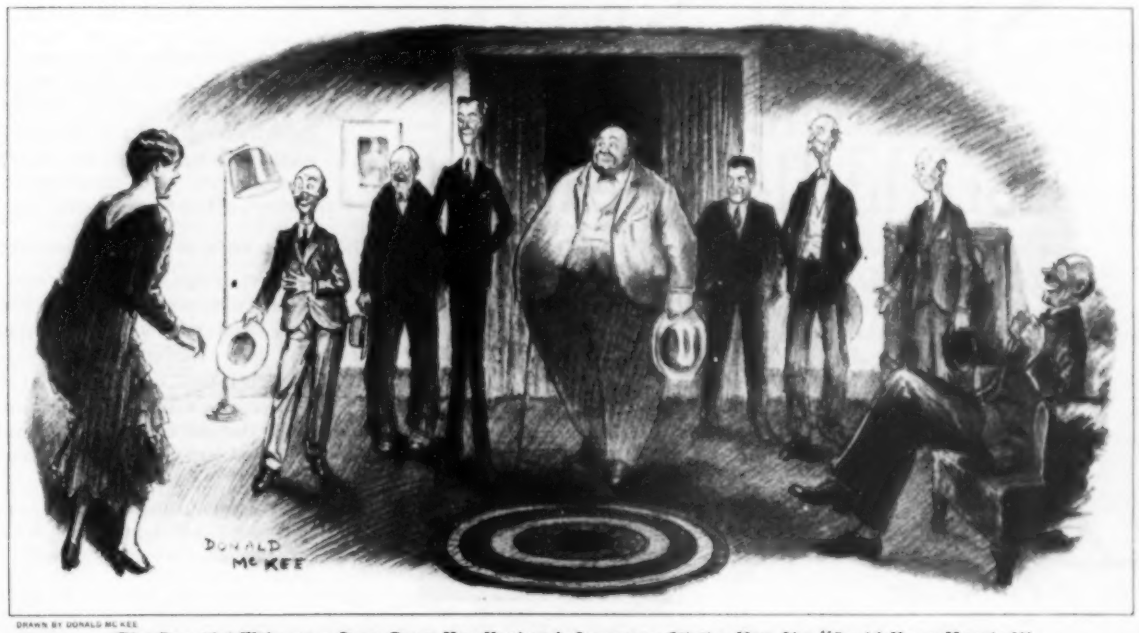
(1832)

CARTOON AND COMEDY



DRAWN BY A. L. CASSEL

The Auctioneer Tries a Hand of Auction Bridge



DRAWN BY DONALD McKEE

The Boastful Wife, on a Dare From Her Husband, Summons All the Men She "Could Have Married"

SOOTHES THE SKIN

SMOOTHES THE RAZOR'S PATH

double action

for stubble trouble

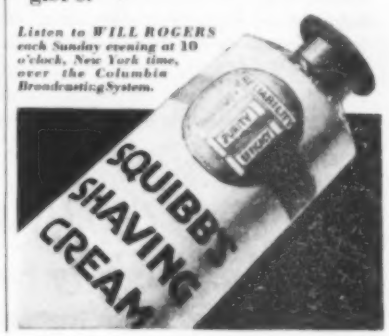
COMFORT is the first essential in shaving. With the double-action shave you get double comfort.

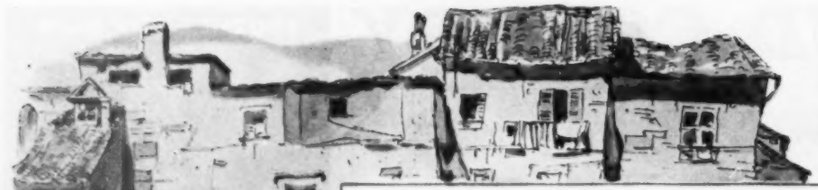
First, razor comfort. Squibb's smoothes the path of the razor—makes the blade glide swiftly, evenly, surely through your whiskers.

Second, skin comfort. Squibb's Shaving Cream restores the pliant oils essential to the skin. Most shaving creams remove these oils, leaving your skin tight and dry. But Squibb's is different. It restores a *natural* feeling of velvet comfort *that lasts all day.*

Get a large tube of Squibb's Shaving Cream at your druggist's.

Listen to WILL ROGERS each Sunday evening at 10 o'clock, New York time, over the Columbia Broadcasting System.





OLD-World charm is mirrored by this modern Armstrong Floor, a rich Embossed effect, De Luxe 16011. Fine craftsmanship is reflected, too, in the way this floor is laid—trimly tailored and cemented over linoleum lining felt.

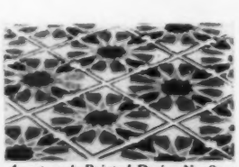
From homes of SUNNY SPAIN comes this bright floor beauty

STROLL down a street in Seville and you'll be literally bathed in a rainbow of warm, brilliant colors. If you dared peep back of the grilled windows that temptingly lean out and beckon, you'd be delighted with the way this natural inheritance of color has been brought right into the homes, where brightly hued furnishings and floors capture the sun's good cheer.

Perhaps our own homes need more of this same happy color treatment. Certainly the suggestion of relieving the drab monotony of the floors we live with is one we might well consider. Particularly when today it is so simple to transform those floors, to put their worn, splintery surfaces completely out of sight and out of mind under a smart, fashionable floor of modern Armstrong's Linoleum.

If your home happens to be Spanish, the promise of this pleasant change is in the dining-room illustrated. If your rooms reflect the English, the Colonial, even the modern mode, you will discover equally correct designs and colors in the many new Armstrong Floors now showing at good department, furniture, and linoleum stores near your home.

And isn't it nice to discover, too, that whether the floor you select is gay or subdued, patterned or plain, it possesses so many good-housekeeping virtues? So cushioning to walk on. Quiet, too. And the Accolac-Processed surface is so easy to keep spick-and-span. Dirt wipes right up, for this surface is spot-proof. Light waxing and polishing keep it gleaming. Or where floors need frequent washing, just renew the surface occasionally with Armstrong's Linoleum Lacquer. (Our laboratory experts tell us not to lacquer over wax.)



Armstrong's Printed Design No. 8535

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"New Ideas in Home Decoration" tells you more of this modern floor story. It is packed with picture-proof of how Armstrong Floors dress up different types of rooms. May we send you this latest book by Hazel Dell Brown, decorator? Plus an offer of the author's free service in planning rooms that are different? Just send 10¢ with your letter to cover mailing. Address your request to Armstrong Cork Company, Floor Division, 331 W. Liberty St., Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

Armstrong's (A) Product

Armstrong's Linoleum Floors

for every room in the house

PLAIN · INLAID · EMBOSSED · JASPÉ · ARABESQ · PRINTED · and ARMSTRONG'S QUAKER RUGS

THE LEANING TOWER OF VENICE

(Continued from Page 9)

have got the matter so tied up with adjournments and delays that my own lawyer tells me I can hope for no relief for weeks or months to come."

"I don't understand," said Gadget, "why you should get excited because this guy owns a tower and doesn't do anything with it."

"It is because the structure is out of plumb, *signora*. It is call the Torre Pendente, which means hanging or leaning tower."

"Something like the famous Leaning Tower of Pisa?"

"Exactly," said Luigi. "But there is this difference: The tower at Pisa can lean all it wants to, and it doesn't bother me at all. But this Torre Pendente here leans right out over the garden where I have all my restaurant business. And I don't like it."

"How long has this thing been a leaning tower?"

"As long as anyone can remember, *signora*. It has always been called the Torre Pendente."

"Then why, if it has always been leaning the same way, should you get in a panic about it all at once?"

"When I started my restaurant ten years ago," said Luigi, "the top of the tower was leaning nearly a foot over toward my property. It had been in this position for many years, and it remained the same until this winter. It seemed perfectly strong and solid. But suddenly, one day two weeks ago, it was moved."

"This Antonio Grimelli moved it?"

"No, it moved itself."

"How could it do that?"

"The lower side of it settled."

"Why did it settle?"

"You must understand," said Luigi, "that this beautiful golden city of Venice has feet of clay. It is not a city founded on a rock; it is built on the mud and sand of the lagoon. The men of olden times, when Venice was the queen of the world, were compelled—in order to make their buildings stand up at all—to drive down wooden piles. These piles made a solid foundation for the time being. But now the wood is rotting away and it seems as though our wonderful city were crumbling. It is sad—very sad."

I looked around apprehensively. The reflections of the palaces along the canal were trembling and wabbling in the rippling surface of the water, but the buildings themselves looked solid and secure.

"You need not be afraid," said Luigi. "The whole city will not fall at once. It is a slow process, but it seems inevitable. When you visit the Basilica di San Marco you will see that the arches are cracking. The mosaic floor has sagged in many places. When you go to visit the Campanile di San Marco, you will see that it is all new construction. The original Campanile fell down into the Piazza on July 14, 1902."

"And you are afraid that the tower next door to your restaurant will fall down in the same way?"

"I am. It was just two weeks ago that the foundation partially collapsed. I will never forget that afternoon. It was warm. The sun was shining pleasantly. The garden was full of customers. There came a faint, low, rumbling noise. The ground appeared to tremble ever so slightly. Dishes and spoons rattled on the tables. We all looked up. The tower was moving! Slowly and very majestically that mass of masonry was tilting itself out over the garden."

"It must have given you quite a scare," said Gadget.

"It did, *signora*. I shouted a warning. Others took up the cry. 'Run for your lives!' they yelled. 'The tower is falling!' And with wild shrieks all my customers stampeded out of the garden. They upset the tables. They broke many dishes. Several of them fell down and were stepped on—but not seriously injured, thank the Lord. After we had all got a safe distance away and the noise and excitement of the panic had somewhat subsided, we heard pitiful cries for help from the canal, and we were just in time to fish out an elderly British colonel who, in the excitement of the moment, had fallen into the water. It was a terrible occasion."

"It must have been," said Gadget. "But you say the tower did not fall after all?"

"It did not," replied Luigi. "Or at least it hasn't yet. The top of the tower moved about two feet, and then stopped. But my restaurant business is ruined as completely as if the tower had actually come crashing down. It was two weeks ago that my customers were scared out by that awe-inspiring event, and not one of them has returned. No one with any judgment would take the risk of eating in that garden now. And even if anyone were so foolhardy, he would not be permitted to. The *vigili*—the police—have roped off the entire area and will allow no one to enter."

"Haven't you got any other place they could eat?" asked Gadget.

"We have an indoor dining room which we use in cool or rainy weather. But the garden has always been the chief attraction of our establishment. Besides, we cannot use the dining room now anyway."

"Why not?"

"Because the entrance to it is through the garden."

"That is the only entrance you have?"

"You can come around by way of a little back alley, into a rear door, down a long dark hallway, through the kitchen, and from there into the dining room. That is the only entrance we now have for ourselves."

"That certainly is tough luck," said Gadget. "And I suppose you cannot expect the tourists to come in through such a roundabout and difficult entrance."

"Exactly. And now that the pleasant spring weather is here, they don't want to eat inside anyway. They want to eat outdoors. And they all go to Antonio Grimelli's garden. They do not know what a vile hole it is until they have started to eat. And they are so disgusted then that they do not want to eat anywhere. But here we are."

The gondola stopped at the foot of some steps which led up to the top of the stone embankment along the canal. We disembarked.

[Note: The above remarks of Signor Luigi Bontade were spoken, as I have said, in a most atrocious brand of English. But as I did not wish either to bother myself by reporting it exactly, or to fatigue you people by forcing you to read it, I have taken the liberty of transcribing it into the polished and beautiful English which you have just read.]

Luigi insisted on carrying our suitcases. When we reached the top of the steps he set them down. He placed two fingers in his mouth and whistled loudly. Soon a man appeared and took charge of our baggage.

Then Luigi proceeded to point out the various features of the landscape. We were standing on a narrow walk or promenade which followed the bank of the canal. In front of us was a handsome stone building bearing a sign—CAFÉ BONTADE. This was Luigi's restaurant. To the left of it was his garden—a beautiful little place with many small trees and flowering shrubs. It was roped off, and there were warning signs which had been posted by the police. On the far side of the garden was a stone building with the sign, CAFÉ GRIMELLI, and beyond this another garden with many tables at which people were eating. Evidently the obnoxious Antonio Grimelli was doing a good business.

At the rear of Antonio's building was the famous Torre Pendente. It was about fifty feet high, I should say, built of creamy white stone that must have been marble, and carved and ornamented in a very lovely fashion. It had balconies with intricately carved stone railings, and windows with ornate Moorish arches and little twisted pillars. But the most remarkable thing about it was the angle at which it stood. It leaned so far out over Luigi's garden that it looked as if a mere puff of wind, or possibly even a robin alighting on top of it, would be enough to bring it down.

"Your restaurant business," I said, "certainly looks to be in a bad way. It seems to me it is up to Antonio to do something about that tower."

"That is what I say," said Luigi.

"He ought to have it straightened up and reënforced," I said, "or else he ought to have it torn down."

"He ought to, but he won't. And it is easy to see why. As long as this tower hangs threateningly above the garden, my business is ruined, while he grows rich from the customers who normally would come to me."

"I should think," I said, "he would fix it of his own free will. If it falls down he will lose a very handsome tower."

"He is taking a chance. He has had it examined by an engineer who thinks it has settled all it is going to for the time being. The engineer is not certain, of course, but he thinks it will be safe for several years at least."

"If that is the case, why can't you go ahead and use your garden?"

"The engineer is not absolutely sure. I do not wish to endanger my customers. And even if I did, the police would not let me."

"And you say you have brought a court action against this Antonio?"

"I have. But as I told you, he has the matter so tied up with technicalities and lawyers' quibblings that it will be months before I can accomplish anything."

"And what are you going to do in the meantime?" I asked.

Luigi smiled a grim and self-satisfied smile. I could see his white teeth glistening through the gathering twilight.

"I am going to take matters into my own hands," he said. "You and I and your excellent American Earthworm tractor are going to fix this Antonio Grimelli."

"Oh!" I said, somewhat startled. "So that is the idea?"

"That is the idea," he said, still grinning through the darkness.

"And just what," I asked, "did you have in mind? In what way do you plan to use the tractor?"

"It is very simple," said Luigi. "If Antonio will not straighten up his tower and keep it on his own property, where it belongs, we will do it for him."

"But that is no job for a tractor. What you need is a lot of jacks to jack up the low side of the tower. Then the foundation should be reënforced. I have never had any experience in this kind of work, but I am almost sure there are methods of inserting a tube under a weak foundation and forcing in concrete."

"That would take too long," said Luigi. "As soon as Antonio found out what we were doing he would have us thrown off his property as trespassers. No, we must use a tractor, which will do the work quickly."

"I am afraid that I don't understand you even yet."

"Come," said Luigi. "I will show you what I have in mind."

He led us along the walk which bordered the Grand Canal. We passed in front of his garden, in front of Antonio's building, and in front of Antonio's garden. Beyond this garden, separated from it by a low stone wall, was a small public square which they called a Campo. Luigi took us halfway across the Campo and then stopped. He motioned for Gadget and me to come very close to him, and when we had done so, he began speaking in a hoarse and mysterious whisper.

"Tomorrow," he said, "we will get the tractor and load it onto a barge. We will

Watch This Column

Univer… Chat

John Boles

Recognizing his worth as the greatest drawing card on the screen today, UNIVERSAL is making elaborate plans for JOHN BOLES. In every production in which he has appeared, this popular young actor of the fine stage-presence and rich singing and talking voice, has added immeasurably to his prestige.

Konrad Bercovici, the eminent author, is in Hollywood now writing an original drama with musical numbers for him. His beautiful vocal numbers, "Monterey" and "Song of the Dawn," are being recorded in Victor Records. You will hear them in PAUL WHITEMAN'S gorgeous musical entertainment, "King of Jazz." You heard him in "Rio Rita" and "The Desert Song." You will hear him again in "Captain of the Guard," that fascinating operetta based on the dramatic French Revolution.

You've heard of "ROXY" of the Roxy Theatre, of course. His fame as a great showman has traveled to the far corners of the earth. "The Roxy" in New York is one of the world's finest theatres. And "Roxy" has booked UNIVERSAL'S four great pictures, to run one after the other, as follows: "Captain of the Guard"; "All Quiet on the Western Front," the greatest picture of the world war; PAUL WHITEMAN'S "King of Jazz" and "The White Hell of Pitz Palu," a romance of the fearsome glaciers of the Alps, which will cause a wave of wonder 'round the world.

S. L. ROTHAFEL better known as "ROXY" Director-General of the Roxy Theatre, New York City

These are the pictures which will be absorbing topics of filmdom for many, many months to come.

If you want advance detailed information, write me a personal letter and write it today. I want a personal correspondent and helper in every city, town, village and hamlet.

Carl Laemmle,
President

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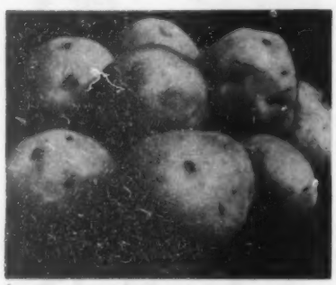
BLUE GOOSE AFG

MAY MARKETING MADE EASY



NEW POTATOES FROM THE SOUTH

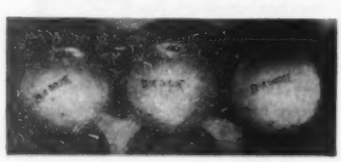
NO more shopping about. No more time wasted picking and choosing. That's the glad promise that awaits the May marketer who follows the Blue Goose sign to market.

Selected products of garden, grove, and orchard have already been chosen for you by trained experts of American Fruit Growers.

Let's suppose your order list calls for new potatoes. Ask for Irish Cobblers—from the Carolinas and Virginia, or Louisiana Triumphs—labeled Blue Goose.

MELONS—RIPE AND MELLOW

Perhaps you intend to serve cantaloupes. The kinds that rarely disappoint you with the flavor or smoothness of their pink and golden centers bear the Blue Goose label on the crates or wrappers.



FULL-FLAVORED, JUICY ORANGES

And if you want oranges, you'll find the Blue Goose mark of excellence right in sight on the skins.

Please try this easier way of marketing this May. Over the phone or in the store just mention those two magic words of quality—Blue Goose. In the meantime, send for the "Blue Goose Buying Guide," a complete guide book to quality used by our own marketing experts. American Fruit Growers Inc., Pittsburgh, Pa.

BLUE GOOSE

The highest mark of excellence of the American Fruit Growers

cover it with a canvas so no one will know what it is. I will borrow a long cable from one of my friends who is in the ship-supply business. We will put the cable on the barge. I will also procure a ladder."

"You don't have to whisper," said Gadget. "There isn't anybody anywhere near."

Luigi glanced furtively about. "It is always well to be careful," he said. Then he continued in a whisper that was more mysterious than ever: "We will wait at the station until after midnight. Then, in the very darkest hour before dawn, we will row away from the station and proceed stealthily along the Grand Canal."

"Why stealthily?" asked Gadget.

"So that no one will see us."

"And why don't we want anyone to see us?"

"Hush! Not so loud! If anyone saw us, it might spoil all our plans. When I have explained everything you will understand."

"All right. Go on."

"We will row the barge along the canal until we arrive here at this Campo. We will tie up the boat, throw across our gangplank, and get everything in readiness to run the tractor ashore. Then we will leave it."

"You mean we won't unload the tractor?" asked Gadget.

"Not at once. That will come later. First of all we will take the cable and the ladder, and carry them over here."

He grasped us by the arms and led us away from the canal to a point about in the middle of the open Campo. He then pointed to the leaning tower, which was visible over the low wall of Antonio's garden. By this time the daylight was almost entirely gone. But there was plenty of artificial light from the street lamps and from the lanterns in the garden. From where we stood, the tower looked perfectly straight. It was, in fact, leaning directly away from us.

"And now," continued Luigi, "I come to the really brilliant part of my plan. When we arrive here tomorrow night, it will, of course, be dark. The great city of Venice will be asleep, and the Campo will be deserted. I have made discreet inquiries and I find that in the early morning hours the nearest policeman is a quarter of a mile away."

"You seem to have planned this very elaborately," said Gadget.

"I have, *signora*." Luigi smiled; and once more I could see his teeth gleaming through the dusk. "I will take the end of the cable," he continued, "and carry it over the wall and across the rear part of Antonio's garden. Then, by means of the ladder, I will climb up to the roof of Antonio's house. I will haul the end of the cable and the ladder up after me. Placing the bottom of the ladder on the roof, I will lean the top of the ladder against the tower. Still carrying the end of the cable, I will climb up to the little balcony which encircles the tower near the top. I will walk around the balcony, dragging the cable after me, and make a loop inclosing the tower. I will then descend to the ground and rejoin you here in the Campo. Have I made myself clear? Do you visualize the scene as it will then exist?"

"Yes," said Gadget. "One end of the cable will be fastened around the upper part of the tower; the other end will be down here."

"You are right," said Luigi. "And what do you think we are going to do next?"

"This seems to be your story," said Gadget. "Suppose you go on and finish it."

"I will," said Luigi. "It is now that Signor Botts becomes active. He will crank up his tractor, drive it off the barge, and bring it up here to the middle of the Campo. He will hook onto the end of the cable. He will cause his machine to exert all the power that is in it, and he will give that tower a terrific pull. Then we will rush the tractor back onto the barge, and under cover of the night we will glide stealthily back to the station."

"Wait a minute," I said. "All this may sound O. K. to you, but it listens pretty queer to me. Where did you get the idea that we could do anything like this?"

"I got the idea," said Luigi, proudly, "from the tractor advertisement sent out by your company."

"Oh, yeah?" I said.

"There was a picture showing one of your tractors pulling down a tremendous factory chimney. For some reason or other they wished to demolish the chimney; so they attached a long cable to it and pulled it down with a tractor."

"That part of it is all right," I said. "I remember the advertisement and I remember the picture."

"If your tractor could handle a big chimney like that, it could certainly handle a medium-sized tower like this."

"But this is a different proposition," I said. "As I understand it, you want to pull this tower up straight, so that it won't threaten your garden any more. It is possible, of course, that we might be able to do this; although it would be a very risky business. But even if we could, it wouldn't help us any, because as soon as we slacked off on the cable, the tower would settle back to where it was before. It might even go back farther."

"Who said anything about slacking off?" said Luigi. "My idea is to pull it up straight and then keep right on going and drag it over until it falls down into Antonio's garden."

"You are crazy," I said. "You ought to know you can't get by with anything like that."

"Why not? The place will be deserted. There will be nobody to stop us."

"But what will they do to us afterwards?"

"Nothing," said Luigi. "We will get away so quick that they won't know how it happened. They'll think it fell down naturally."

"But suppose somebody was in the tower?"

"The tower is usually empty at night. If Antonio happened to be in there, it would just be his hard luck. And it would serve him right for being so nasty to me."

"Well, honestly, Luigi," I said, "this scheme of yours is the most remarkable I have ever run across."

"Then you approve?" he said. "I am so glad. Tomorrow night we will go ahead and put my plan into operation. It is all settled."

"Settled nothing!" I said. "I most certainly will not have anything to do with this business at all."

"But I thought you said you liked my scheme?"

"I said it was remarkable. And it is; it is so remarkable that it is entirely out of my class."

Luigi seemed very much hurt. "Then you do not want to help me?" he asked, in an incredulous voice.

"I should like nothing better than to help you," I replied, "but not in any such way as you have described."

"What other way is there?"

"I don't know."

"But I must do something," he said. "I am in a desperate predicament. My business is being completely ruined."

"I am very sorry indeed for your troubles. I admit that you are perfectly justified when you say you are in a desperate predicament. But I am not; and I don't intend to get into one. I will be perfectly frank with you. Mrs. Botts and I are both peaceful, inoffensive, law-abiding people. At the moment we happen to be out of jail, and we prefer to remain so. . . . Do you not agree with me, Gadget?"

"Absolutely," said Gadget. "I don't want to be in jail anywhere. And especially not in Venice. I have a feeling that the dungeons in this burg would have a tendency to be a bit damp."

"Then you will not help me with my plan?" asked Luigi.

"No," I said. "No, no, no. And again, no."

"You will not even consider it?"

"No," I said.

Luigi looked at Gadget.

"No," said Gadget.

"Listen," said Luigi. "Perhaps I have been too hasty in asking you for your answer. Suppose you think it over tonight. And tomorrow you can give me your answer."

"It will still be just the same," I said.

"Never mind about that now," he said. "All I ask is that you spend the night with me as my guests, that you think this matter over, and that you discuss it with me once more in the morning."

"It wouldn't make any difference how long I thought it over," I said. "My answer would still be no."

"But at least you will spend the night at my house? It will cost you nothing."

"Thanks," I said. "We had really expected to stay at a hotel. We don't want to sponge on you—especially as we don't seem to be doing anything to help you out of your troubles."

"You will not impose on me at all," said Luigi. "And you will be putting yourself under no obligation. It was I who invited you to Venice. If you refuse to be my guests I will be deeply insulted."

"In that case," I said, "we will stay. And we thank you very much. But we absolutely refuse to have anything to do with any outlaw wrecking parties. So don't get your hopes up too high."

Luigi led us back to his restaurant, where he introduced us to his wife. She was a pleasant, motherly looking soul, who spoke no English at all.

We had a splendid meal in the deserted dining room. Certainly Luigi was no liar when he told us he served good food in his joint.

After dinner he showed us up to our room, where I have been spending the evening writing this report. I am really getting very much interested in Luigi and his troubles. He is a very nice old bozo, in spite of his wild ideas, and I find that I am getting to like him a lot. But I can't see for the life of me how we can help him much. The only scheme that I can think of at the moment is the possibility of propping up the tower with a lot of timbers. If we did this the timbers would all be on Luigi's property, so Antonio could not interfere with them in any way. But I feel this idea doesn't amount to much. In the first place, it would not help us to sell a tractor. And in the second place, it would fill up Luigi's garden with lumber to such an extent that there wouldn't be much room left for the cash customers.

Do not think, however, that I have completely given up hope. Gadget and I will sleep on this problem tonight, and tomorrow we may get an inspiration. If we hit on any good ideas, or if anything new comes up, I will let you know.

Very sincerely,
ALEXANDER BOTTS.

ALEXANDER BOTTS
EUROPEAN REPRESENTATIVE
FOR THE EARTHWORM TRACTOR
VENICE, ITALY,
Wednesday, April 4, 1928.

MR. GILBERT HENDERSON,
EARTHWORM TRACTOR COMPANY,
EARTHWORM CITY, ILLINOIS.

DEAR HENDERSON: I promised to write you as soon as anything came up, but the first thing I have to report is that something has come down. At exactly 7:32 this morning, just as we were finishing breakfast in the Bontade dining room, we were subjected to a mild earthquake, accompanied by a tremendous crash outside. We rushed to the windows, and the first thing we saw was a cloud of dust in the garden.

As this dust cleared away it revealed a large and confused heap of building stone. The good old leaning tower had leaned a little too far and finally let go. And great was the fall thereof.

(Continued on Page 74)

PACKARD

LUXURIOUS TRANSPORTATION

The Packard Standard Eight Sedan, while smaller than the more costly Packard Custom and De Luxe models, is still a large and roomy car—and abundantly powerful.

It embodies every Packard engineering improvement—the refined straight-eight motor with four-speed transmission, the perfected shatter-proof glass, the advanced braking system. It includes all of the incidental comforts and conveniences—the little niceties which add the extra touch of luxury to all Packard cars.

The Grandees who ruled the West Indies in the 17th century sailed for their Caribbean empires in the ornate and luxurious galleons of old Spain

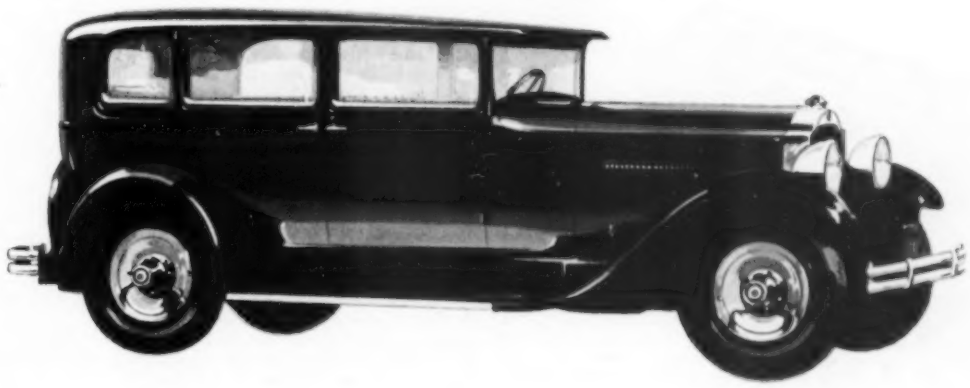
* * *

In characteristic beauty, brilliant performance and restful comfort the Standard Eight Sedan is a most worthy member of a distinguished family of fine cars.

And it costs no more to own a distinguished Packard Standard Eight Sedan, factory-priced at $2485, than any other car of like size—no matter what the first cost. Operating expenses are no greater in the aggregate—and the difference in original price is completely offset by the longer period the Packard owner gladly keeps his car.

If you drive a lower-priced but Packard-sized car and turn it in every two years or so, you are missing the luxury and distinction of Packard transportation—and at no saving in expense. In other words, you are paying for a Packard. Why not own one?

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE



Longer Lasting Shaves

from small-bubble lather

Beard softened completely . . . permitting a much closer, smoother shave.

RIGHT at the base of each hair—where the razor works—that's where the small bubbles of Colgate's take more moisture—unlike big, air-filled bubbles which can't get down. When you lather with Colgate's you can shave much closer than with ordinary lather—hence a Colgate shave lasts longer.

The minute you lather up with Colgate's two things happen: 1—The soap in the lather breaks up the oil film that covers each hair. 2—Billions of tiny, moisture-laden bubbles seep down through your beard . . . crowd around each whisker . . . soak it soft with water.

ORDINARY LATHER
This lather-picture (greatly magnified) of ordinary shaving cream shows how large, air-filled bubbles fail to get down to the base of the beard; and how they hold air, instead of water, against the whiskers.

COLGATE LATHER
This picture of Colgate lather shows how myriads of tiny, moisture-laden bubbles hold water, not air, in direct contact with the base of the beard, thus softening every whisker right where the razor works.

A comparative test is easy—just mail the coupon, now. We will send, also, a sample of After-Shave, a new lotion . . . refreshing, delightful . . . the perfect shave finale.

COLGATE, Dept. M-711, P. O. Box 375
Grand Central Post Office, New York City

Please send me, FREE, the seven-day trial tube of Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream; also a sample bottle of "After-Shave."

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

(Continued from Page 72)

But even greater was the excitement thereafter. Hundreds of people came streaming in from all directions. The few cops that arrived had all they could do to hold back the crowds, and to keep them from pushing one another into the canal. Meanwhile the canal itself became blocked with a great traffic jam of gondolas and boats, whose occupants were craning their necks to see what was going on. Luigi and his wife began rushing hither and thither, uttering strange noises, waving their hands about, and acting exactly like a couple of highly emotional and excitable Italians—which is just what they are. Gadget and I, of course, remained cool and collected. It took me but a moment to size up the situation and to decide upon a plan of action.

I grabbed hold of Luigi and forced him to stop running around in circles and listen to me. "The first thing to be done," I said, "is to clean all this rubbish out of your garden."

"Yes, yes," he said, wildly. "But how? There are tons and tons of that rock. Even with a large force of workmen, it would take weeks, probably months. And in the meantime my business will be ruined. What can we do?"

"Listen," I said. "Answer me just one question. Do you want your garden cleaned up in a hurry?"

"Of course I do."

"Fine," I said. "It shall be done."

Without even waiting to get my hat, I pushed my way through the crowd and got hold of one of these floating Venetian taxicabs. I proceeded to the station, and after a certain amount of delay I got the tractor loaded onto a barge and conveyed to the Café Bontade. By this time the crowd, after finding out that nobody was killed, had dispersed to some extent. And as soon as I had unloaded the tractor I drove it into Luigi's garden. Fortunately, I had with me a logging chain which I had inadvertently carried away in the tractor from Schloss Ramsburg, after our attempt to make a sale to Count Hasendorf. I asked Luigi for someone to help me, and he gave me the porter of his establishment—a strong, intelligent young man by the name of Marco. I was pleased to find that Marco could speak English. I had him put the chain around a large block of marble near the edge of the heap; I hooked on with the tractor and skidded it out of the garden onto the paved promenade that runs along the canal.

"Luigi," I yelled, "where shall I take this stuff?"

"I don't know," he said.

"It belongs to your friend Antonio. How would it be if I took it over and delivered it to him in his garden?"

Luigi smiled. Then he laughed. "A splendid idea," he said. "We will turn the tables on this loathsome snake of an Antonio. If he can dump his marble into my garden, we can take it back and dump it into his garden."

"Right you are," I said. I threw in the clutch, stepped on the gas, and dragged the big hunk of stone down the promenade, in through the open gate of Antonio's garden, and back to the rear wall. After a wide sweep across a couple of flower beds, I cast off the chain and speeded back to Luigi's garden before Antonio had time to realize what was going on. I then made three more rapid and successful trips, snaking large marble blocks after me. But on the fifth trip I found Antonio's gate barred by Antonio himself, and a couple of cops.

This was the first time I had met Signor Antonio. He was a large man with a face that may well be described as swarthy, ugly and repulsive. I did not like his looks. The two cops appeared to be good guys, but there was an air of determination about them that was not reassuring. I stopped. Luigi and young Marco came up and there was a long argument. Finally Luigi told me that it was no use. Antonio had appealed to the police to protect his garden. The police had decided it was a reasonable request, and they ordered us to keep out.

"All right," I said. "If he won't accept delivery on his stuff, we will get rid of it somewhere else."

I drove back, hooked onto another hunk of stone, and snaked it to the parapet, where Marco, with a bar which he had found somewhere, eased it over into the canal. It disappeared with a tremendous splash. I repeated the process several times. But before long a couple of other cops arrived. Luigi came running up and there was another long argument. At length Luigi turned to me.

"They won't let us do this either. It's against the law to fill up the canal this way."

"All right," I said. "Then I suppose we will have to hire some of these freight gondolas or barges, or whatever you call them, and haul the stuff away somewhere."

"That is a good idea," said Luigi. "I will get a barge right away, and we will take the stuff out into the lagoon and dump it."

He rushed off; and while he was gone I hauled a load of stone out to the edge of the canal. Before long he came riding back in a battered old boat which he had hired. At once we started putting the stone aboard.

"They certainly can't stop us from doing this," said Luigi. "You just keep on with the work. I am going to have a short conference with my lawyer. I am going to have him draw up a claim for damages that will just about ruin that louse of an Antonio. I have prevailed upon my wife to go to bed. We will claim that she has suffered a nervous breakdown from this occurrence. We will ask fifty thousand lire in damages for that. Then there will be another fifty thousand for damages to my business and to my property. Good-by. I will see you later."

Luigi got into a gondola and disappeared around the bend of the canal. Immediately thereafter Antonio came out and tried to make us stop our work. But as we paid no attention to him, and as he could not seem to get the cops interested in helping him, he finally went away.

We finished loading the barge, and it sailed away. Then we started skidding another load of stone out to the edge of the canal.

While we were engaged in this work I was surprised to see Gadget arriving over the water of the canal in a gondola. It suddenly occurred to me that she had been gone all morning. I had been so busy that I had hardly noticed her absence. When she disembarked I noticed that she was accompanied by a very nice-looking middle-aged Italian gentleman. This gentleman she introduced as Signor Sagredo. He had heard of the fall of the tower, Gadget explained, and was very anxious to inspect the ruins.

"The ruins," I said, "are easy to inspect. We shall be glad to have you walk around and look at them as much as you want. And in the meantime you will excuse me if I go back to work."

Marco and I returned to our task. By this time my young helper had become very much interested in the tractor. He told me he had been a mechanic in the army; he understood machinery, and wanted to learn to drive the tractor. This seemed to me like a very good idea. I let him get into the driver's seat, and after a little instruction and practice he was able to drive almost as well as I could myself.

In the meantime Gadget and her boy friend were walking about examining the remains of the tower, and carrying on a very earnest discussion in Italian. At length he said good-by and departed in a gondola. Soon after, Luigi returned from his visit to his lawyer. By this time I had accumulated enough stone along the side of the canal for another boatload.

"You have done very well," said Luigi. "It is now after twelve o'clock; it is time we had something to eat."

"Very good," I said.

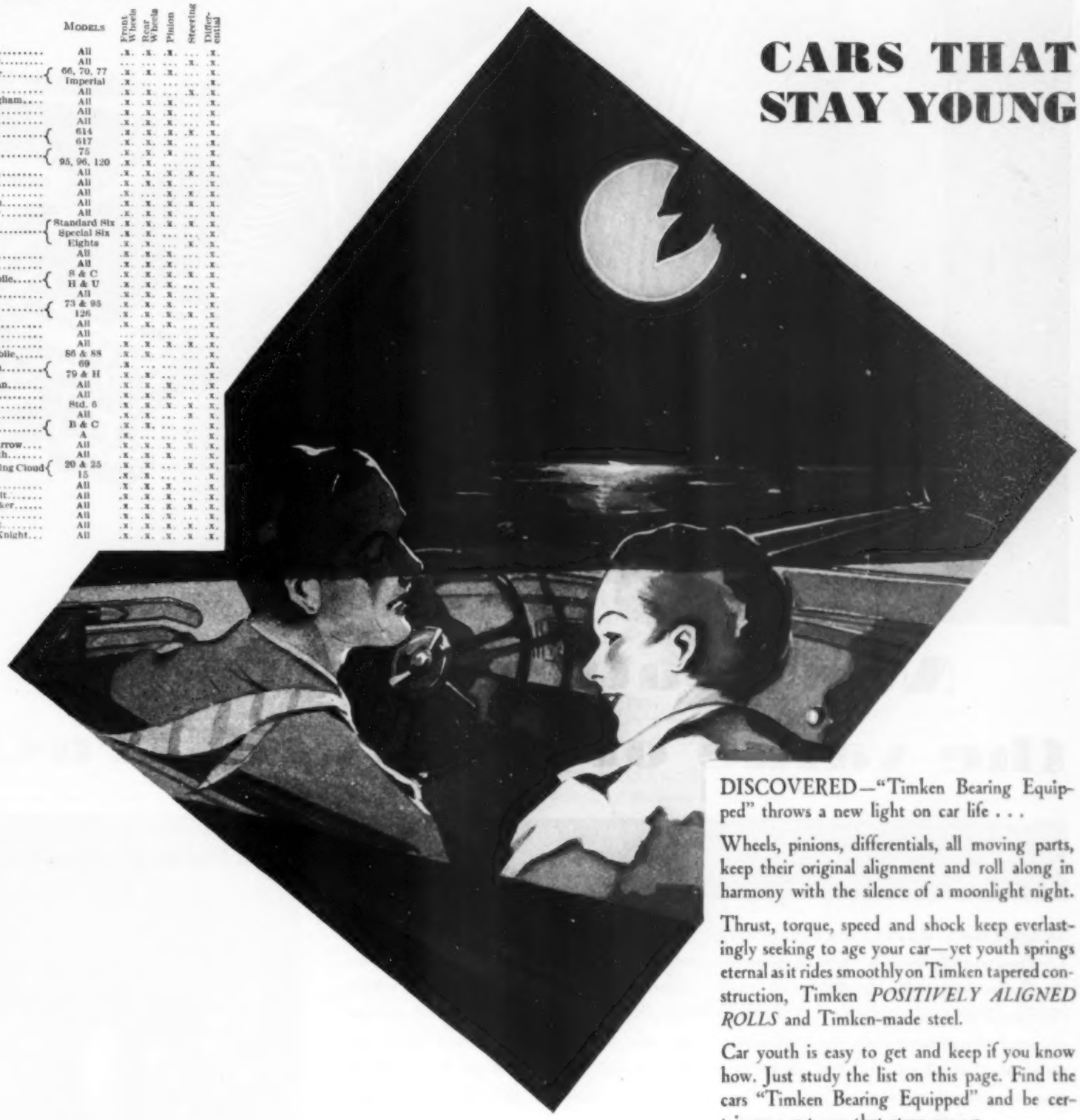
Marco ran the tractor into the garden and shut off the motor. We all went into the

(Continued on Page 77)

TIMKEN BEARING EQUIPPED

CROSSES INDICATE "TIMKEN BEARING EQUIPPED" POINTS

MAKE	MODELS	Front Wheels	Rear Wheels	Pinion	Steering	Differential
Auburn	All	X	X	X		X
Cadillac	All				X	X
Chrysler	66, 70, 77	X	X	X		X
	Imperial	X				X
Cord	All	X	X		X	X
Cunningham	All	X	X	X		X
DeSoto	All	X	X	X		X
Dodge	All	X	X	X		X
Durant	614	X	X	X	X	X
	617	X	X	X		X
Elcar	75	X	X	X		X
	95, 96, 120	X	X			X
Erskine	All	X	X	X	X	X
Essex	All	X	X	X		X
Ford	All	X		X	X	X
Franklin	All	X	X	X	X	X
Gardner	All	X	X	X		X
Graham	Standard Six	X	X	X	X	X
	Special Six	X	X			X
	Eights	X	X		X	X
Henney	All	X	X	X		X
Hudson	All	X	X	X		X
Hupmobile	S & C	X	X	X	X	X
	H & U	X	X	X		X
Jordan	All	X	X	X		X
Kissel	73 & 95	X	X	X		X
	126	X	X	X	X	X
Kleiber	All	X	X	X		X
LaSalle	All					X
Lincoln	All	X	X	X	X	X
Locomobile	88 & 88	X	X			X
Marmon	69	X				X
	79 & H	X	X			X
McFarlan	All	X	X	X		X
Moon	All	X	X	X		X
Nash	Std. 6	X	X	X	X	X
———	All	X	X		X	X
Peerless	B & C	X	X			X
	A	X				X
Pierce-Arrow	All	X	X	X	X	X
Plymouth	All	X	X	X		X
Reo Flying Cloud	20 & 25	X	X		X	X
	15	X	X			X
Roamer	All	X	X	X		X
Roosevelt	All	X	X	X		X
Studebaker	All	X	X	X	X	X
Stutz	All	X	X	X		X
Whippet	All	X	X	X	X	X
Willys-Knight	All	X	X	X	X	X



CARS THAT STAY YOUNG

DISCOVERED—"Timken Bearing Equipped" throws a new light on car life . . .

Wheels, pinions, differentials, all moving parts, keep their original alignment and roll along in harmony with the silence of a moonlight night.

Thrust, torque, speed and shock keep everlastingly seeking to age your car—yet youth springs eternal as it rides smoothly on Timken tapered construction, Timken *POSITIVELY ALIGNED ROLLS* and Timken-made steel.

Car youth is easy to get and keep if you know how. Just study the list on this page. Find the cars "Timken Bearing Equipped" and be certain you get one that stays young.

THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING CO.
CANTON OHIO

TIMKEN
Tapered
ROLLER BEARINGS

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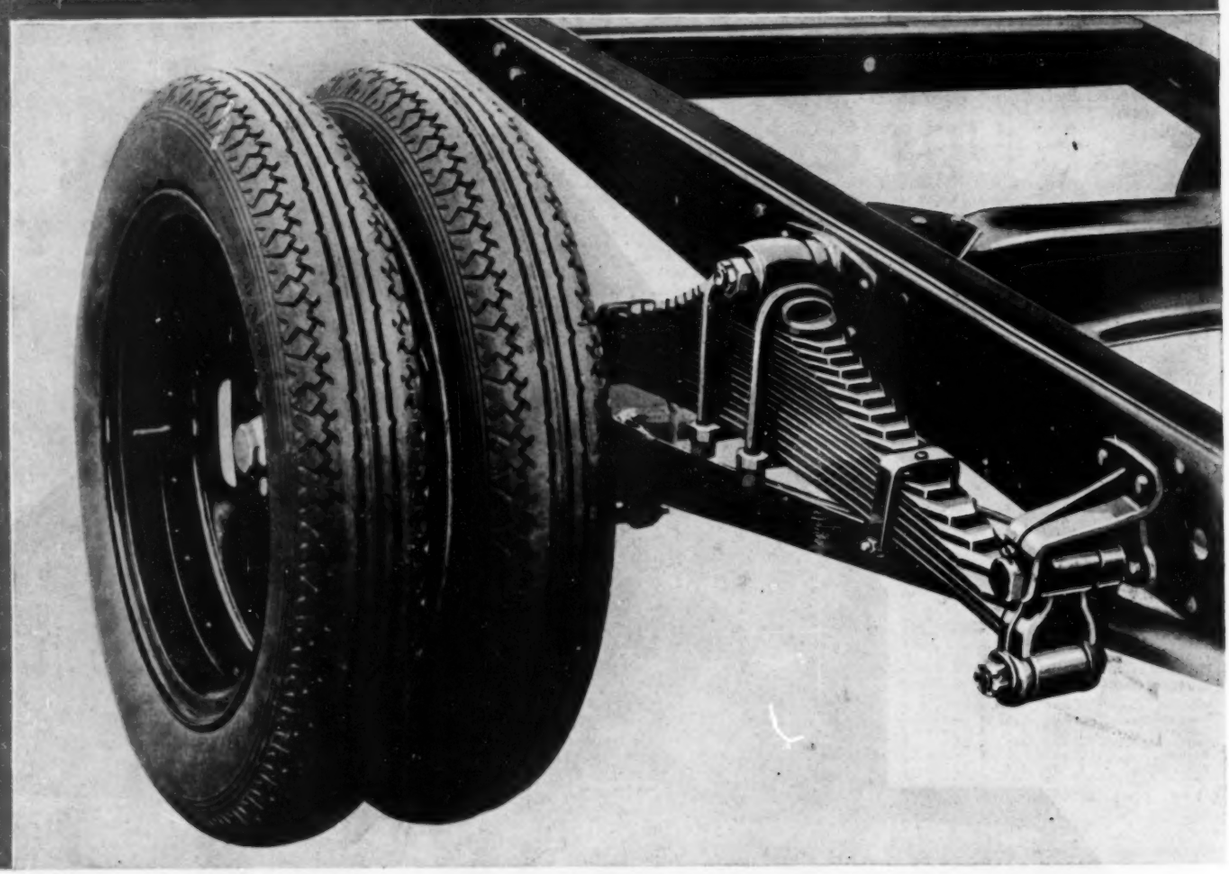
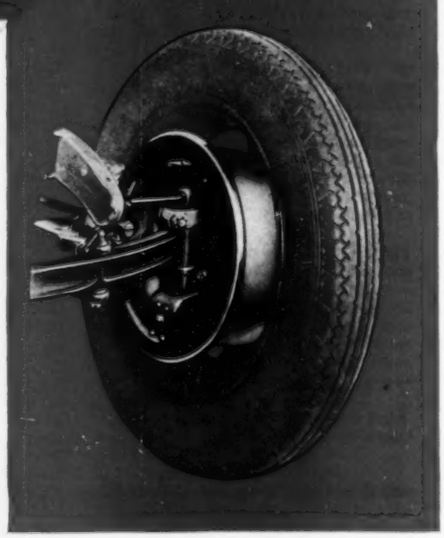
DUAL REAR WHEELS and balloon tires



New features increase the value of the Ford Truck

LARGER BRAKES, all fully enclosed



AN ESPECIALLY valuable feature of the Ford 1 1-2 ton truck is the new wheel equipment. Dual rear wheels are available at small additional cost. Balloon tires of one size are used throughout with the dual equipment, so that all six steel disc wheels and tires are interchangeable all around. Only one spare need be carried.

Brakes on the front wheels have been enlarged to the same size as those on the rear, providing increased braking area and a high degree of safety. Brakes are of the mechanical type, internal expanding, and all are fully enclosed. Controls have been redesigned, and operate with minimum effort.

Other new features, adding to strength, reliability and performance, are the new three-quarter floating rear axle, which has a spiral bevel gear of special design; the new front axle and spring which are heavier and stronger, as are front radius-rod, wheel-bearings and thrust bearings; the 4-speed transmission which provides a wide, flexible range of speed and power; and the large-sized opening provided in the transmission for power take-off mounting, for use with hoists and other equipment.

These and other features combine to make the Ford truck a value far above the price.

Ford

(Continued from Page 74)

house. And as we sat down to one of Luigi's most excellent repasts, I decided that the time was ripe to talk a little business.

"From what we have done so far," I said, "I calculate that it will take ten days to clean all of the débris out of your garden. To keep up to schedule, however, we will have to have at least two boats to haul the stuff away."

"I will rent another boat this afternoon," said Luigi. "And I might as well tell you that I am very much impressed with your tractor. I have been watching it work, and I am perfectly amazed at the speed with which it moves those big stones. It looks to me as if you could finish the job in less than ten days, whereas, if I tried to do it by hand, it would take several months."

"You have decided then," I said, "that you want the tractor on this job?"

"Absolutely."

"Fine!" I said. "I will make out the bill of sale and you can buy it at once."

"Buy it?"

"Certainly. Why not?"

"But I don't need to buy it. All I want to do is rent it for a couple of weeks."

"I am sorry," I said, "but my company sent me over here to sell tractors. I am allowed to give short demonstrations free of charge, but I am not permitted to do any renting. If you do not care to buy the machine I am afraid I shall have to take it away."

"This is terrible," said Luigi. "I can't let you take it away. But I hate to buy the thing outright when I will need it for only a little while. Surely we can reach some compromise."

At this moment we were interrupted. There was a knock at the door. Luigi opened it and admitted an important-looking gentleman, who handed him a paper, then bowed and departed. After Luigi had read the paper he scowled darkly and burst forth into a string of excited and indignant remarks in Italian. For several minutes he was too agitated to tell us what it was all about, but finally he calmed down and explained that the paper was some sort of court injunction which restrained him from moving away or disposing of any of the marble in his garden. The injunction had been obtained by Antonio Grimelli, who claimed that the marble was his property and was being illegally taken away by Luigi Bontade.

"This is an outrage," said Luigi. "It is a miscarriage of justice. It is unbelievable villainy. And how does Antonio get such quick action out of the courts? There must be something crooked about it."

"Maybe so," I said. "But it looks as if we were pretty well stuck. If we go ahead and move any more stones I am afraid that we will land in jail for contempt of court."

"But what can I do?" said Luigi. "That slimy toad will keep this matter in the courts all summer. He will keep all that refuse in my garden all summer. My business will be completely ruined."

"It looks pretty bad," I admitted.

"But I will have my revenge," snarled Luigi. "In the end I will get even with him. I am having my lawyer bring suit for one hundred thousand lire. He says I have a very good case. It will take time to try the matter, but in the end I am sure to win. And Antonio is not rich. When he pays me that money he will be ruined. My lawyer has already taken steps to tie up his property so that he cannot dispose of it. My revenge will come late, but it will be very sweet."

Luigi glared around the room and gritted his teeth ferociously.

"My goodness, Luigi," said Gadget, "you can certainly act bloodthirsty when you want to."

"All this trouble," said Luigi, "is the fault of Antonio. And I have a perfect right to be bloodthirsty—you will have to admit that."

"Do you really want to know what I think about this affair?" asked Gadget.

"Certainly," said Luigi.

"All right," said Gadget. "I will tell you. I think you are all acting like a bunch of idiots. The whole business makes me sick."

"What do you mean?"

"The way things stand at present," said Gadget, "everybody is going to lose except the lawyers. If you can't move that stone you, naturally, won't buy a tractor, and Mr. Botts and I will lose the sale. You won't be able to use the garden all summer, and you will lose practically all your business. And later, after you win your lawsuit, you will make a pauper out of Antonio."

"That is all true," said Luigi, "but what can we do about it?"

"I would suggest that you settle it out of court."

"That is impossible," said Luigi. "Antonio will not listen to reason."

"How much did you say you were suing for?"

"One hundred thousand lire."

"Would you be willing to take less if you could get it right away in cold cash?"

"Yes, I would."

"Would you be willing to take half as much—fifty thousand lire?"

Luigi considered. "Yes," he said at length, "I would take fifty thousand lire if I could get it right away and if Antonio would let me clean out the garden."

"Fine," said Gadget. "I am going over to see Antonio and try to make him listen to reason."

"It is impossible," said Luigi.

"I can try, anyway," said Gadget. "Good-by."

She walked out the door, and we saw her cross the garden and enter the Café Grimelli.

This was a little before one o'clock. We did not see her again until a little after five o'clock, when she came gliding up to the front of the house in a gondola. This time she was accompanied by another Italian gentleman; he turned out to be Luigi's lawyer.

"I have been all over town," she said. "I have seen Antonio and Antonio's lawyer. I have conferred with my own lawyer and with Signor Sagredo. I have done a lot of business and had a lot of papers drawn up. And I have brought along your lawyer, Luigi, so that he can advise you."

We all followed Gadget into the dining room and stood around expectantly while she laid an imposing-looking legal document on the table.

"Here are the papers," said Gadget.

"What papers?" asked Luigi.

"This is an agreement," she explained, "between you, Luigi Bontade, and Antonio Grimelli. I have arranged everything. You get fifty thousand lire. Antonio agrees to permit you to clean the débris out of your garden at once. In return, you agree to waive all further claims for damages and to deliver the marble to Signor Sagredo, who has purchased it and who will send boats here to take it away. The agreement is easy to understand, and very much to your advantage. I would suggest that you and your lawyer go upstairs and talk it all over with your wife. Your lawyer tells me he will advise you to sign. When you are ready to do so, come back here."

Luigi picked up the papers and went upstairs with his lawyer.

"Holy Moses, Gadget!" I said. "How on earth did you manage to do all this?"

"It was rather simple," said Gadget. "When I saw Antonio I told him that I had come to help him out of his difficulties. I informed him that Luigi was bringing a damage suit against him for one hundred thousand lire, that Luigi had a very good case, and that he would undoubtedly win if it came to trial, but that I thought I could settle the matter out of court. I said that Luigi's chief desire was to get his garden cleaned out so he could continue his restaurant business. I told Antonio that if he would agree to lift the injunction which prevented Luigi from cleaning his garden, and if he would convey to me all his property

(Continued on Page 79)

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UNIT OF UNION CARBIDE AND CARBON CORPORATION

(Continued from Page 77)

rights in the ruins of the tower, I would agree to get from Luigi a release on all claims for damages.

"Antonio was very much surprised at getting such favorable terms. But he is a suspicious old bird, and refused to sign anything without the advice of his lawyer. Accordingly I agreed to meet him at his lawyer's office an hour later. In the meantime I visited the American Consulate and got the name of a reliable lawyer for myself. I called on him and had him draw up a legal contract to cover the verbal agreement which I had made with Antonio. Then the lawyer and I met Antonio at his lawyer's office, and Antonio signed up."

"Wait a minute," I said. "Did this agreement provide for Antonio to pay anything to Luigi?"

"No. He just conveyed to me whatever rights he might have in the wreckage."

"But I thought you told Luigi he was going to get fifty thousand lire?"

"I am coming to that part now. After I had signed the agreement with Antonio I took my lawyer and went over to see Signor Sagredo."

"Is he the man who was looking at the ruins this morning?"

"Yes," said Gadget. "He is an architect and builder—one of the best in all of Northern Italy. I had already consulted him this morning to get some information about the marble used in the tower."

"Why did you want any information about that?"

"It was like this," said Gadget: "After you went to the station to get the tractor, I got to looking at the ruins, and it seemed to me that there was a lot of very fine stone there. There were many pieces that were still unbroken. Some of them were carved and ornamented in a very beautiful way. I thought they might be worth a lot of money, and I wanted to find out."

"What good would that do you?"

"I wasn't quite sure. I thought that if the stones were valuable, Luigi might want to have them attached to insure payment of his claim for damages. I inquired at the American Consulate and they referred me to Signor Sagredo. He came over here and told me that the stone was all marble of the very finest quality. Apparently it had been brought all the way from the famous quarries of Carrara, which are clear over on the other side of Italy. He further stated that he would be glad to buy the stuff for his own use, and would pay eighty thousand lire for it. I told him I would take the matter up with the owners, and let him know about it later."

"So that is why you got Antonio to convey all that marble to you?"

"Exactly," said Gadget. "Antonio seems to be an incredibly dumb egg, and his lawyer is almost as bad. Neither of them had any idea how much the stuff was worth. After I left them I took my lawyer right over to Signor Sagredo's office, where we drew up and signed a contract by which I sold him my newly acquired rights in the stone for eighty thousand lire. I insisted on cash payment, and he gave it to me at once. I think he is getting this stuff pretty cheap, and for that reason was anxious to close the deal in a hurry. I had him give the money to me in two bank drafts, one for fifty thousand lire and one for thirty thousand lire. As soon as Luigi signs up I will hand him the one for fifty thousand."

"And what about the other thirty thousand?" I asked.

"I have that all figured out too," said Gadget. "Twenty-five thousand of it is the price of the tractor. The other five thousand will cover my lawyer's fee and leave a little extra to pay me for my services as diplomat and peacemaker. While I am over here there is a certain amount of shopping I want to do, so I will need a bit of pocket money."

"But I don't quite understand about the tractor."

"That is a little surprise for Luigi," said Gadget, "and here he comes now."

Luigi and Mrs. Luigi and the lawyer reentered the dining room.

"My lawyer and I," said Luigi, "are both amazed that you have been able to get all this money out of Antonio. We don't understand how you did it. But we will accept it with the greatest joy. Here is the agreement which I have just signed."

"Fine," said Gadget. "Here is a draft on the Banco di Napoli for fifty thousand lire. And I have some additional good news for you. Antonio—although he doesn't realize it himself—has been kind enough to buy for you the Earthworm tractor which we have been demonstrating. Marco, who is a splendid mechanic, will be able to run it for you so that you can clean out your garden in very short order. If you have no further use for the machine after you have finished this job, you can sell it, or keep it in the garden as a trellis for your rose vines, or use it any way you choose."

For a moment Luigi gazed at Gadget incredulously. Then, in his atrocious English, he made a few remarks which I will try to reproduce exactly. "Ah, *signora*," he said, "for longa time I have been told how in America da wife she bossa da husband. I have wonder why. Now I know. It is because American wife she have alla da brain in da family."

As I don't seem to think of any good answer to this crack, I will close.

Very sincerely,

ALEXANDER BOTTS.

POST SCRIPTS

(Continued from Page 30)

would lose that whole theater party. So I guess you fellows can see for yourselves just how important it is that everybody coming in here gets the right kind of service.

"Just one minute more. There's one other thing I want to impress on you fellows, and that's that we're gonna have one hell of a crowd out there tonight on account of Miss La Rue being here in person an' all, and it's up to you fellows out there to fill those tapes. Remember! Every person we can't get in the tapes has gotta stand in the lobby, and we can't sell one ticket after that lobby is filled; so every person you get in the tapes means one more ticket sold. Now, in a very courteous way, you've gotta pack those tapes! Up in the balcony you don't have to be so careful, as long as you don't get in any fights, but you fellows downstairs want to let everybody know that you're giving them Empire service every minute—but above all, jam them in those tapes!

"Now, have you got that, fellows? Okay. Forward, march!"

—WILL WENNING.

Reward of Merit

IF I'D consent to be your knight,
Forever at your beck and call,
My task to flatter, to put right,
And pick up trifles you let fall;
If I should give you leave to take
My time, my strength, my work, my skill,
And let you, like a tyrant, make
My talents servants of your will;
If I should play this vassal's part
To all your whims, your every mood,
Would you reward me with your heart?
Alas! you'd give but gratitude,
While some bold youth who called your bluff,
Would win your heart by being rough!

—Dalnar Devening.

The Wise Generation

SAID James Adolphus to me, "Dad,
You must concede this truth:
We of this generation are
Possessed of wisdom which by far
Exceeds that of your youth.

"Perhaps you're somewhat skeptical?
But just consider, dad:
Gas engines and the telephone,
The submarine, the graphophone—
These things we've always had.

"We have grown up with motor cars;
Electric things are pie;
The youngest of the present breed
Would drive an airplane at top speed
And never bat an eye.

"Air science, and the tensile strength
Of slender struts and braces,
The movies and the radio,
All marvels that amazed you so,
To us are commonplaces.

"They are no longer miracles,
We know them all so well;
For us the glamour is all gone,
And things that thrilled you make us yawn
And murmur, 'What the hell.'

"I'm sorry, dad, but you must see
The genius in us;
All modern thinkers quite agree
That you were pretty good, but we
Are simply marvelous."

Said I to James Adolphus, "Yes,
You're wonderful, my lad,
Yet who evolved each great invention,
Each mighty marvel that you mention?
You, or your dumb old dad?

"Here are some precious thoughts for you,
My son—and do not lose them:
It took real brains to make those things—
Most anyone can use them."

—Lowell O. Reese.

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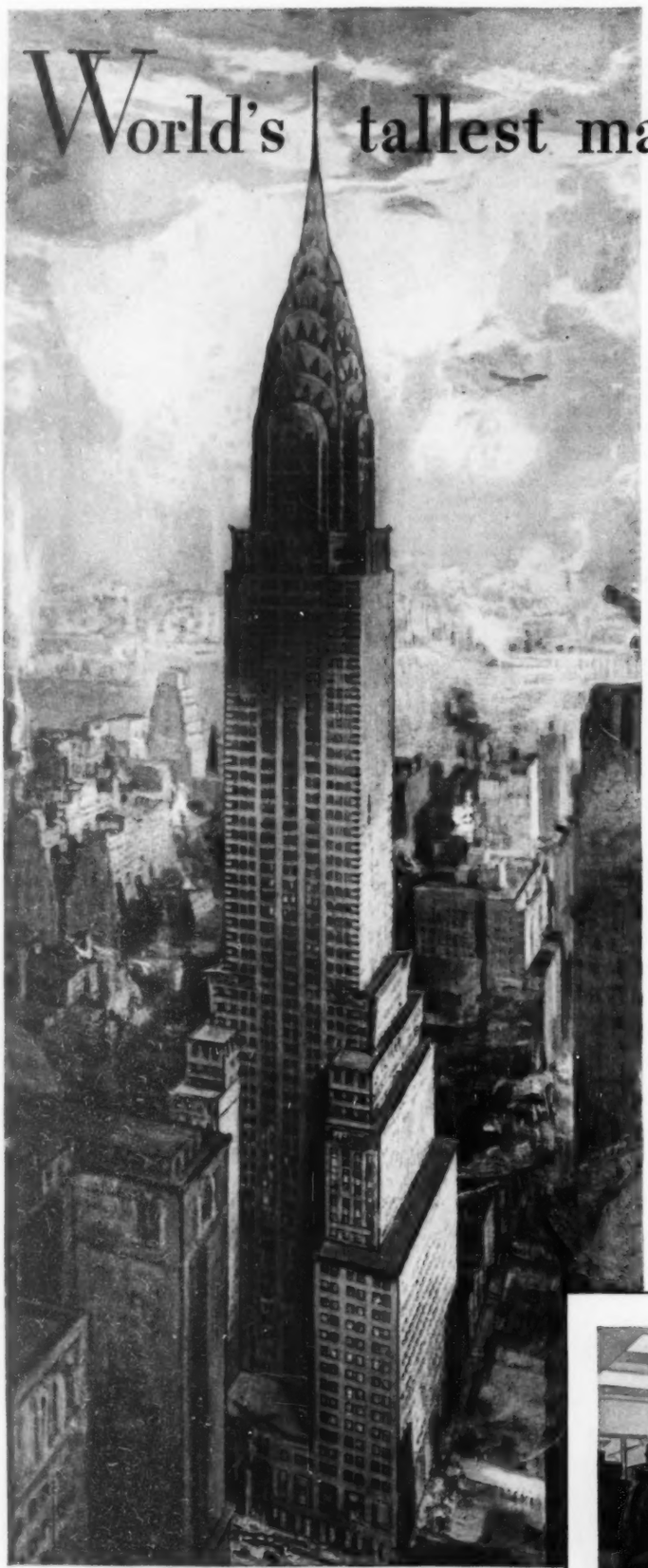

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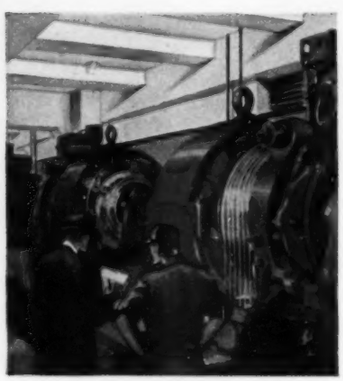

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THE FOUR BEST YEARS

(Continued from Page 13)

undeveloped impression that if he hadn't been almost droll he might have been almost grim. There was something slightly defensive about that easy humor, as if he had decided that it was one way of looking at things, and the way he had deliberately chosen.

In the few minutes before they settled down at the bridge table to fix the stakes, they sparred a little.

"Do I remember you?" he asked Susan.

"I leave it to your discretion," she said. "I remember Fletchers in general, but not you."

"I should be taught in every good school," he said; "every child should learn about me."

"Susan's been taught very well about everything. She's just home from college," said Althea.

"Your good years are just about over then, aren't they?" Philip asked Susan with comedy sympathy.

"The four best ones," she said casually.

"Why, my dear, you haven't begun to live!" exclaimed Althea, thinking so obviously of marriage and men that, when Philip said, "We know what you mean, Althea," there was a general laugh.

"But you can't tempt her with that," he added, of Susan. "So the four best years are over, are they?"

Susan was conscious of mockery.

"It's a quotation," she said. "H. G. Wells wrote it in one of his better moments. I've forgotten where. He puts it as the infinite superiority of those four years at college to anything a woman finds afterward."

"Such bunk," said Conrad, and Althea looked at him and asked what Wells knew about women anyway. But Philip Fletcher gave Susan one quick glance, as if he didn't like her at all, and she was suddenly sure that he was a grim young man.

"You don't believe that," she said challengingly.

"Oh, yes, I do," he told her.

There was an edge in his voice, beyond question.

"You don't, either of you," protested Althea. "You'd better come and play bridge. You're just talking."

"Talking by the Palmer method," he said. "Well, how do we line up? You and Con against all the rest of us? Or shall I just be rover?"

It was ridiculous to have so good a time and remember nothing that was said afterward; to play cards for hours and come out forty cents ahead; or to allow herself to be interested to the point of annoyance by a young man who would talk about his son's broken tooth, or a new method of bidding a slam, or his business difficulties—all as if they were part of the world's great comedy act.

"What do you do to earn your way?" Susan asked him in one of the pauses between rubbers.

"I'm a grocery boy," he said; "and such a willing one."

"Does he work," she asked Con, "or is he an end man?"

"He sells groceries," said Conrad, "but not by the pound."

"By the carload, preferably," remarked Philip, with a sweeping gesture. "Any time you want a carload of canned peas, Susan"—for once when they were being set five tricks they had found it easier to handle the bitter discussion with first names—"I'll run right up with it."

"I like my peas fresh," said Susan.

"You're wrong. There's not a vitamin lost in the canned ones. If you cook them in the family kettle you're losing mental and moral vigor every minute." He turned to Althea. "If these well-educated women knew a little more, grocery boys would be richer."

Susan didn't pursue the discussion, because she thought he was probably right about the peas. He sounded very sure—as if he could sell uncounted carloads of canned groceries with conviction. He even seemed to enjoy selling them, for he went on telling Althea things she couldn't possibly be interested in, but managing, none the less, to make them amusing.

Susan went home about midnight, when Con was beginning to show that he wanted to go to bed. She herself didn't want to. She was particularly restless, ridden harder than usual. She wrote a long letter to Barbara and one to Jean. Jean was doing research work in London and Barbara's picture had been syndicated last week after the Beaux Arts ball in New York. Susan had come upon it in a Sunday supplement of one of the newspapers around the house. She had written Cordelia a note a few days ago. She never wrote as lengthily to Cordelia as to the others. Cordelia was trying to get on the stage and already had small parts. Susan knew that Cordelia's talent was limited, but it must be a fascinating thing to do. As for Mary—who was the other one of the five who used to be inseparable—Mary hadn't answered Susan's last letter and there seemed to be nothing new to say until she did. Not that Susan was in the least resentful about that. Mary was going to have a baby. She had married romantically, two weeks after her graduation. Her four best college friends had been her bridesmaids, and they felt that they knew her much better than did the strange young man who was seen about at intervals, looking more and more excited.

There was very little that the five girls did not know about one another. They had left few reserves unturned in personal discussion. They'd known each other almost since their first year, as freshmen, and everybody had come to think of them as a group. It was not their college interests that brought them together. They differed on those as they did on brands of cosmetics. Cordelia went in for acting and Susan for the magazine. Jean had been class president junior year and Barbara could have done anything she liked if she hadn't been so beautifully, so artistically indifferent to everything except her friends and getting a golf course started and running the horse show once. As for Mary, she didn't have to do anything except be herself to make her one of the most popular girls in college, but she did write poems now and then—rather lovely lyrics that they all praised and unsparingly criticized. But it wasn't because they were clever, conspicuous girls that the five of them liked to be together. It was because their minds really got along well. That was what they had decided.

Susan knew that Jean was lonely now. Jean wrote that London was interesting, but that sometimes she felt very much let down, as if she'd been led to expect that there was much more intelligence in the world than she'd been able to find. She was living at an English settlement house, which sounded in description like a dreary place occupied by freaks. But Barbara, who was certainly not living in dreariness, but in luxury, on Park Avenue, was hardly more contented.

"I don't know whether I'll go to Florida or not," she had written. "I'm not at all sure that I want to spend three months on a beach in a bathing suit, watching people hunt publicity. I'm so tired of hearing people talk of clothes and sports. Do you ever wish you were back at college? I do."

They weren't very content, but still, thought Susan, they weren't as stuck as she was. And because she knew they had given her credit for having the best mind of them all, it galled her. Here she was, gravely prepared for the world, for a great adventure that didn't come off. The great adventure couldn't consist in taking inventory of books in the shop, or going to a movie with her mother, or playing bridge with a flip young widower.

She wrote to Jean: "I suppose it was even better than we knew, for we used to call it too cloistered. But college is an idealized kind of life. I'd like to be in your room this minute, Jean, seeing you in that same old blue bathrobe and the slippers we used to bet wouldn't last another week."

It was getting very cold in the house. The furnace fire was banked for the night. Susan shivered, sealed her letter and got up to go to bed. She opened her door to see if all the lights were off. They were and there was a sound of male snoring through some closed door.

Family life it was. There was another sound of someone coming very quietly up the back stairs. It was long after one o'clock and Susan went to investigate. Of course, it was probably one of the servants, but it was very late.

It was Edna, the housemaid. She blinked in the light as Susan turned it on the back hall—blinked and stared.

Susan saw that she had been crying. She had been crying to devastation. She had wept and powdered over the tears and wept again.

"Oh, it's you, Edna," said Susan, pretending not to notice. "Good night."

Edna tried to say good night, but the effort was too much for her, and she burst out crying again—jerky, silent little sobs that were pathetically mindful that her employers must not be disturbed.

"Nothing's as bad as all that," said Susan.

"You don't know."

"I'd like to. Come into my room and talk it over. Nobody can hear anything at that end of the hall."

"Oh, I couldn't tell anyone."

"Sure you can. You'd better."

Susan had often talked with girls at this hour of the night. She had talked of family relations and morality in the modern interpretation and the labor problem. Susan always liked the lucidity of her own mind after midnight. This had a curious, uncanny resemblance to some of those late college conferences. For the talk was of morality and the labor problem and family relations; only in fact instead of theory. That made it much harder. Generalizations wouldn't do. It kept getting back to a very tear-stained and pretty housemaid who didn't know whether she was in love with her brother-in-law or not, and who had apparently seen too many dashing movies. There was a sister who worked because the brother-in-law couldn't find work and who scolded because she was always tired.

"I don't know whether she was the right woman for him or not," said Edna. "He doesn't think she really was. They don't get along any more."

And Susan, who had always been a strong advocate of much more freedom in marriage, suddenly had a picture of that tired sister, with her back against the wall emotionally and financially, her attractiveness frayed by work and pain; and she answered rather sharply, "Well, he picked her, Edna. And she's been working for them both. She's probably just as right for him as any other woman would be."

It was so clear that, if tragedy was to be averted, what he needed was work and what Edna needed was stiffening and someone to talk to. After she had gone to bed Susan lay awake thinking of that drab, dramatic passion. "She said she'd poison me once," Edna had said, speaking of her sister. Well, of course women did poison for just such reasons. Put them in abnormal situations long enough and they became abnormal.

Susan thought that she must find a job for that man. Edna had described him, trying to get into place after place, getting more and more bitter. He'd been a factory hand. He'd found the world unjust, and so he'd begun to be unjust to everyone around him, to grab for whatever he could get—to grab for Edna.

(Continued on Page 83)

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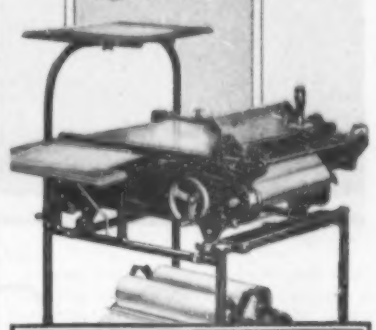

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OLDSMOBILE SIX
VIKING EIGHT

PRODUCTS OF GENERAL MOTORS

(Continued from Page 81)

He must have a job. Susan went over the possibilities and tried to figure out what to do about it. Her father wouldn't have one to give away. Lawyers didn't employ factory hands, and Con wouldn't be able to place Edna's brother-in-law in his broker's office. She considered the other men she knew. It would be difficult to explain to most of them why this was so essential. She found herself wondering whether a wholesale grocery house would have any vacant places.

The next morning was dull in the bookshop. Stupid people kept coming in. She tried to find something which cost less than two dollars for a customer who suddenly decided that the prize winner would prefer a nice chiffon handkerchief. She hunted for a detective story to send a man in the hospital who seemed to have read every detective story in the world. She listened for half an hour to a homily on what children should read, delivered by a woman who was returning a book that her child had soiled, but not cared for. And Edna's problem was on her mind. Just before noon Susan decided not to be self-conscious and called up Philip Fletcher.

"This is an answer to hope—and hope—and hope," he said.

"You can stop being funny," said Susan; "take time out. Have you any jobs to give away?"

"What can you do except bid a two suiter wrong and look very beautiful?"

"Many things. But it's not for me."

"Oh, well, then I've ten applicants for every place, and no places."

"But this is important. It's urgent."

"They all are. It's a hard winter. Quite a lot of people are hungry, and I don't mean the ones who are trying to get thin."

"Still, you might listen."

"I will. But why not lunch with me and listen over an oyster? Or a clam, if it's a secret?"

"It's very soon to see you again," she said.

"It's practically immediate," he agreed; "still, it's business."

"All right. But I must pay for my lunch."

"Only your own?" he asked.

She said, "Where shall I meet you?"

Susan had intended to tell him only a part of it, to leave out the emotional story and put it as an economic problem only. That was the way she started, but when he said, "Lots of people are worse off than that. His wife is earning, you say," it became necessary to tell him more, and gradually the whole story was spread out between them. She didn't tell him any names. She didn't intend to unless he would help.

"So you want me to keep that bird busy," he said.

"If he gets work, he'll soon see straight again. He'll get his self-respect back."

"How do you know?"

"I learned it in college."

"Where all the great truths come from," he said. "Well, I suppose I learned it there, but I found it out afterward. All right. Give your emotional gentleman friend this card." He scribbled something on a card and handed it to her. "And now the grocery business will be even worse."

"Thank you," she said, "ever so much."

"You don't get off with that," he told her; "you have to come to dinner with me some night. And right now you have to tell me how it happens, with you as bored as you are around here, that you aren't wearing a tam in Greenwich Village or living in one of those high, skylighted rooms, or beating it for Paris or New York, or some other nerve center."

"I can't. I've got to stay home. For a while, anyway. I didn't really intend to, but I've been awa_ for seven years at boarding school and college, and my family made rather a point of it. My mother isn't awfully well. She had an operation last year and may have to have another. They want me around. Though I'm certainly not much good to them."

"Maybe they like you."

"I don't know why they should. It's just a sentiment. We're not interested in the same things. We're kind of an ill-assorted lot—my family. We're too old or too young for one another, or too set in our ways."

"That's the way my children are," he said—"much too set in their ways."

"You don't take anything seriously, do you?"

"I have, in my day. Now I just take anything."

It was amazing how, through that baffling lightness, she was convinced that she was talking to a sober, responsible, even sad young man.

"I suppose it's one way," said Susan.

"You find things closing in on you here, don't you?"

"How do you know?"

He hesitated, and then spoke as if he were taking pleasure in hurting himself:

"I know very well. I married a college girl. That's why I agree with you on those four best years. I married her just after she graduated. From then on she had a pretty rotten time. Illness, kids, not much money to go on. Then she died. She used to talk quite a lot about college. And think about it, I suppose—over the dish pan. She certainly never got anything as good again."

"You can't be sure," said Susan gently. She was not being honest, for she herself felt quite sure that he was right about the way his wife must have felt. But it was too painful not to protest. "Perhaps she liked doing the dishes."

"I think she only said she did to make me feel better about it," he answered.

And then, in a moment he had hidden those memories again, and she knew that he was sorry he had shown them to anyone. So she helped on the next bit of foolishness.

She thought of Philip Fletcher's wife more than once. Not only that day but often during the next months. It was so easy to imagine how trapped she must have felt. Of course, she had her children. That was what people would say was her recompense. But she couldn't have wanted them as close together. There was hardly a year between the boys. And they couldn't have made up for everything. Philip's wife must have felt submerged, cut off. Susan saw the children when she went to the Fletcher house for dinner one night. They were handsome boys with delightful smiles. But in a few years they'd be like Buck—awkward and resistant. Old Mrs. Fletcher was failing and had her meals in her room. The children were still in the nursery stage and there must, Susan knew, be many lonely hours for Philip. He never spoke of them. He carried his large, expensive household very lightly, as far as one could see, and his boys adored him.

Living, for Susan, split up into a variety of minor duties. She seemed to keep doing things of no importance which none the less had to be done. Edna needed a good deal of attention. She looked badly during those first weeks and Susan had to feel around for companionship for her. There was a Girls' Dramatic Club in one of the community centers and Susan saw that Edna joined that. She bought her some skates and gave her some clothes. And after a few weeks she could see that Edna's unwholesome little passion was dying on its roots. As for the brother-in-law, Philip said that he was a good worker.

"The men like the fellow," he said. "I guess he's not so bad."

So that was all right. But just as it appeared to be, Susan's mother went to the hospital for a week's observation and stayed for a serious operation; and at the same time Buck came down with a bad attack of bronchitis.

Susan seemed to be needed everywhere. There was something rather pathetic about Buck tumbling about in his bed and not knowing what to do with himself. Susan began to think up books for him to read. There began all at once to be a common basis between them. They both, fortunately, liked history.

Somebody had to talk to Uncle George at the dinner table, for her father was away a great deal on business. So that, too, fell on Susan. She listened to his memories and fed them with questions. All the little responsibilities made other little responsibilities, breeding like rabbits. January became February and slid through March into April, and was May. The winter was somehow spent, her mother and Buck were normal again, a few more books had been sold, but there seemed nothing to show for her time. She told herself very often that she must never spend another year like this.

She had gone to dinner every now and then at Althea's and met what men Althea could muster up—Peter Lettin, Greg McKnight, the rest of the eligible ones. In April she was asked to join the Forty dance club. That was because of the success of her last evening dress and Gregory's attentions, she supposed. Or was it that they counted on Philip Fletcher to be a steady escort for her? Philip was popular.

She had seen him very often. She knew now just how he danced and skated and played bridge and thought. He had immeasurably lightened the winter. But Susan was glad it was over. She was checking off the weeks now until June. For in June she was going East again to college, to that first reunion when the five of them would be back and they would check up on one another. She was making plans which extended farther than that. For she was freer now. Her mother was better than she had been for years. She had grown a little dependent on Susan, but it wasn't really necessary for her daughter to be home.

Susan spoke to her father about it. He looked queer for a minute.

"You mean you may decide to stay away?"

"That's what I'm considering."

"We'll miss you," he said—"your mother and I."

"Still ——"

"And I'm afraid I can't help you out much with money. You see, I was pretty hard hit last fall, and then there were all those doctor bills. And Buck has to go away one of these days."

"I'll live on what I earn, father."

"That may not be much of a life," he told her, "but you must, of course, be your own judge."

Her mother had wept but been singularly unresisting. Perhaps her husband had talked to her.

"It's been so nice to have you, Susan. But we mustn't be selfish."

Only Uncle George seemed to think it was the thing to do. He had called her into the library one night.

"I want to talk to you a minute, Susan," he said, and made a noise singularly like the beginning of a gargle, which was becoming chronic.

She sat down. She enjoyed Uncle George, self-centered old man that he was.

"I hear from your mother that you may not come back here," he said. "Well, of course this isn't any life for a girl like you. I can see that. A person's got to get what he can out of life."

"I want to do something," said Susan.

"Women feel in these days the way men always have," said Uncle George. "However, I know your father's a little strapped this year. And there's no use in your going away from here and not having any money to play about with. Your parents have been awfully good to me and there isn't much they'll let me do for them. But I'm giving you five thousand dollars, Susan, and you go where you please this next year. Go and see what there is for a woman to see and do. You'll get more for your money and time in Paris."

She was utterly astonished. "You mustn't do that, Uncle George!"

"But I have. I've deposited it for you. I don't care what you do with your money. Marry if you like. It's not much, but it's enough to turn around on. And you deserve it."

It was too good to be true. It meant she was tremendously free, could do anything she pleased. She had difficulty in not telling Philip about her luck. But he seemed low when he came to see her for the last time, so she didn't burst out with it.

"Coming back?" he asked.

"I don't know."

"You probably won't. Well, why should you?"

"I don't mind it here as much as I did."

"Maybe you're getting numb. Well, have a good bust." He gave her an entirely new kind of look. "I suppose it's nothing to you that you've become my Valentine."

"Nonsense."

"That's all I am—nonsense. But in passing I might make it clear that since you've already had your four best years, if at any time you covet your four worst ones, you might marry me."

"Oh, I couldn't!" said Susan.

"You're a girl of judgment," said Philip, "but I love you. I love you—as much as I did her. I wouldn't have thought it possible. Well, all of the best."

There was nothing more to say, so he went and she let him go. But she knew that he was unhappy and lonely. It almost spoiled going away. It took her mind off the books she tried to read on the train. She knew so exactly how he felt that it was almost as if she felt that way herself.

It was like being home again. Every one of the girls said that. They were all five back, except Mary, who was coming, but at the last minute had been detained by the baby's croup. Barbara had driven up from New York. Cordelia had come from Chicago. Jean had come as soon as her boat had landed. They had all been counting on it, eager to see one another again.

"I'd forgotten you were so beautiful, Barbara."

"And I'd forgotten how smart you are," said Barbara to Jean. "Every time you open your mouth, somebody or something gets cut."

"Where's Cordelia?"

"She's out inquiring for her hourly telegram."

They all laughed. Cordelia was very dramatically in love, and evidently with a most dramatic person.

"Will she marry him?"

"She must begin sometime," said Barbara.

It was the evening of the second day. They had talked a great deal and gone to a few of the Commencement activities. They had walked across the campus in the moonlight to see if it looked the same. It did. They had gone back to the office of the college magazine, and looked into their old rooms, now occupied by girls who were in most tremendous possession of them. And tonight they had managed to have dinner by themselves and escape the crowd. They were sitting on the terrace of the Alumnæ House, talking.

They had been fairly frank with one another. Cordelia had admitted how much in love she was. Barbara had checked off her proposals. There had been six.

"I'm going to take the ninth," she said.

Jean had told them of how much she liked London and the kind of work she had done in the settlement house and the book she meant to write when she was done with the work. She was going back in six months, and she wanted Susan to go back with her.

But Barbara wanted Susan to spend the summer with her on Long Island and the winter in any place they decided on.

"The fun for you might be in meeting some of the men who really run things," she said. "We could take an apartment together this winter, and learn a lot."

"It's idle," commented Jean; "it's unfocused."

"Yes, but it would be a lot better than just staying at home the way Susan's been doing. You oughtn't to waste your time like that, Susan." Cordelia had come back and was speaking with emphasis. She had a telegram in her hand.

"What's your man like, Cordelia?" asked Barbara. "What lovely message does he send?"

(Continued on Page 86)

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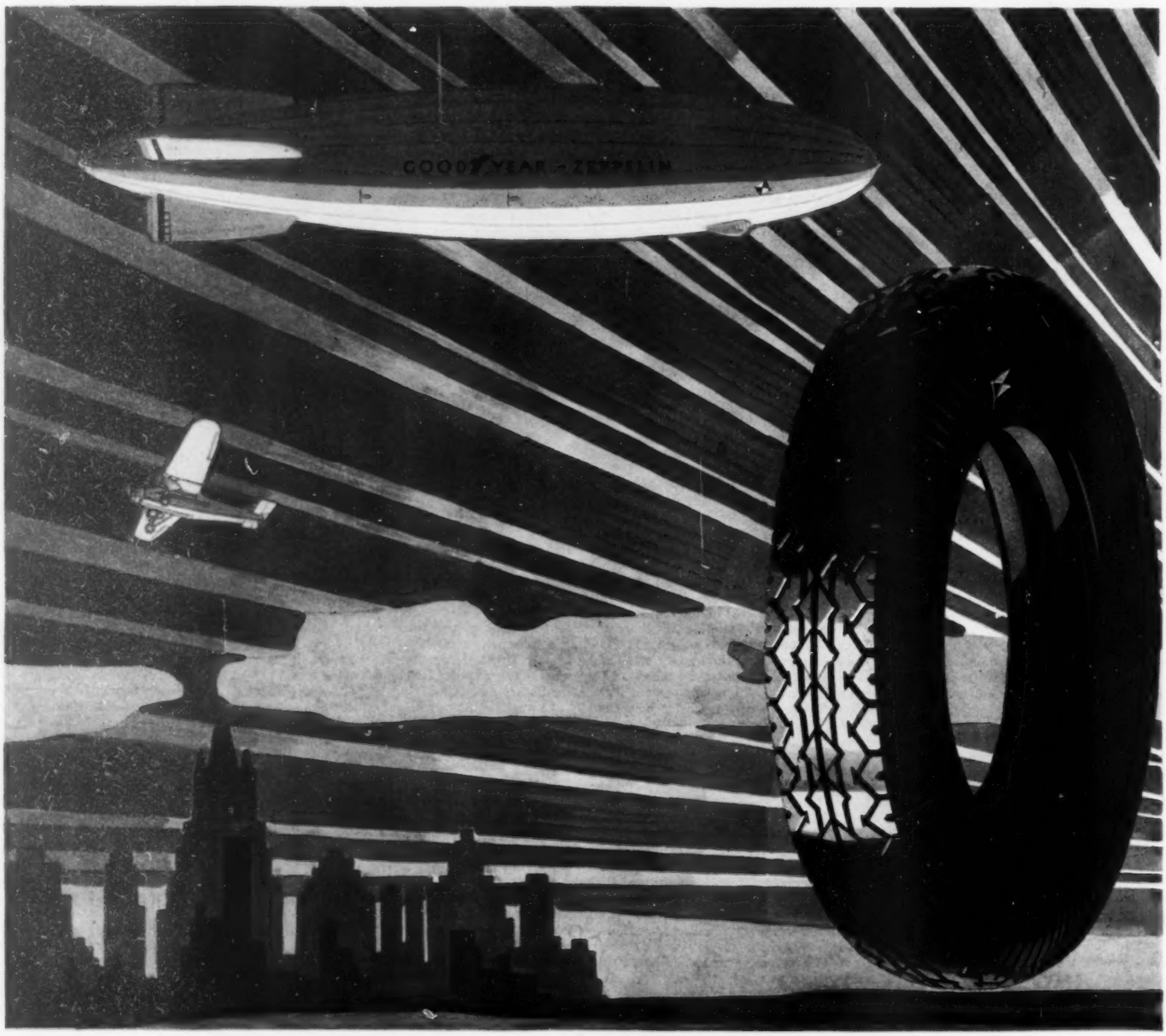

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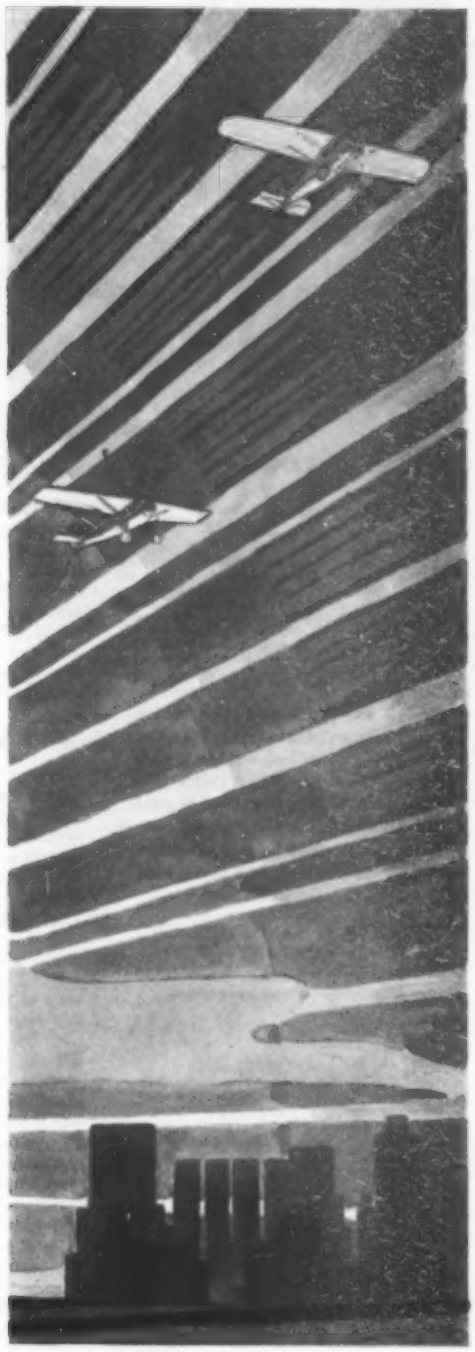

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(Continued from Page 83)

"I hate caring so much," said Cordelia moodily. "He'll have me completely at his mercy. But of course it may make me a better actress."

Cordelia had come to think in terms of emotional and passionate situations. She had evidently seen a good many of them and already been involved in a few.

"I've got to get an early train in the morning," she added.

"Oh, that kind of telegram!" said Susan.

Cordelia had been restless from the beginning. She always was going to be restless, and perhaps she would be a good actress in the end. And Jean was growing firmer and more intelligent and informed all the time. And Barbara would marry the ninth man—or the eighth—or the tenth—for she would have taste in her choice, and mingle with the great of the world. They were all on their way. Susan sat silently wishing she could copy one of them, wishing she felt a little more jealous of them.

"Susan, you bother me," said Jean. "You really need something to do."

"I've not been exactly staying in bed every morning this year," answered Susan.

"But you ought to be doing important things."

It was quite absurd, of course, but just then Susan thought about Edna, the housemaid, and of her mother, who had nearly but not quite died, and of Buck, and even Uncle George.

Susan had the strangest feeling that she knew more than the rest of these girls about what was important, the impression that Cordelia didn't know what being in love was.

"It's funny ——" she began. But she didn't finish. For the station bus stopped and someone got out and came toward the Alumnæ House. There was no mistaking her, and they all got up at once.

"It's Mary!"

Mary sat down breathlessly after she had been kissed all around.

"I came on a hick train to get here before you got away," she said. "The baby's better and I couldn't bear not seeing you."

Susan was thinking—they all were, no doubt, thinking—that Mary looked very tired, very thin and not too well dressed. Certainly that was the same coat she'd worn in college. And that same look of rhapsody was in her eyes.

"Isn't this too beautiful?" she said, looking off toward the campus. "I've been wretched about writing letters, but I've thought of you such a lot. Isn't it astonishing what can happen in a year?"

She spoke as if she had been through every sort of exciting adventure. But they knew she had been living in a small town upstate, having a baby.

Barbara leaned forward just a little as Mary finished.

"You do sound happy," she said almost curiously.

"Of course I am. I've had everything to make me so," said Mary.

"Didn't you ever wish you were back?" asked Susan.

Mary paused a second.

"I don't think so," she said. "You miss the order of things. And it's beautiful here and you miss that. But talking about life or being prepared for it isn't very important compared to living it."

"That's how I feel," said Cordelia.

But Susan knew that it wasn't how Cordelia felt. She hadn't envied Cordelia, or Barbara, or Jean. But she was suddenly jealous of Mary. Or perhaps it wasn't Mary. It was that girl whom Philip Fletcher had married, who had died and probably felt just as Mary did.

She had not been listening. They had been going over things again with Mary, and she had fallen out of the conversation.

"You're awfully silent, Susan," said Mary, turning to her. "What have you been doing? And what are you going to do next year?"

"I'm going back home," answered Susan, "and marry a man in the grocery business and take the year as it comes."

THE MAGIC-LANTERN SHOW

(Continued from Page 16)

neck and started off. The calf obediently followed.

Funny! Why, that was a sure-fire number! Just the same as Mrs. Casey and the Billy Goat. Mrs. Casey, dressed in her best clothes, started for church on a Sunday morning. The goat charged. She tried to fend him off with an umbrella. He butted her and sent her sprawling. Officer O'Grady, coming to the rescue, seized the goat by the horns. The goat butted him into a near-by watering trough and, as he floundered and Mrs. Casey looked on aghast, the animal stood triumphant, holding the fort.

An Organ Recital on the Screen

If a modern Broadway comedy could inspire a fraction of the laughter that greeted those slides, it would be rated as a season's success. The same was true of Uncle Rastus and His Mule, Mr. Timorous and His Bulldog, Darius Green and His Flying Machine. All were delightfully ludicrous. They left audiences gasping and, even if they were repeated year after year, the response was ever enthusiastic.

But it is not with the comedies that memories of the stereopticon lecture are indelibly concerned. It was the artistic work with the more serious aspects of life that left the inerasable impressions. And the producing companies delivered a wide range of subjects, not the least important of which was developed by the temperance lecturer. Temperance was a serious, absorbing question. And the slides—of earnest, lurid, gripping intensity—drove home the great truths. Few missed these occasions; the preference for these shows was undeniable.

Short sketches were considered the logical beginning of the old-fashioned temperance lecture. For instance, there was The Life of the Country Boy. He was shown leaving home, gay and carefree, to make his future in the moil of the city. He was tempted by boon companions to take his first drink in the second picture. He fell in the third. And in the fourth he had sunk to what was then considered the lowest depths and is still not rated any too high—The Forged Check. In The Road to Ruin, a companion short, the theme was similar. A college youth attended a card party. He went to the races and gambled. He was arrested for forgery. He struggled vainly for his existence. Then, fouled with life, he lay dejected, waiting for the inevitable end, death.

These sets, as introductions, were but humble forerunners of what followed. The audience was prepared. The church was hushed. The second phase was far more arresting, far more absorbing. The Drunkard's Stomach was a masterpiece of illustration, a riot of inflamed colorings. The titles of the slides can best tell the story of its character and its effectiveness:

1. Stomach of a Temperate Man.
2. Stomach of a Moderate Drinker.
3. Stomach of a Drunkard.
4. Stomach of a Hard Drinker.
5. Stomach After a Debauch.
6. Stomach of a Habitual Drunkard.
7. Stomach of a Drunken Man on the Verge of the Grave.

These may not have been pathologically correct. But they were emphatic. And they paved the way for the lecturer to a favorite—The Drunkard's Daughter.

On one knee, weeping, she is shown beside a dreary casket. The cupboard in the room is bare of everything except a few dishes and a lone flatiron. Then she is in her attic bedroom, melancholy, sewing shirts. She presents the garments at a store for sale. Her work is rejected because of very obvious flaws. She leaps from a high stone bridge into a river, plunging into eternity. Fishermen find her body in the last slide, which is entitled, Take Her Up Tenderly, Lift Her With Care.

An abysmal silence followed. But the ray in the end became bright. The Drunkard's Reform was the finale. He squandered his money in drink. His child's clothing was ridiculed. His sense of honor returned. His pride, too, was touched. He made a resolve and left the saloon. He informed his wife of the resolve. His sobriety raised him to the position of foreman. And at last he was in his home, surrounded by his family, a happy man.

Perhaps those temperance lectures were a trifle overdrawn. Perhaps life was depicted as unnecessarily cruel and ungrateful to the dissolute. But they were emphatic. And honest minds grasped the sentiment and the moral that were conveyed. It was with resonant, sincere fervor, after the last slide had been shifted, that the audience sang all four verses, to the tune of Long, Long Ago, of that most famous of all temperance hymns: Touch Not the Cup.

Published first in 1860, in Thompson's Band of Hope Melodies, which consisted of "songs, duets and glees especially adapted for Bands of Hope and other temperance organizations," it persisted through the years, ever inspirational. The words of the hymn follow:

Touch not the cup, it is death to thy soul,
Touch not the cup, touch not the cup.
Many I know who have quaffed from the bowl,
Touch not the cup, touch it not.
Little they thought that the demon was there.
Blindly they drank and were caught in its snare,
Then of that death-dealing bowl, oh, beware!
Touch not the cup, touch it not.

Touch not the cup when the wine glistens bright,
Touch not the cup, touch not the cup.
Though like the ruby it shines in the light,
Touch not the cup, touch it not.
The fangs of the serpent are hid in the bowl,
Deeply the poison will enter thy soul,
Soon will it plunge thee beyond thy control.
Touch not the cup, touch it not.

Touch not the cup, oh young man in thy pride,
Touch not the cup, touch not the cup.
Hark to the warnings of thousands who've died,
Touch not the cup, touch it not.
Think of their death, of their sorrow and gloom,
Go to their lonely and desolate tomb,
Think that perhaps thou may'st share in their doom,
Touch not the cup, touch it not.

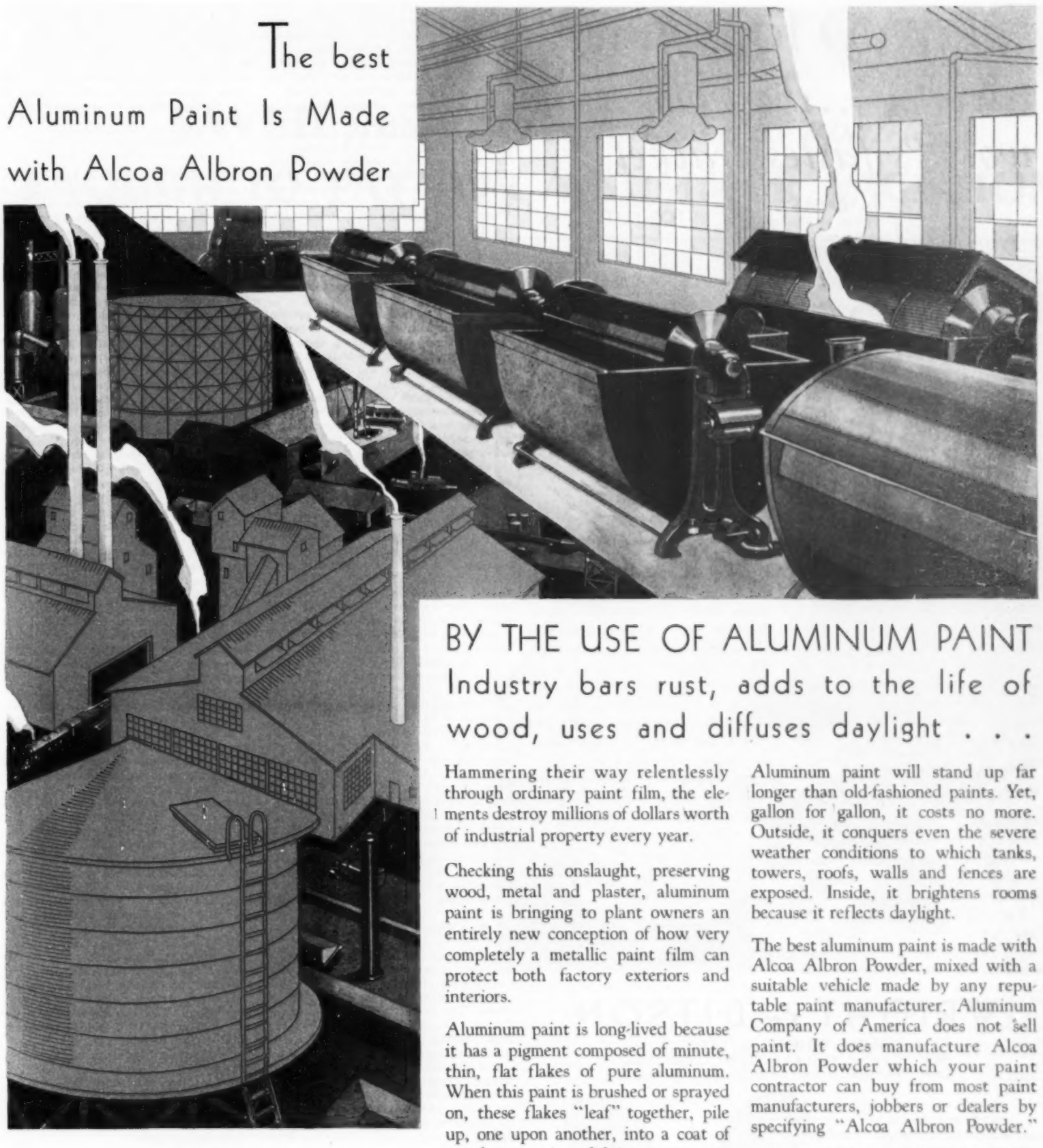
Touch not the cup, oh, drink not a drop,
Touch not the cup, touch not the cup.
All that thou lovest entreat thee to stop.
Touch not the cup, touch it not.
Stop for the home that to thee is so dear,
Stop for thy friends that to thee are so near,
Stop for thy country, the God that thou fear.
Touch not the cup, touch it not.

The Lecturer's Always Right!

Some lecturers, particularly those who gave their talents liberal display at schools, aimed their pointers at the portraits of great men. Or they did The Cyclorama of Ancient Rome, The Old Grecian World or The Life of Benjamin Franklin. But there was one lecturer, who spent the better part of a week in Westville one time, who had a semitechnical series which was highly instructive. He was short and puffy, and

(Continued on Page 88)

The best Aluminum Paint Is Made with Alcoa Albron Powder



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Ask for booklet, "Aluminum Paint, the Coat of Metal Protection." Address ALUMINUM COMPANY *of* AMERICA; 2497 Oliver Building, PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA.

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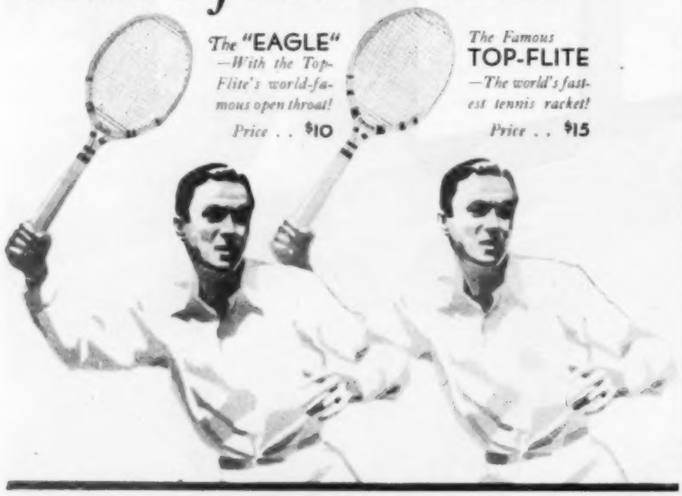

WHAT tennis player hasn't *longed* to play the Top-Flite—the famous bat whose speed won *34 major championships in a single year!* Even though you've always *wanted* the split-second speed advantage this lightning fast bat gives to your drives—you may have hesitated over the Top-Flite's $15 price tag.

Then *you should certainly meet the new Wright & Ditson Eagle!*

For the Eagle is the *twin* of the Top-Flite. It has the identical open-throat of the Top-Flite—that famous throat construction responsible for the Top-Flite's blazing *extra* speed!

Examine the Eagle—you'll see the same lighter, smaller head, the tighter strung frame, and the more easily gripped smaller handle of the Top-Flite. *Handle* the Eagle—you'll sense the same exquisite balance and perfect "feel" of the Top-Flite. Yet the Eagle costs but $10!

That's because we've strung the Eagle with Duratite. Duratite is not so resilient as the Top-Flite's split lamb's gut. But it is so wonderfully *durable* that under ordinary conditions you can play the Eagle through an entire season without a single restringing.

Play the Eagle—get the open throat's point-winning extra whip into *your* game. There's an Eagle that's "just right" for you in balance, weight and feel. Get it at your sporting goods dealer's, or department store, today—it's only $10!

FREE....
"Over the Net"

WRIGHT & DITSON
A. J. REACH, WRIGHT & DITSON, Inc.
NEW YORK . PHILADELPHIA . CHICAGO
SAN FRANCISCO *and* BRANTFORD, ONTARIO

IF you prefer a lower priced racket, there's the Wright & Ditson ALL-AMERICAN—an expert's bat that sells for only $8. And the COLUMBIA at $6, and AMERICAN ACE at $5, are both superb bats at unusually moderate prices. Other Wright & Ditson models $3 and up—ask your dealer to show them to you.

The DAVIS CUP
—as famous as the cup after which it is named—the kind of racket that helps champions win. $15

The GOLD STAR
—used by net stars the world over—a racket of great accuracy and driving power. $15

E.E.P.-5-24-30

A. J. Reach, Wright & Ditson, Inc.
Dept. J., Tulip & Eyre Street,
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Please send to me, free, a copy of your booklet, "Over the Net."

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(Continued from Page 86)

when he labored up the steps of the platforms in the various grades, he wheezed distinctly. What his primary mission may have been few were ever able to determine. But he did elaborate on one set—The Creation of the World—marvelous in detail.

The first picture, he explained, was the utter beginning of all things. It showed some mighty clouds and some unmistakable darkness, which he carefully pointed out. The next was of a chaotic disturbance. This, he said, indicated formation. In the third view the clouds took on a definitely circular form. A globe of lava appeared. Then came the picture which, from the description, was the most difficult to visualize. "The globe of lava cools," declared the lecturer. Then water appeared, gushing, and the first indication of land. After that indication, the continents stood out in bold relief.

That set of pictures never quite satisfied youthful inquisitiveness. But if further questions were asked at home, all parents evaded responsibility by the decision: "Well, if the lecturer said it was so, it must be so." And that was that.

Such remarkable scientific productions, however, were only occasional. The demand for them was not too persistent. After all, the stereopticon-minded public held a heavy yearning for subjects that disturbed the emotions. Folks in those days enjoyed anything that touched the heart. They saved coffin plates. They made wreaths from locks of hair of the departed. They gathered around the organ on Sunday night and by the erratic light of the one-fingered kerosene lamp they sang such doleful songs as Pass Under the Rod. So the veteran lecturer, who had a knowing grasp on conditions, adhered to the age-old policy of the entertainer—he gave them what they wanted. And it was seldom that he failed to utilize the rich possibilities in The Little Match Girl.

At the outset, The Little Match Girl tried in vain to sell her matches. The market was off. She was a piteous, illy clad spectacle, crouched in the corner of a street, sheathed in ice and snow. She struck a match. In its glow there came a vision of a warm stove. She struck another match. This time the vision was of a steaming goose. She continued to strike her matches. More visions appeared—of a Christmas tree, of stars falling, of her dead grandmother. At last—all hope having fled—she struck all her matches for the grand climax. The slide shows her floating, with her grandmother, through the sky. And then the gulp-producing dénouement—The Little Match Girl is found frozen in the snow the next morning.

The Wreck of the Hesperus

Tears came to willing eyes with that presentation. It accounted for much sniffling and blowing of noses when it was concluded. It pointed its moral, as did many others. The slides for The Wreck of the Hesperus are still vivid, from the broad word Hesperus on the stern of that unforgettable sailing vessel, to the dismal picture of the mast, with its lashed form of the skipper's daughter, on the reef of Norman's Woe. And who can't remember the gifted elocutionist who recited the verse, first in the high-pitched voice of the daughter, and then in the harsh, rough voice of the skipper:

"O father, I hear the church bells ring,
Oh, say, what may it be?"
"'Tis a fog bell on a rock-bound coast!"—
And he steered for the open sea.

Besides, there was Casabianca. If it was ever plain to mortal eye that a youth stood on a burning deck, it was when that first slide came on. And Curfew Shall Not Ring Tonight; and the sorrowful feeling that crept over everyone with the view that illustrated the lines:

He with bowed head, sad and thoughtful, she
with lips all cold and white.

Of course, there were the slides for hymns, and the slides for the popular songs—the illustrated songs—which later meant so much on the programs of the first movie shows. These were grandly colored. The songs were drippingly melodramatic. And many customers took undue advantage of the privilege offered in the message of the screen:

THOSE WHO HAVE NOT SEEN
THE ENTIRE PERFORMANCE MAY
REMAIN FOR THE NEXT SHOW

Reasonably enough, the first genuine novelties of the stereopticon lectures proved to be the antecedents of the movies. Long before the opening of the century an effort to incorporate action was made which was entirely successful. Half a dozen and more slides were fixed in a circular wooden holder which, when cranked, projected the moving figures. Comical subjects were specialized in mostly, such as bucking broncos and fractious mules. But outstanding effects were achieved with colors. The Waterfall, with water actually falling, was entrancing, although the supreme presentation was The Constellation. This consisted of a series of six slides, with stars, sun and moon in action. It was brilliant, amazing, and nothing was comparable with it unless it might have been that dazzling version, The Kaleidoscope, which flashed all the colors of the spectrum in eye-aching profusion. These were used as specialties, along with another radical departure from set principles—the dissolving views.

Sincere in Motive and Moral

The picture of a bachelor appeared. He was asleep in a chair. His sorrowful dog sat looking lugubriously into a grate fire. As if by magic, it faded out. And in its place was a picture of a beautiful girl. This number was called The Bachelor's Reverie. The Eddystone Lighthouse was spectacular—in four parts. The daylight scene was changed to moonlight. Moonlight gave way to a raging storm. The raging storm was replaced by fierce flashes of lightning, sometimes accompanied by some stage thunder.

The dissolving views never came into country-wide use. A double machine, which was very heavy and expensive, was required. But the lecturer who did carry one as a part of his equipment was well rewarded.

And such was the gripping, intense entertainment in church and school in those other days. T. H. McAllister, who founded the firm of T. H. McAllister & Co. and manufactured the first pair of spectacles in New York City, was a pioneer in stereopticon work. His firm was started in 1783. Many years later, while in Philadelphia, he began the study of picture projection. He produced a magic lantern to be used as a toy. From this beginning the stereopticon grew. Tanks of oxygen gas were originally designed for the illumination. These were laboriously shipped from place to place, and they exploded with a fair degree of regularity, which engendered a prejudice difficult to overcome. Then carbons and electricity were applied after 1890, and the stereopticon came into its own.

The machines became an institution, to flourish long and importantly. Nor has their popularity diminished. The demand for installations increases annually. But the old slides—those old views that were so interesting and absorbing—have almost wholly disappeared.

It seems a bit strange now that they could have been so effective. The slides and their coloring appear infinitely crude in comparison with modern conceptions. But the slides were sincere in motive and moral. Their reception was honest and wholesome. No embellished production of today could win higher interest or approval or have a more lasting touch than the views of the magic-lantern show. And no situation could be more tense or fervent than when the congregation rose to sing Rock of Ages as that blond maiden, clinging to the cross, glowed unsteadily on the bed sheet in front of the choir loft in the church of that older day.

SAVED *from the fire that burns uphill*
ENOUGH TO PAY FOR A SUMMER VACATION

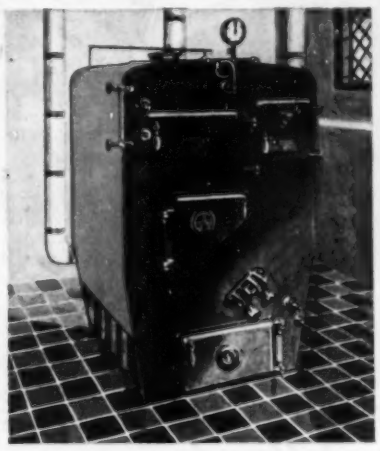
It may be too much to ask that a Spencer Heater pay all the expense of a summer vacation. After all, the most that it can save is half your annual fuel bill. Yet that may be the difference in cost between the luxury of a mountain or seashore colony aspired to, and the modest fishing camp dictated by necessity.

How much have you spent for fuel in your present home? If you have been using the larger sizes of anthracite a Spencer can cut your fuel bill in half, by burning No. 1 Buckwheat. This small size anthracite is low in cost because ordinary heaters are not designed to burn it satisfactorily. If you have been using more costly fuel than anthracite, your saving would be proportionately larger.

Besides its saving, the Spencer gives unusual uniformity of temperature, with vastly greater convenience. The Gable-Grates slope down from a magazine where fuel is stored. The natural way for fire to burn is up—and in the Spencer fire does burn up-hill. The natural way for things to fall is down—and fuel rolls down automatically from the Spencer magazine to feed the fire below.*

Fuel feed is truly automatic, for gravitation needs no motor or machine to make things roll down hill. Unusual uniformity of temperature is assured, for fuel flows only as fast or as slow as the fire burns. As changing temperatures require more fire or less, the fuel feed is automatically controlled by the fire's demands.

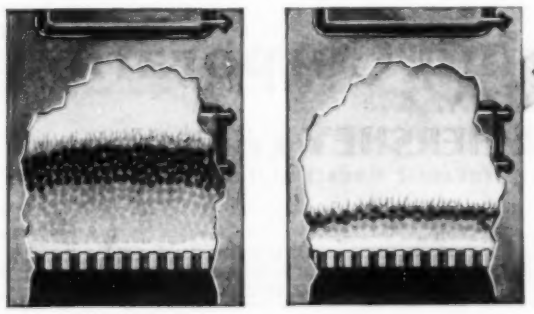
Where anthracite is not available, small size by-product coke in a Spencer Heater will give a more uniform heat than soft coal in ordinary heaters, at a cost no greater—and generally less. Write for the Spencer book, "The Fire That Burns Up-hill." It describes in detail how the Spencer Heater, for steam, vapor or hot-water systems, can save as much as half your annual fuel bill. SPENCER HEATER COMPANY, WILLIAMSPORT, PA. Division of Lycoming Manufacturing Company.



The Spencer Heater for the average home is illustrated at left. Spencer Heaters are made in cast iron sectional and steel tubular types, for any size home or building. Sold and installed by all responsible heating contractors.

Everybody knows that ordinary heaters require refueling frequently as the fire burns to ash. With a Spencer, fuel is put only once a day into the magazine—illustrated below at (A). Fuel covers the grate to a sloping level controlled by the magazine mouth (B). The fire bed stays at the level shown at (C), for as fuel burns it shrinks to ash (D) and settles on the Gable-Grate (E). As the fire bed shrinks, more fuel feeds down automatically from the magazine, which holds enough fuel to feed the fire for as long as 24 hours, with only one shaking of the grates.

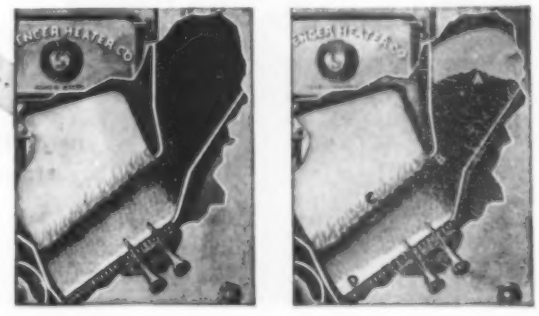
FLAT GRATE HEATER
Showing how burning fuel shrinks away to ash —heater must again be refueled



FIRE BURNS UPHILL · · FUEL ROLLS DOWN · ·

SPENCER
Magazine Feed
HEATERS
for steam, vapor or hot water

SPENCER MAGAZINE FEED HEATER
The shrinkage of burning fuel lets more fuel feed automatically from the magazine



"...but how does it ride on a *rough road?*"

Charge into a badly torn, rutty stretch of road without slackening speed.

If you are bounced and jostled, beware .... there can be no safety or comfort in a bouncing car.

Remember, *any* make of car equipped with Houdaille (pronounced Hoo-Dye) Hydraulic Shock Absorbers will ride the worst bumps as gently as a gull on a rolling sea.

HOUDAILLE
PRONOUNCED "HOO-DYE"
hydraulic double acting
SHOCK ABSORBER

Insist on a Rough Road Ride

Houde Engineering Corporation

Buffalo, N.Y.

A DIVISION OF HOUDAILLE-HERSHEY CORPORATION

PIONEERS AND WORLD'S LARGEST PRODUCERS OF HYDRAULIC DOUBLE ACTING SHOCK ABSORBERS

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THE RED FLAG

(Continued from Page 25)

know that this may not be done by any law. If he is not sincere, but craftily ambitious, as many believe, then, under a cloak of public virtue, he desires to stir up troubles where he will have on his side the unscrupulous and the evil-doers. He will become the most powerful man in the empire, with a great multitude of newly created officials to support him in whatever he may do. He will make the rich poor. He cannot make the poor rich, but only idle and tumultuous. Sublime Ruler of All Below the Sky, in the opinion of this utterly despicable person, my elder brother, Wang An-shih, is a dangerous innovator, entirely unfit to be a member of that supreme council whose immemorial duty it has been to preserve intact the sacred customs of the ancestors. And his proposals should be rejected."

The young emperor sighed. The bold earnestness of Wang An-shih had made a deep impression on him. Surely the logic of his scheme was incontrovertible! A realm where the state administered all its resources for the common benefit of all, where the instructed cared in disinterested public service for the uninstructed, must clearly be one of universal felicity.

"Wang An-shih, despite the loyal warning of the meritorious Ssu-ma Kuang, we, nevertheless, believe your exalted virtue to be sincere. Therefore we promote you to the third button, equal with Ssu-ma Kuang, and appoint you to our council. There, with the learned men of the realm, will we discuss these new reforms, and those that shall be found beneficial to All Below the Sky will we enact as laws."

He rose from his throne, made the gesture which signified that the audience was ended, withdrew while the courtiers shouted: "Ten thousand years! Ten thousand years!"

784

It was a year later. Ssu-ma Kuang had predicted correctly. Wang An-shih had become the most important man in the empire. Acquiring a complete ascendancy over the sincerely benevolent young emperor, he had one by one caused his New Laws to be promulgated. Now, in preinvention of what much later western barbarians would call Socialism, the state had assumed entire control of the means of production and exchange, administered by a vast and omnipresent bureaucracy.

In this pleasant springtime the reformer meditated the details of yet another edict to assure the permanent felicity of All Below the Sky as he walked in his walled garden at Pienliang. Possessing the four essentials of rocks, pools, pavilions and bamboos, an artificial mountain planted with tiny gnarled pines, a meandering stream crossed by high-arched bridges, and a succession of vistas at every turn of the paths, cunningly devised to give an illusion of extensiveness in the smallest possible space, that little domain contained all the classic features proper to delight a cultured scholar. It was, in fact, the sole luxury of his otherwise austerely simple existence, for in an almost ostentatious virtue he disdained the lucrative peculations normal to an official of his exalted rank. His unique ambition was to bestow upon the people that universal happiness which must necessarily follow the successful enforcement of his reforms, making his name the immortal equivalent of the great Yu, minister to the ideal Emperor Yau, who three thousand years before had so beneficently reorganized the empire that in due course he had himself ascended to the throne.

His profound meditation was broken by the silvery voice of his daughter, Hsiao Ch'ing, or Little Bright, calling to him as she approached him over the rustic bridge from behind the artificial mountain. Seventeen years of age, Hsiao Ch'ing was the eldest and the favorite among his inconsiderable daughters. In Chinese phrase, she was compounded of the purest vapors of river and mountain, while the delicate beauty of her features was rivaled only by the brilliancy of her attainments. Soon must he find a husband whose scholarship was worthy of her, but fondly he put off the inevitable day when he must part with this worthless girl he secretly loved more even than the invaluable son who would pay him the all-essential funeral rites. Taking quaint little steps with her tiny cramped feet—had a poet been present to praise them, he would have called them golden lilies—she came daintily toward him, holding in her hand a sheet of bamboo paper.

"Venerable father!" she called. "See! Here are verses that I have found by the wall. They seem elegantly expressed, though their meaning is obscure to me."

He took the paper from her, focused the spectacles on his dirt-grimed visage—not in the least had his advancement modified the slovenly squalor of his appearance—read the verses. They were in the archaic manner of the poets of the T'ang Dynasty.

The ancient tree rooted itself in the mountain.
There was calm and sunshine and yearly it flowered.
There came a blast. Its blossoms are scattered.
Its roots are wrenched. Its boughs groan.
The Lord of Heaven is angry.
The Lord of All Below the Sky nods in sleep.
A charlatan struts absurdly in the yellow robe.

Wang An-shih frowned. The allusive significance of the verses was clear enough to him.

"The literary merit of these verses is negligible, my daughter," he said. "The writer of them deserves only to be cast into prison. He is evidently a low hireling of my enemy Ssu-ma Kuang."

"Of Ssu-ma Kuang?" exclaimed Hsiao Ch'ing, horrified. A hideous ogre to her cloistered imagination was that wicked Ssu-ma Kuang who perpetually intrigued against her father in the council of the Son of Heaven, malignantly endeavoring to thwart his beneficent reforms which brought felicity upon the empire. "To think that such a wretch should dare to throw his execrable verses over your honorable wall!"

"He shall suffer for it, if I can catch him," said Wang An-shih grimly as he tucked the verses into his robe. "He is clearly one of those who stir up discontent and troubles among the people, inciting them to murmur against the edicts. But I know how to deal with such fellows."

He did, indeed, know how to deal with them. In these past few months he had degraded and exiled hundreds of conservative officials for obstructing his reforms, had imprisoned thousands of the uncultured people for noncompliance with the New Laws. Only by ruthless severity could he enforce their own good upon their stubborn ignorance. It was enough to make a reformer despair. But he did not despair. Already was he known far and wide throughout the empire as the Obstinate Minister.

Hated as he was outside, to Hsiao Ch'ing her father was the personification of loving kindness. She was indignant that this scurrilous rimester should insult his virtuous benevolence.

"No punishment can be too severe for him!" she asserted vindictively. "Would that the Lord of Ten Thousand Years would banish this infamous Ssu-ma Kuang!"

Wang An-shih smiled subtly.

"Doubtless will Celestial Justice one day deal with Ssu-ma Kuang as he deserves," he said. "But many partisans has he yet in the council, and the wise man has patience." He broke off, perceiving the approach of his secretary with writings for his perusal. "Go now, little bright one," he said with an affectionate pat of his grimed hand on her cheek, "and continue your meritorious studies in the pleasantness of this garden. I must attend to important affairs."

He went away toward the house, and Hsiao Ch'ing dutifully returned to the books she had left by a pool under a peach tree in full blossom. As became the daughter of so distinguished a scholar, she herself was an extremely learned little person, knowing by heart the Lady Tsao's Classic for Girls and being well acquainted with the poets. She had been in the midst of studying the famous poems of Po Chü-I when the piece of paper with the verses fluttered past her on the breeze. She seated herself once more by the pool, into which the peach blossoms dropped, opened again the scroll.

Something made her look up. There, peering over the wall, was a young man. She uttered a little exclamation of alarm. The young man gestured her to silence. She had seen very few young men in her well-bred seclusion, but this one seemed to be particularly good-looking.

"Who may be this shining vision of feminine virtue?" he asked, as though in surprise.

"This infinitesimal female person is the inconsiderable daughter of the venerable Wang An-shih," she answered primly.

He smiled. "Never could this insignificant youth have believed that Wang An-shih had so jadelike a daughter!"

She picked up her fan, half concealed her face with it. "It is not proper to look over garden walls."

"Had this ignorant person known what was to be seen, he would have looked over this wall yesterday, and before yesterday," he retorted boldly.

"Then would your distinguished person have seen nothing today," she answered. "Tomorrow shall this wall be heightened. Only just now did some infamous hireling of the wicked Ssu-ma Kuang throw over a paper of verses. My honorable father certainly will have the wretch put in prison. Thus must severity chasten insolence." She swayed and fanned herself. Improper though it was, it was nevertheless a delightful adventure thus for the first time in her life to bandy words with a youth.

The young man smiled again. "Indeed! And were the verses well expressed?"

"They were execrable," she answered decidedly. Could it be he who had written them? He did not look at all like a hireling of the dreadful Ssu-ma Kuang. "The illiterate person who wrote them was without talent."

"That is indeed probable," he agreed. "This dull fool sometimes also tries an unpracticed hand at poetry. Wait a little, and your jadelike person shall see whether my verses are better than those thrown over the wall."

He disappeared. She sat with a fluttering at her heart. Certainly she ought now to run to the house. Yet it was exceedingly pleasant, although shockingly unladylike, to talk to this young man. This must be positively the only occasion, she chided herself.

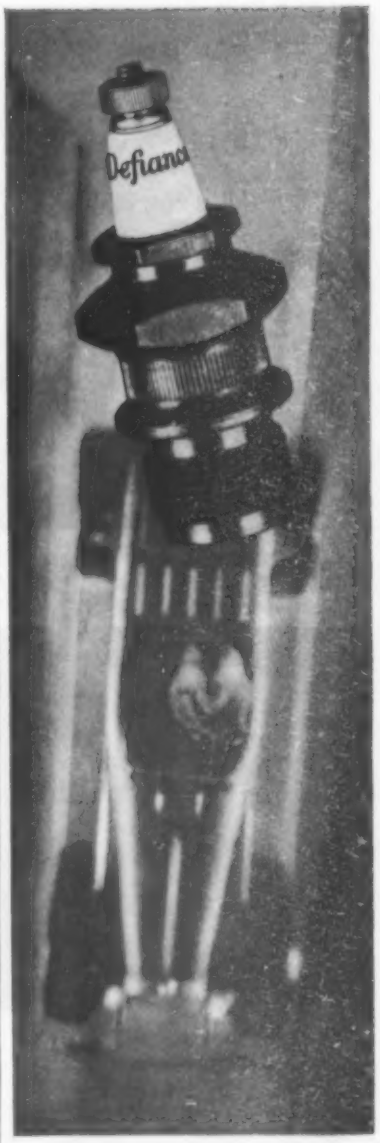
He looked again over the wall, his face still smiling.

"This person utterly without talent exposes his barbarous ignorance," he said, and tossed a leaf of flowered paper to her feet. She picked it up, read, from the bottom upward, its characters compact with meaning in an elegant calligraphy.

The peach tree bent graciously in loveliness of blossom.
The pool mirrored exquisite beauty, pink and white against blue sky.
Birds sang praises of such perfection.
A lotus bud opened in the pool.
Where might be seen such whiteness, such pinkness, such maidenlike grace?
The birds hush in reverence.
The peach tree lets fall her blossoms, humbly doing homage.

Hsiao Ch'ing flushed with a young girl's pleasure at the compliment thus delicately conveyed. But she remembered the canons

(Continued on Page 94)



SMOOTHNESS with complete new set . . . .

Faulty performance of a motor may merely be aggravated by replacing just one worn plug. This usually causes unequal impulses and prevents a smooth, even flow of power. Your investment in motoring is sufficient to warrant you in taking the advice of the man who services your car when he recommends a complete new set of plugs . . . . Defiance Spark Plug service is available through 55,000 garage and service stations from coast to coast. These are identified by the familiar orange-and-black sign.

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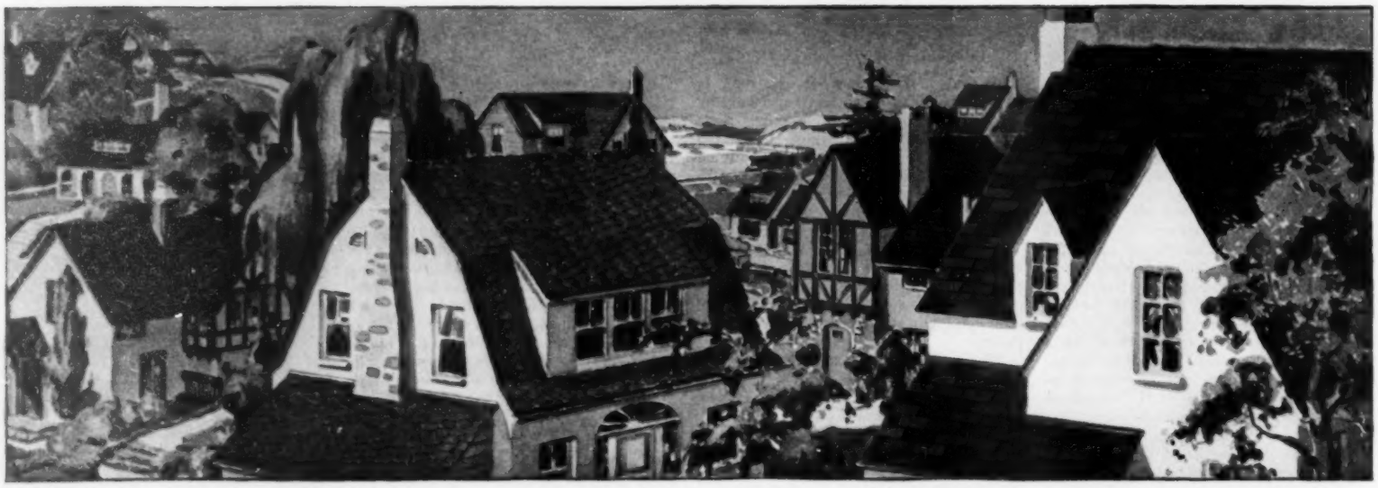
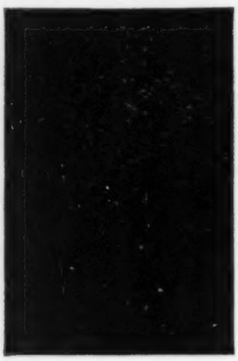
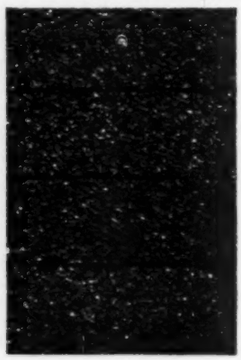


Tile Red—*reproducing the rich colors of old earthen building tiles—this is always a popular roof choice.*

Blue-Black—*a standard color, always in good taste, giving fine contrast to white walls or light shades.*



Brittany Blend—*another combination of four shades, but with a trend towards soft, warm, brown tones.*



Blended Romany Reds—*give a warm toned roof which will provide pleasing and colorful variations.*

Blended Normandy Greens—*four shades which combine to produce a distinctive and modern type of roof.*

RE-ROOF

» » YOUR HOME WITH THESE SAFE, COLORFUL J-M ASPHALT SHINGLES » » THEY ARE PRICED FOR ANY POCKETBOOK

IN these days of color your roof has much to do with the impression others form of your home. Such impressions directly affect the value of your property. Perhaps your own roof is becoming dingy and uninteresting. If so, colors chosen from these Johns-Manville Asphalt Shingles will bring to your roof a colorful freshness that will vastly improve the appearance of the whole house.

Perhaps your roof leaks occasionally. Every J-M Asphalt Shingle, because of its protective finishing coat of colorful, crushed rock, affords long-time protection from fire and weather.

Never before has such wealth of color been offered you as in these new economically priced J-M Asphalt Shingles. Look at these interesting color photographs made direct from actual sections of J-M Asphalt Shingles. These pictures will tell you better than words of the fresh, modern colors now available for your roof. This variety of color is offered you only in Johns-Manville Asphalt Shingles.

We asked a committee of architects to create colors which would add the essential modern touch to your home, but which would always be in good taste. The results you see here for yourself.

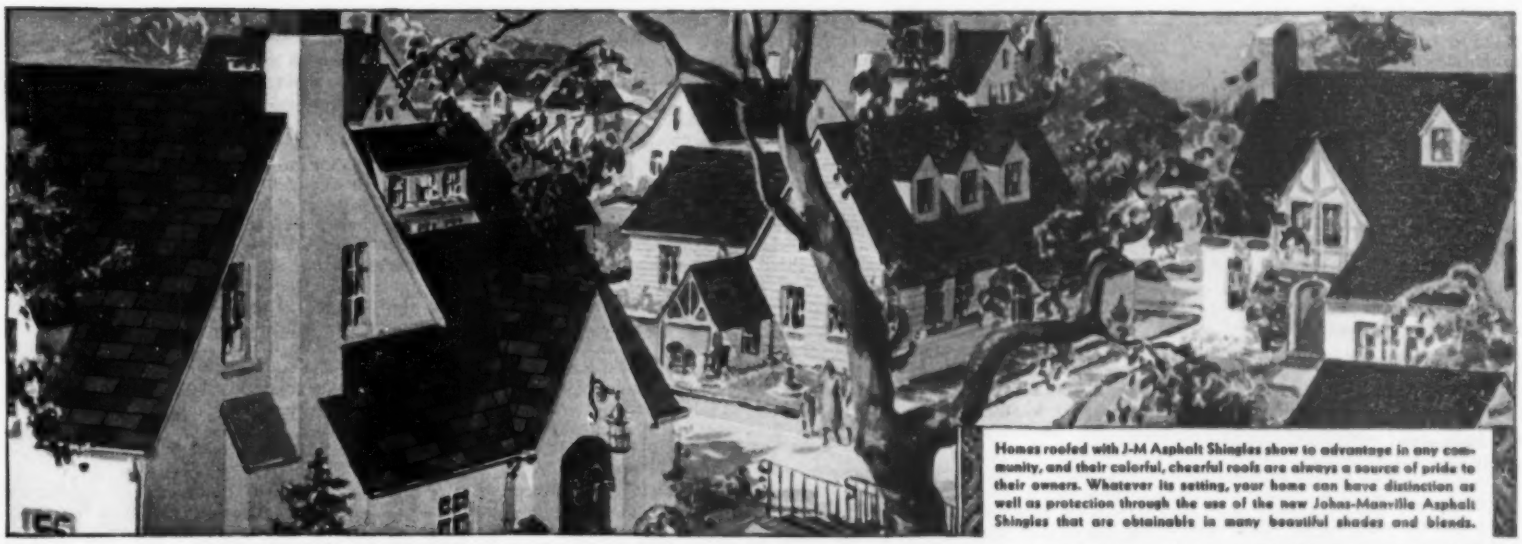
The cost is low

It is inexpensive to modernize your house with the colors, and to enjoy the protection offered by J-M Asphalt Shingles. The shingles themselves are low in cost. Labor expense is low, because they can be laid directly over your old roofing. There is no need to incur the expense required to rip off the old roof. You also avoid the possible damage to shrubbery, and the litter created by ripping off old roofing material. Instead, the old roof can be used as a foundation for new J-M Asphalt Shingles, a roof that will protect the investment in your property—and, by its beauty, increase the value of that investment.

Many of these colors are especially suit-

This trade-mark is famous on many products used by industry and by home owners. It assures quality in Asbestos Shingles, air-packed Home Insulation, Insulating Board, Brake Lining, Built-up Roofing, Heat and Cold Insulations for industrial use, Packings, Refractory Cements and Sound-absorbing Materials.

Johns-Manville



Homes roofed with J-M Asphalt Shingles show to advantage in any community, and their colorful, cheerful roofs are always a source of pride to their owners. Whatever its setting, your home can have distinction as well as protection through the use of the new Johns-Manville Asphalt Shingles that are obtainable in many beautiful shades and blends.

Picardy Duo-blend—*autumnal brown with lighter shade mottling which lends variation and interest.*

Burgundy Duo-blend—*the dark background mottled with green, harmonizes with stained shingle walls.*

Chateau Green—*this bright, cheerful green gives character to the most modest homes, as well as larger houses.*

Gascony Duo-blend—*a shingle made up of several green tones, particularly adaptable to Colonial homes.*

Fieldstone—*a color reminiscent of moss on old stone walls, restrained, while colorful enough to be modern.*

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of propriety, and replied with undiminished primness:

"Such verses of gold and pearls are indeed utterly beyond emulation. Their perfection must inspire even the most ignorantly unlettered with poetic thoughts they despair to express. This insignificant person"—she thrilled at her own audacity—"although totally devoid of talent, occasionally attempts quite worthless poems in answer to those sent by her respectable girl companions." She reached for her brush and ink slab, thought for a moment, skillfully drew the complex characters on another piece of paper:

The lotus bud opened in the pool.
It was happy in solitude and peace.
The peach tree in security stretched slender fingers jeweled with bloom.
The birds sang: "Here there is no man!"
An ill-bred intrusion shatters that pure harmony of sound and flowers.
The birds cease their song.
The peach tree tremblingly drops her jewels.
The lotus bud closes, sinking out of sight.

She held the paper up to the young man. He took it, read the verse, laughed appreciatively at the retort with which she had capped his compliment.

"Worthy, indeed, of the poetess Li I-an are such inestimable verses, composed, moreover, with the swift skill of the seven steps. They put to shame the complete lack of ability conspicuous in this ignorant dullard. Yet I pray the lotus bud to linger graciously visible while this incompetent scholar feebly attempts to learn from so inimitable a model." Again he disappeared.

Decidedly, she ought now to flee. But he was certainly a most delightful acquaintance. Although it was a favorite amusement between literate persons of the same sex, never before had she had the opportunity of exchanging verses with an accomplished young man. Besides, politeness surely demanded that she should wait for his next poem.

He reappeared above the wall, again threw down a leaf of paper.

Again she read the verses he had, with cultured proficiency, extemporized:

An intrusion causes the birds to hush their song.
Their fine senses are aware of magic suddenly come among them.
The peach tree flutteringly sheds her blossom.
The lotus bud quivers on the pool.
Her pink-edged white petals become wings.
From the water she rises as a bird toward the intruder.
Lo, it is the love pheasant come to seek his mate!

She went scarlet, in a shock of feminine emotion. That conventional symbol of the love pheasant meant nothing less than an explicit avowal of honorable love. But not thus could a well-bred maiden be affianced. Betrothal could be performed only by the go-between approaching her father with a correct proposal from the young man's parents. Rarely, indeed, did the couple see each other before the bridal veil was removed after the wedding ceremony. And who was this handsome and accomplished young stranger who sought her to be his "basket and broom"? She did not even know his name.

He smiled at her.

"Has that prodigy of pure jade no answer?" he asked softly.

She managed to find speech. "This utterly insignificant maiden may answer only the question of her venerable father if the illustrious parents of a noble youth send the *mei-jin* to her mean cottage," she answered.

"Alas!" he said. "This miserable person will in vain attempt to persuade his honorable progenitor to send the *mei-jin* to the magnificent mansion of your illustrious sire." He checked, as if hesitating to reveal himself. "This infinitely wretched slave has the misfortune to be named Ssu-ma Tso. And his venerable father is named Ssu-ma Kuang."

She started back with a little cry of incredulity and dismay. This charming youth was the son of that monster, Ssu-ma Kuang! She could hardly believe it. Certainly now she ought to run back to the house. But she could not move. She trembled too much in her limbs.

"Who may resist the love pheasant when he alights?" said Ssu-ma Tso, in a tone that stirred her by its poignant sincerity. "He comes unawares, and alights only where there is something precious. He perceived jadelike perfection and brought to this spot the miserable Ssu-ma Tso."

"Ssu-ma Tso!" Involuntarily she echoed the fatal syllables.

"This unworthy person never knew there was such sublime poetry in the utterance of his discordant name!" He smiled to her. "And by what name may this slave remember the incomparable lotus bud carved in jade?"

"Hsiao Ch'ing is this inconsiderable female called." She had answered without thinking, in a strange fascination, as she gazed at this youth whose wife assuredly she could not be.

"Hsiao Ch'ing!" He repeated it as though there were indeed poetry in a name.

They remained gazing at each other in silence.

"Alas, that my honorable father is Ssu-ma Kuang!" he said.

"Alas, that my honorable father is Wang An-shih!" she whispered.

In his yamen, Wang An-shih dealt with the innumerable documents brought to him by couriers from all parts of the empire. Fraught with an infinity of difficulties was the enforcement of the New Laws. The uncultured people were inconceivably stubborn in clinging to their ignorant ancient ways, in defying the ordinances he had established for their felicity.

He read report after report from the officials of the various new departments, complaining that the uncultured people obstinately thwarted them in the execution of their duty, and begging that the number of subordinate officials might be greatly increased to check the evil-intentioned evasions of the New Laws.

It appeared that the uncultured people secretly withheld as much as they could conceal of their commodities from the officials appointed to purchase the same, preferring to sell them to the merchants who bought and sold surreptitiously, to the great harm of the state undertakings instituted to abolish precisely such usurious private commerce. It appeared that the administrators of the law called Verdant Shoots had had great difficulty in forcing the richer farmers to accept the state advances of seed corn, that the poor peasants had immediately sold or consumed the greater part of their advances and now pleaded that they were unable to repay them with the legal increase, and that both rich and poor farmers had exhibited a rebellious reluctance to till the uncultivated lands in the manner prescribed by the officials. It appeared that almost every person of means had made a fraudulent declaration of his possessions, and that the prisons were so full of these criminals awaiting judgment that it was necessary that new prisons should be constructed. The only satisfactory feature reported by the officials of this last department was the zeal displayed by virtuous poor persons in denouncing suspected violations of the law by their richer neighbors.

If he frowned through his spectacles as he read these official reports, he frowned yet more angrily as he perused the numerous petitions, drawn up by all classes of private persons and addressed to the Son of Heaven, which he had instructed his agents to intercept. These petitions unanimously besought the Ruler of All Below the Sky incontinently to abolish all the New Laws promulgated by the sacrilegious innovator Wang An-shih, alleging that they had given rise to all manner of hitherto unheard-of abuses. According to these petitioners, where formerly they had been squeezed by one official, now they were squeezed by twenty. Whether a man bought or sold, he must give a bribe unless he wished to pay an extortionate price for what he needed or receive a derisory price for what he had produced.

The Flowery Kingdom was in an extremity of misery and despair, alleged these petitioners, and it was obvious that the Lord of Heaven himself was angry with this impious changing of the immemorial customs, since the land was afflicted by a drought unprecedented in memory, and also there had been a comet and an eclipse of the sun. Let the ordinances be repealed and the new officials numerous as swarms of grasshoppers be dismissed, and all once again would be happy under the celestial benevolence of the Ruler of All Below the Sky.

Truly it was exasperating to read of such perversity. Incontrovertible was his principle that the state must necessarily best advance the prosperity of all its members by itself controlling all the means of life, removing them from anarchic private exploitation. Incontrovertible was it that the cultured should know better than the uncultured what was good for the ignorant masses. Nevertheless, he reminded himself, one must not expect that the beneficence of his New Laws could at once become completely manifest. It must take time to educate the foolish uncultured people to their own advantage, gradually wearing down their old-fashioned prejudices. As for these abuses, no doubt grossly exaggerated, it must take time also to educate the many new officials in the principles of public virtue.

His secretary, Sung Yü, approached him with the scroll, written in the official hand, which the reformer was about to present to the Son of Heaven. It contained yet another of the New Laws, to be called A Law for Militia Enrollment. The Khitans of the north, and the men of Hia on the west, had of late become increasingly menacing to the empire. Wang An-shih had perceived the necessity of organizing an efficient military force on this pacific land where the profession of a soldier had from all time been despised. He read through the document, looked up to his secretary.

"It is clearly indited, Sung Yü. Assuredly will the Enlightened One approve of this most beneficial law when it is read to him in the council." He rubbed his hands with complacency. "The name of Wang An-shih will live a thousand years, like the name of the immortal Yü, reorganizer in all things of the kingdom."

The secretary inclined himself obsequiously.

"It will live forever, Excellent in Wisdom. None saw these simple plans before, but the great man points and then all have vision." He coughed apologetically. "This insignificant wretch has a nephew, bounteous one—a student who is already an Entered Scholar—but who is without a post, so that his parents are in distress. Paltry though are his merits, yet he swears he must put an end to his miserable life if he may not show his zeal in the administration of these admirable New Laws, which confer a dazzling magnificence of prosperity upon the learned and the unlearned alike."

Wang An-shih's grimy countenance went expressionless behind his spectacles. Sung Yü was certainly well supplied with nephews. This was at least the hundredth he had put forward for a post. But it was unwise to inquire too narrowly. The reformer remembered the immense political support he derived from the multitude of literati who found employment in the administration of the New Laws. And plainly that number must be yet greatly increased if his reforms were to function. Trifles such as Sung Yü's personal corruptibility must not be allowed to interfere with the refashioning of All Below the Sky to that ideal pattern of infallible felicity which had become the tyrannous, if genuinely sincere, purpose of his life. Terribly would he lose face if now he failed.

"Write his name upon my tablets," he said as he rose, scroll in hand. "I go to prostrate myself before the Dragon Presence. The execrable Ssu-ma Kuang will gnash his teeth in rage at this new law, but once again my eloquence will overbear him before the Son of Heaven."

In the garden of Wang An-shih, Hsiao Ch'ing lingered at the doorway of a pavilion on the farther side of the artificial mountain. Within, on the table, were her books and writing materials. Now, however, she had abandoned her studies, stood as though intently listening.

She had not long to wait. From beyond the wall of the garden she heard a low discreet call, imitating that of a bird. She answered it in the same manner. Above the wall appeared the head of Ssu-ma Tso. The next moment he was by her side.

"Incomparable person of pure jade," he said, "this mean wretch has been like one dead since last he perceived celestial radiance."

She smiled. "This insignificant female person has breathed only sighs," she said. "But now is she revived from a swoon of misery and perceives again that flowers are beautiful and that birds sing."

He glanced in the direction of the house. "Is the illustrious progenitor of this female love pheasant within his magnificent mansion?"

"My venerable father has gone to the Council of Sublime Harmony to propound yet another new law for the felicity of All Below the Sky," she answered.

He laughed pleasantly. "Then is he certainly at furious strife with the venerable father of this mean person," he said. "Our honorable fathers will never agree as to the true manner of conferring happiness upon the subjects of the Sublime Ruler."

She sighed.

"Alas!" she murmured. "Assuredly might they confer happiness upon two of those persons if they would but cease their lamentable enmity." 784

He put out his hand, took her dainty fingers in his.

"Let the aged dispute in their doubtless profound wisdom," he said. "This foolish and lovesick youth sees eyelids fine edged like willow leaves. He sees a maiden's form that undulates like a poplar in the breeze of spring. He sees accomplishments beyond gold and pearls. He sees a smile that compassionately forgives his myriad imperfections. He needs no law to confer on him felicity."

She sighed again.

"This lovesick female person, unworthy of a regard, beholds the magnanimous condescension of him whom the love pheasant brought to her as her lord. His will is the only law she knows. Obeying it she finds her sole felicity."

He enfolded her, crushing her silken garments.

"Hsiao Ch'ing!"

"Ssu-ma Tso!"

It was some months later. Wang An-shih stood and spoke in the executive council of state, presided over by the Son of Heaven in person. The reformer expounded, with pedantically academic eloquence, his project for yet another law to benefit All Below the Sky. It provided that every household should be compelled to keep a cavalry horse, whose feed should be supplied by the government, which would claim the animal whenever required.

"This reform, Celestial Wisdom," he explained, in persuasive peroration, "will add yet another beneficence to those with which Imperial Majesty is making the Middle Kingdom an incomparable garden of felicity. Coupled with the Law for Militia Enrollment, it insures that the realm shall not only possess an army but that our multitudes of warriors shall be mounted so that they can act with terrifying swiftness against those barbarian horsemen who rashly presume to violate the sacred frontiers. I beseech the Sublime Uniter of the Three Powers to deign approval of this new law, prepared in contemptible ignorance by

(Continued on Page 98)

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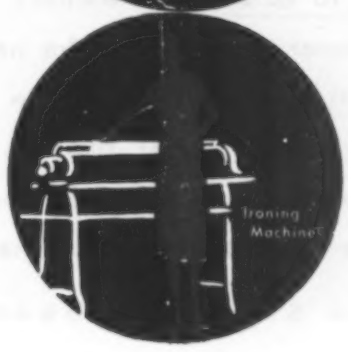

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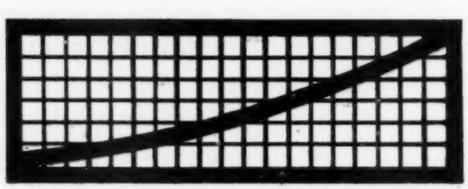

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(Continued from Page 96)

this insignificant person, and to decree the same by imperial edict!"

He sat down. Ssu-ma Kuang rose in his turn. The other councilors rustled their silken robes in suppressed excitement. It had been whispered among them that this sitting was likely to prove sensational. The old historian brusquely ignored the usual suave amenities of debate, spoke with a passionate and scathing vehemence.

"Lord of Ten Thousand Years," he said, "my elder brother, Wang An-shih, desires to add yet another law to those which he boasts have made this realm an incomparable garden of felicity. Difficult is it for the ugliness of unpleasant truth to penetrate into the elegant precincts sacredly inhabited by the Son of Heaven. But since it is the duty of this abject slave to express his insignificant ideas, he prostrates himself humbly and exposes the abysses of his ignorance.

"What then is this felicity which has been wrought by the impious innovations of Wang An-shih? The subjects of the Sublime Ruler groan in a misery such as they have never before experienced. The Lord of Heaven himself is angered that the customs of the ancestors have wickedly been changed, and afflicts the land with drought and famine. Moreover, the main purpose of these laws has utterly failed, for the revenues of the government, instead of being benefited, have become much reduced, so heavy is the expense of moving commodities from one place to another. Admirable as are the abilities of graduated scholars, yet possibly they are not fitted to perform the contemptible operations of trade. As for the people, they cry out in unrelieved need, and the greediness of officials is worse to them than the avarice of the merchants who are abolished.

"What has been the effect of the law called Verdant Shoots? Instead of more land being cultivated, the fields that were formerly tilled now lie derelict, and the farmers languish in prison because they cannot repay the advances that were forced on them.

"What also has been the result of the law which decrees that everyone shall make declaration of his property? In theory, it is to insure that everyone shall pay exactly a just amount of taxation. In reality, that proposal was but another of my elder brother's cunning devices to change the customs and abolish the rich. Everywhere envious persons are laying false accusations against their neighbors and despoiling them of their substance. Only the unscrupulous officials benefit, by the confiscations they carry out and by the bribes they receive from innocent people that they be not further tortured to make confession of what they have not committed. Never was there such lamentation in the land. Never was there such tyranny, such corruption. Wang An-shih makes rich men poor. He cannot make poor men rich. The poor suffer worse than ever, for they are devoured by the multitudes of officials, and there is none to succor them, since the principles of virtue have departed from the land.

"Most dreadful of all is the effect of the law entitled the Law for Militia Enrollment, decreeing that from every household with more than one son, one shall serve as a soldier. In every province of the kingdom men endeavor by all means to escape this shameful dishonor Wang An-shih has laid upon them. Many thousands have even cut off their own hands, cut off an arm, and sometimes a leg, that they may not be taken. They shriek piteously to the Son of Heaven for deliverance from this unheard-of tyranny which makes honorable men do violence to their own bodies in their despair. Petitions have come from all over the empire praying that this ordinance and all the other New Laws be repealed. How many such petitions have been written only my elder brother knows, who has wrongfully and treasonably intercepted numbers of those intended for the divine eye of the Sublime Ruler, to whom they were addressed."

He contemptuously ignored Wang An-shih, who started up abruptly, while the other councilors whispered excitedly together at this damaging revelation which might well cost the hitherto all-powerful minister the withdrawal of the imperial favor.

Yet more vehemently the old statesman wound up this denunciatory speech, of menacing potentiality in this academically ruled land, where the utter personal ruin of political opponents was normally accomplished by victory in debate.

"Lord of Ten Thousand Years, from the first all the most learned and virtuous sages of the Middle Kingdom have opposed these sacrilegious innovations. They now unanimously petition the Enlightened One to abolish them and restore the ancient customs. This mean wretch joins himself with those illustrious persons of whom he is the insignificant younger brother. Prostrate in abasement, he beseeches the Sublime Ruler of All Below the Sky that, far from allowing Wang An-shih to enact yet another burdensome new law, he should listen to the prayers of men experienced in the public service and repeal all the New Laws that Wang An-shih has made. If this be not done, then this unworthy wretch humbly petitions that he be permitted to retire into private life, for no longer will he be a partaker in this iniquity! Let it come to a test between my elder brother and my insignificant self! Let either Wang An-shih or myself be exiled from this moment!"

The young emperor was visibly distressed at what he had heard.

"Is it true, Wang An-shih, that the uncultured people mutilate themselves on account of the Law for Militia Enrollment? Is it true that they petition for the New Laws to be repealed?"

Wang An-shih rose again. He spoke in bitter wrath.

"What matters it, Exalted One, what the uncultured people think? When has a Son of Heaven asked the uncultured what they desire? How may a state be governed if the laws be not obeyed? As for this law, all men know that enemies threaten the sacred frontiers. Let this Law for Militia Enrollment be enforced, together with this new law for the provision of cavalry horses, and soon will the nation be a martial one and the outer barbarians will tremble before us.

"As for the other laws, foolish and blind to their own good are, naturally, the uncultured people. Not yet has there been sufficient time for the New Laws to make manifest their beneficence. The uncultured cannot at once appreciate the expert management of the instructed as compared with their former clumsy buyings and sellings on their own behalf. Moreover, those who formerly made usurious profits now cry out because all profits go to the government.

"My elder brother, Ssu-ma Kuang, objects that the real purpose of these laws is to abolish the rich. That is so, indeed. This person frankly acknowledges it. It is to insure that there shall be neither rich nor poor among the uncultured, but that all shall be equal under the benignly disinterested care of the instructed. Then must all infallibly be happy and prosperous. It is solely to confer perfect felicity upon the subjects of the Ruler of All Below the Sky that this most insignificant of public servants has labored with incorruptible zeal, despite the constant obstructions of foolishly old-fashioned dotards. However"—he turned to glare with hatred upon Ssu-ma Kuang—"this unimportant person agrees with the illustrious Ssu-ma Kuang in one matter. Ever has my elder brother endeavored to thwart the reforms which have showered blessings upon the land. It is not possible that we should serve longer together in the council. Therefore, indeed, let this now be a test between us. Let either Ssu-ma Kuang be now exiled, or this humble wretch will here and now prostrate himself and resign all his appointments again into the hands of the Son of Heaven!"

There was again an anxious whispering among the councilors, in majority new men appointed by Wang An-shih. Immense had been the profits accruing to them from the squeeze they had put on the multitudinous new officials, who in their turn had squeezed the populations they administered. If now Wang An-shih should resign and the New Laws be repealed, that golden age would be over. One after another they spoke before the Son of Heaven, alleging boldly that the discontent of the uninstructed was exaggerated or did not exist, putting forward all manner of plausible reasons why the New Laws should be continued and, indeed, inexorably enforced. Truly, as the illustrious Wang An-shih had said, was a land well-governed when the instructed cared in all things for the uninstructed.

The young emperor gave his decision:

"We have listened with an empty heart, and now is it filled with the wisdom of many councilors. We decree in our majesty that Wang An-shih's proposed new law be enacted, and that all the New Laws be maintained for the indubitable benefit of All Below the Sky. We decree also that Ssu-ma Kuang shall retire without molestation to private life in his native village, where in tranquillity he may busy himself upon the inestimable history of our ancestors whereof we have already admired part. We decree that the ordinances of the beneficent Wang An-shih shall be everywhere strictly obeyed."

A happy man was Wang An-shih as that evening, having dealt with many matters in his yamen, he returned to his residence in the city. At last was Ssu-ma Kuang eliminated. He had now no rival to his power. In view of the imperial decree, he had perforce been obliged to let Ssu-ma Kuang depart without molestation. But secretly he had given orders that all his family and retainers should be seized and thrown into prison on trumped-up charges. Long would they languish there. Thus would his enemy's power for harm be effectively crushed. Nothing in future could thwart his further legislation for the good of the people. Future generations would remember his name with enthusiastic gratitude. It seemed to him that all the world must rejoice with him that the last obstacle to universal felicity was removed. He even threw uncustomary largesse to the beggars, who blessed him with superlative epithets, praising him that his virtue conferred indestructible happiness upon all mankind.

As his runners went before his chair into his gateway, he was met by a crowd of distractedly weeping servants.

"The Lady Hsiao Ch'ing!" they cried. "The Lady Hsiao Ch'ing! Too late these reprehensible slaves found her in the pool by the peach tree!"

Thenceforward for the next six years Wang An-shih omnipotently enjoyed the favor of the Son of Heaven, bestowing the blessings of his New Laws upon the people. Only at the expiration of that period did his power suffer a temporary check—when, not daring to write a petition to the emperor, a certain *kuan* official, by name Cheng Hsieh, sent to the Ruler of All Below the Sky a series of pictures depicting the felicity of the realm under the ordinances of the illustrious Wang An-shih. Horrified by these realistic pictures of gaunt wretches tortured and beaten by officials they could no longer afford to bribe, starving in the great wooden frames around their necks which permitted them neither to lie down nor to feed themselves, hanging in strings by the roadside, fettered in noisome prisons, and famine-stricken in their desolate villages, the Son of Heaven peremptorily exiled Wang An-shih to the provinces.

But the swarming official class had acquired too valuable a vested interest in the New Laws to be tamely relinquished. As a result of their intrigues, Wang An-shih once more returned to power.

He held it until 1085 A.D., when the well-intentioned Emperor Shên Tsung ascended upon the dragon. The dowager empress regent, conservative like all good women, at once exiled Wang An-shih and recalled his old adversary, Ssu-ma Kuang. Ssu-ma Kuang instantly repealed all the New Laws and dismissed all the officials who administered them. Both he and the reformer died in the following year—1086 A.D.—but the conflict between their respective adherents was yet long to continue, with alternate victories to either side. For forty years more the partisans of the New Laws and those who opposed them plunged the Flowery Kingdom into misery, bloodshed and increasing chaos, until in the second decade of the twelfth century the Mongol Tartars burst into the distracted and weakened empire and ended the dynasty of Sung.

With it they ended definitely that first large-scale experiment in state Socialism, independently invented, like much else, by China—to whose system of bureaucratic government by aridly doctrinaire intellectuals it was indeed peculiarly appropriate.

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of stories by Mr. Austin. The next will appear in an early issue.

DRAWN BY DONALD McKEE

"Listen, Katie, it's None of My Business, But Ya Ought to Know That Yer Associatin' Wit' an Avowed Communist"

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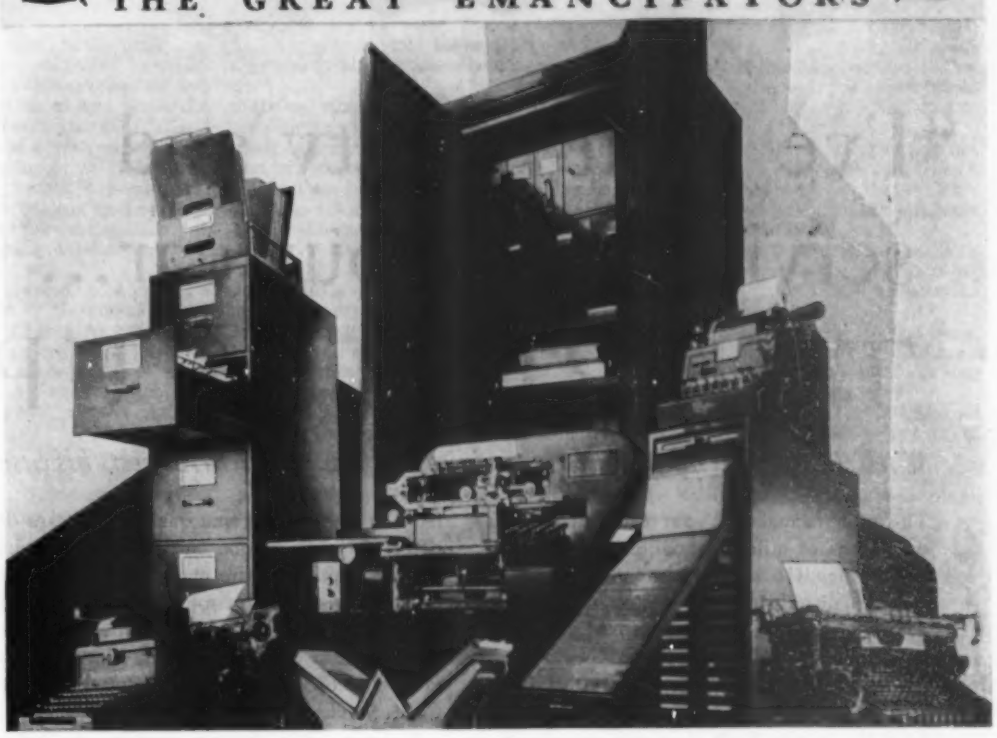

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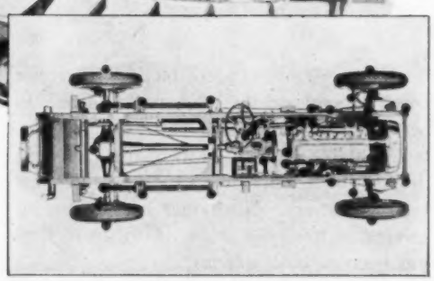

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THE HERMIT OF THREE BUTTES

(Continued from Page 27)

locate him tonight. Vic thought perhaps the boy had gone back to the base camp in Puerco canyon instead of coming here. If he did not return in the morning, they decided at last, Lin might ride over there and try to find him, while Vic, whose pistol was the only weapon in the party, stayed here to serve as a guard.

When they disposed themselves for sleep at last, it was in a fashion calculated to avoid danger through the dark hours. Ranse spread his bed near Mr. Bayless' tent. Lin slept by the fire, which he planned to keep alive through the night; and old Vic moved fifty yards along the slope, out of the zone of firelight, yet near enough to come into quick action on the first alarm. They discussed standing guard, but they were agreed that the two murderers must by now be on their way out of the country; that it was unlikely they would return.

"And besides," old Vic boasted, "I sleep light. Ranse, if a foot moves anywhere in a hundred yards of me tonight, I'll wake."

Ranse nodded. "I shan't sleep sound either," he promised.

"I'll keep the fire up," Lin assured them. "But you may hear a snore out of me in between times. When I hit the hay I hit it hard."

So they lay down. Ranse for a while heard Mrs. Bayless in her husband's tent, comforting the man by her presence there, but finally Ranse slept. The night was very still, except that from the sheep across the valley came occasional bleating cries as some movement there disturbed them. It was always so with sheep; they could never be still. Ranse slept, and Lin was snoring yonder, and the fire flickered low.

But sometime in the night Ranse woke, and his throat was dry and his heart was pounding. He could not at first be sure what it was that disturbed him, but cautiously he pushed his feet clear of the blankets, ready for an instant leap.

Then someone spoke, close beside him, in a hoarse whisper, "Ranse!"

Old Vic Buker, crouching in the darkness there!

Ranse rose on one knee. "Matter, Vic?" he whispered.

Vic said in a still fury, "Ranse, somebody's stole my gun!"

Ranse stayed motionless, but his eyes flickered from side to side, striving to pierce the pale and starlit shadows all around them, in which death was surely lurking now.

XV

ABOUT the two men silence lay. Even the sheep across the lake were quiet now. Far away atop Bodega coyotes howled in a shrill cacophony. The stars, so near at hand in that high, clear air that a man might almost touch them, seemed to sing; there was a high, sweet tone vibrant in the night, as though it were the humming of their swift passage. Lin Bunt was snoring by the dining fly yonder, and in the tents someone stirred. Ranse thought this might be Mrs. Bayless, wakeful for her husband's sake.

He gripped old Vic by the arm, and the two men moved in their stocking feet away from the tents, into the shadows by a great pine a little way off. The night was clear and cold, and the dry grass was stiff with frost, so that it broke crisply under their weight, with a faint, crunching sound. Somewhere yonder in the aspens a twig cracked, and the leaves fluttered together under the touch of the lightest of passing airs. A beaver slapped the water like a pistol shot at an imagined or actual alarm. The night was starlit, and this pale radiance lay along the open slope. A pack mule grazing near the camp leaped awkwardly with its hobbled forefeet. The horses had wandered away up the creek; the faint tinkle of the bell on the neck of one of them came occasionally to Ranse's ears. The camp horse, tethered in the aspens by the old cabins, stamped heavily upon the ground.

Ranse drew Vic away until they were safely out of earshot of the tents. His senses were taut, attuned to every murmur in the night; his eyes ached and his ears were straining. He listened for a moment, then whispered to the other man:

"What happened, Vic?"

Buker was shaking with futile wrath. "I'm getting old, Ranse," he groaned. "I'm getting old, when a man can do that to me."

Ranse spoke reassuringly, "It can happen to anyone."

"I took off my belt when I took off my boots," the lion hunter explained. "I stuck the gun under my blankets, alongside my leg. I stuck the belt under my saddle, under my head. And I went to sleep. Then just now I woke up because my legs was cold. The blanket had slipped off of them somehow. And the gun was gone."

"Belt gone too?" Ranse asked.

Buker shook his head. "No, it's there. But what good does that do? The gun was loaded." He was full of shame for his own delinquency. "Ranse, I'd have swore there weren't a man alive could make such a fool out of me. I sleep lighter'n a cat. If a worm crawls past my head it'll wake me up. If a mouse scratches its ear anywhere within forty yards, I'll hear it. Dog-gone it, Ranse, I got ears on me like an owl. Always did have. I tell you, it ain't human."

Ranse smiled faintly in the darkness at the old man's chagrin. "It can happen to any man," he repeated. "You'd had a hard day."

"Say, Ranse," old Vic insisted, "if a trout moves upstream in the creek, and I'm sleeping on the bank, I can hear him. I tell you, it ain't natural."

Ranse shook his head, faintly impatient. "Don't let it bother you, Vic," he urged. The lion hunter, he thought, was old and garrulous; perhaps his ancient senses did begin to fail. "Where's your bed?"

They moved down to the spot where old Vic had been sleeping, where his blankets still lay. Ranse thought it possible Vic might be mistaken, the gun might still be here. But a moment's search satisfied him that it was indeed gone. Vic still protested, furiously, at his elbow.

"He must have crawled up on me like a snake," he insisted. "He must have located the gun and laid there till I moved off of it. It was right under my leg, Ranse. I could feel it there when I went to sleep. I felt it there when I woke up, too; but when I put my hand on it, it wasn't anything but a chunk of wood."

Ranse nodded. "It's gone, Vic," he agreed. "And now we're worse off than ever. Or as bad. Those two must be around here. And they must have come to finish up their job. Or maybe they came to steal a couple of horses, so they could get away." He hesitated. "I tell you, Vic. I'll take the camp horse and round up the other animals and hold them till morning."

"If them men are around they'll pot you," Vic warned. "You won't have a chance, Ranse."

"I've got to have a try at it," the younger man insisted. "We can't be left afoot here."

"If they're here they've likely come to make sure of Mr. Bayless," Vic argued.

Ranse considered. "That's so, Vic," he decided at last. "That's so. And that means we've got to put up a game on them. I'll tell you. You take the horse and go locate the other animals and keep them moving. That way, these fellows can't slip up on you. I'll try to rig it so we can get through till daylight, here, if you'll take that end of the job off my hands."

"Shore will," Vic promised. "You're the boss, Ranse. Wait till I get my boots on."

Ranse waited till he saw the old man mount and ride away along the open slope toward that distant tinkling bell which told where the horses grazed. He watched, expecting momentarily the crack of a shot and the orange lance of flame through the night. But old Vic went unmolested; and when he was gone Ranse turned back toward the tents. He came to where Enid and her mother slept; and Mrs. Bayless sat up in her sleeping bag to speak to him, a quick, challenging word. His answer reassured her, and he knelt to whisper his intent to her. Enid woke and listened, and understood his plan. And Ranse left them and moved aside toward where his own bed was, as though to return to slumber there.

Then Mrs. Bayless crossed to her husband's tent and crept in to his side; and then she cried out, her voice shrill with terror. "Ranse, Ranse! Quick!" she called.

So Ranse ran that way, and a moment later Enid joined them. Then Lin Bunt, roused by their outcries and their quick, grieved ejaculations, came from the direction of the dining fly with a lantern in his hand, lighting it as he ran.

Mr. Bayless, Mrs. Bayless sobbed, was dead; he must have died in his sleep. She and Enid clung together, while Ranse crawled into the tent and stayed a moment there. Then Ranse emerged and confessed in a clear tone, regretfully:

"Yes, ma'am, he's gone."

And while she and Enid wept in each other's arms, he said to Lin, as clearly as before:

"And he never got a chance to say a word. Now we never will know who done it. Dog-gone it, Lin, I wish't he had come to, enough to talk to us, anyways."

Enid cried, "Ranse, Ranse, what are we going to do?"

And Ranse told her: "Get your mother to lie down, ma'am, if you can. There ain't a thing to do tonight. Only wait till the folks we've sent for come. They'd ought to be here by daylight. Me and Lin, we'll stay here by him. But that's all there is to do."

He had relapsed, she noticed, into those drawling tones which he seemed to affect when he chose; which fitted so well the part he appeared to play. And the girl was amused; she laughed against her mother's shoulder while she seemed to weep; she led the older woman away.

Later, in their tent, Mrs. Bayless could be heard in a moaning grief that did not cease. She wept aloud, she cried out, and she sobbed brokenly.

Ranse, listening critically, thought her pretense was a hollow one. It seemed to him that this comedy was poorly played, was not likely to deceive those who might be listening. Yet there was no other device which he could adopt. He had seen a hurt animal play dead, hoping thus to escape a further onslaught, and he had smiled at that poor deception in the past. But it seemed no laughing matter now. Yet he realized suddenly that Lin, who was not in the secret, appeared to be deceived; and Ranse took hope from this circumstance.

He and Lin, with the lantern between them, sat all the rest of the night at the opening of the tent which sheltered Mr. Bayless, waiting for the dawn. And above them the stars shone; and far up the creek they heard now and then the louder ringing of the bell on the neck of one of the horses as old Vic hazed the animals into a new grazing ground. The sheep seemed disturbed too. In the hour before dawn, when the stars were by the morning mists for a while obscured, the flock got into motion, with many outcries. They moved down to drink, and crossed the creek and ascended through the woods to the eastward, toward the Puerco. But no other sound disturbed Ranse through the night; and if the murderers had indeed come to finish their dark business here, it appeared they had abandoned their intention since the camp was roused.

It occurred to Ranse once as surprising that Moray had not been wakened by the disturbance in the night. That young man had slept lightly heretofore, complaining sometimes of the hardness of his bed. Yet tonight, though there had been much calling out and running to and fro, Moray had not appeared at all. But Ranse was not inclined to complain at this; it was a relief to be free for a while from Moray's questions and his insistent patter of conversation.

During their long vigil there, Lin and Ranse talked little together, and then in undertones. But toward daylight, the low cries of grief from the tent where Mrs. Bayless lay did cease, and Lin said soberly:

"Well, they've gone to sleep at last!"

Ranse nodded, grinning in the darkness at Lin's tone, pleased that Lin was still deceived. "Yes, and a good thing too," he remarked. "Nothing for them to stay awake for now."

Presently in the east the skies began to turn a paler gray; the light increased. From the bosom of the lake, skeins of mist arose, twisting gracefully in the light morning airs, like the breath of a sleeper. All about them gray blurs of shadow lay; and suddenly the shadows did assume substance and familiar form. Tents were tents, and trees were trees; no longer shapeless, ominous things. From up the creek toward the woods old Vic approached, driving the horses before him. Enid and her mother appeared still to be asleep, and young Moray too.

Then Mr. Bayless spoke, from within the tent behind them. "Daylight, Ranse," he said.

At the sound of the voice of the man whom he had thought dead, Lin scrambled to his feet in an absurd dismay. He uttered some startled ejaculation, and Ranse chuckled. And Lin cried, his face white in the gray dawn: "He's alive!"

Ranse nodded, still grinning. He spoke over his shoulder to Mr. Bayless. "Yes, sir, daylight," he agreed. "Whoever it was, they've cleared out by now." And then he said apologetically to Lin:

"You were an almighty comfort to me, Lin. We put up a game to fool them if they were anywhere around, but it didn't look to me like we could fool anybody, only when I saw we had fooled you."

Lin grinned at his own discomfiture. "You sure made a jackass out of me, if you get any comfort out of that," he assented cheerfully.

Mr. Bayless said, wearily, behind them, "I'm a heavy responsibility on you, Ranse."

"Guess I brought you to the wrong place, sir," Ranse amended.

"That was my doing," Mr. Bayless reminded him. "I had reasons for wanting to come."

"You better not talk, Mr. Bayless," Ranse suggested. "Save your strength all you can."

Then Enid crawled out of her tent, her eyes still dewy with sleep, her fair hair tumbled in disorder. But her smile was as bright as ever when she nodded to Ranse; and she came toward him, speaking softly, "Is he awake, Ranse? I heard you talking."

Ranse chuckled. "You and your mother did a good job of play-acting, ma'am. You even fooled Lin here."

She smiled. "Ranse, my name isn't 'ma'am,'" she suggested. "I like 'Enid' much better. I forget to answer to 'ma'am' half the time."

"Yes, ma'am," Ranse drawled; and she said in laughing indignation:

"I think you just do it to be irritating."

Mr. Bayless spoke to her, and she said softly: "Hello, dad." And she crept into the tent to kiss him, to ask him meaningless and tender questions, to bid him be quiet still. Lin went off to start the fire; and Mr. Bayless called to Ranse:

"You said the doctor would be here by daylight?"

"That was for them to hear, if they were around," Ranse explained. "I don't figure they can get here before tonight sometime, even if Norris has the luck. It's a long ride." (Continued on Page 106)

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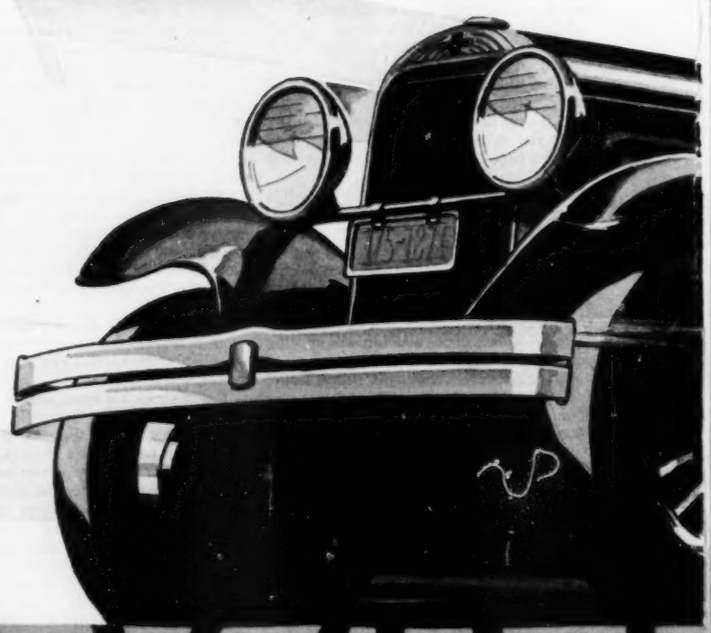

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(Continued from Page 103)

Bayless closed his eyes as though he were tired. "I know the answer to all this, I expect, Ranse," he said. "There is another man who might have come here on the same errand as I, if he is still alive. A man named Splann. And he is a man capable of—any black deed."

"Yes, sir," Ranse agreed. "But there's no need of your talking. It just wears you out."

"Moray can tell you," Bayless explained. "I'll speak to him."

Ranse looked at Enid and grinned, and she smiled, too, but she nodded reassuringly. "I'll ask him, father," she promised. "But you must rest now."

He closed his eyes obediently; and she stood for a moment beside Ranse there, spoke to him in a lower tone. "You think those men were here last night?" she asked. "You still think so?"

"I don't know who else would steal Vic's gun," he pointed out.

She shuddered faintly. "I'm mighty glad it's daylight again," she confessed.

But Ranse chuckled. "You don't need to worry, ma'am," he assured her.

Enid smiled. "You were clever to think of playing possum."

Ranse shook his head. "The chances are they just came to steal a couple of horses," he explained. "Old Vic kept them from doing that." He added slowly: "Just the same, you and your mother played the game."

Enid colored with pleasure, and she touched his hand, suddenly, impulsively. Then Lin called from the fire:

"I'll have some coffee for you all in a minute. Give you a pick-up to start the day."

Ranse nodded to the girl and turned up the hill to join Lin, leaving her by the tents there. Old Vic, having brought the horses in near camp, joined him by the dining fly, still grieving over the loss of his gun.

"I'm shore getting old, Ranse," he grumbled hopelessly.

Ranse grinned comfortingly, and he remarked: "I see Juan's moved his sheep again. They've gone pretty near out of hearing now."

"He pushed them across the creek before daylight," Vic agreed. "I worked the horses out of the way."

"Talk to Juan?" Ranse asked. "He see anybody around last night?"

"I didn't see him," Vic confessed. "It was still dark." He pounded on his knee. "Yes, sir," he deplored, "they pulled that gun right out from under me!"

Ranse hesitated. This was a very real grief to Vic, he understood, and he sought to divert the other. "I tell you, Vic," he said. "Here's something I wish you'd do. It might rain today, before the men come from outside. You ride up to old Peak's cabin, after you've had a bite, and look over the ground there. Look at that fresh digging by the old shaft, and see what you make of it. You've got an eye for tracks and signs."

"I wish Art was here," Vic confessed. "I'm kind of worried about the boy, and he's a better hand than me at that sort of thing, besides."

"We'll have to risk Art," Ranse decided. "He'll likely work over here, when you don't show up. I'd appreciate it if you'd go along up there."

Vic nodded. "Sure," he promised. "I'll go."

And presently, when he had snatched a bite to eat, he did ride away. Then Moray and Enid came to breakfast, leaving Mrs. Bayless for the present with her husband; and Moray, under the prompting of the girl's eyes, drew Ranse aside.

The young man said sullenly, "Enid's been talking to me. I understand Mr. Bayless wants me to—give you some information."

Ranse nodded patiently. "I was wrong yesterday," he confessed. "I hadn't ought to have talked to you that way. Yes, sir, I'd be mighty pleased to hear anything you know."

Moray hesitated, and he looked toward the fire, but Enid was watching them, so he thrust out his hand and he smiled.

"All right," he agreed. "If we've got a quarrel it can wait. We'll have to get together now."

"Far as I'm concerned," said Ranse, "we haven't any quarrel."

Moray's eyes clouded. "It can wait, anyway," he repeated. "But here's the dope, Ranse."

Ranse lighted a cigarette, listening attentively; and Moray, once he was begun, spoke swiftly. He had a natural love for an audience, an irrepressible loquacity, and it needed only an attentive listener to loose his tongue.

"I tried to tell you yesterday," he reminded Ranse. "It all started with a magazine story that Mr. Bayless read three or four months ago. A story by a man named Roberts."

Ranse looked up in quick astonishment. "Roberts?" he repeated. "There was a fellow by that name came in here with me last year. He said he was a writer."

"The same one," Moray assured him. "That's how Mr. Bayless heard of you. Roberts recommended you to him. Mr. Bayless had read this story, and he wrote to Mr. Roberts."

"What was the story about?" Ranse asked; and Moray said explosively: "I'll tell you if you'll stop asking questions."

So Ranse put a bridle on his tongue, and Moray went on.

"It was about two bad men in a Western mining camp. That is, one of them had killed several men. The other hadn't actually killed anybody, but he was supposed to be a dead shot, so everybody was afraid of them. The camp wanted to get rid of them, but there didn't seem to be any way to do it. They were partners, owned a mining claim together, and they hired a man to work it for them. And then one day both these men left town, and no one knew why they'd gone.

"But it came out in the story. The man who worked their claim had talked to each one of the men separately, working up hard feeling between them; and finally he told each one that the other was going to shoot on sight. The idea was, you see, that they were both afraid; both of them ran away, leaving this liar in possession of the claim."

Ranse nodded, puzzled yet attentive.

"And of course," Moray continued, "in the story, the answer was that this employe had found gold on the claim and wanted it for himself. That's why he got rid of them."

Ranse shook his head. "But what's all this got to do with Mr. Bayless?" he protested.

Moray chuckled condescendingly. "You'll have to figure that out for yourself," he retorted. "But here's what happened. Mr. Bayless read the story, and he wrote Mr. Roberts; and Roberts wrote back that the story was true, that old Peak up here had told it to him. He told Mr. Bayless a good deal about Peak."

Ranse slowly rolled a cigarette. "I remember Roberts would talk to the old man by the hour," he agreed.

"So," said Moray, "Mr. Bayless bought all this land up here from the old mining company; and then he wrote to you to arrange this trip. He came to see Peak; that's what he came up here for."

Ranse was silent, drawing his conclusions, but Moray put them into words for him.

"That's all I really know about it," he admitted. "But I know Mr. Bayless was out West here when he was young, in the mining camps. I think he was one of the two men in the story."

Ranse shook his head. "He never was a killer. I'll bank on that."

"He was the other one, the dead shot," Moray argued. "That's my guess. And he thinks Peak stole this mine from him, and he came out to see. I'll bet two to one that's the answer."

Ranse began to understand; he puffed deep on the cigarette; he spoke his thoughts aloud.

"Then Twin-Eye Splann was the other—the killer," he hazarded. "And Splann must have read the same story, and had the same idea, and come with the same notion." He stood with bowed head, frowning with thought. "It must have been a true story; one they'd recognize."

"True enough to bring Mr. Bayless out here!" Moray triumphantly pointed out. "And he's a hard-headed business man."

"And true enough to bring Splann," Ranse added. "Splann didn't look to me the sort that would come away up here just to hunt mountain lions."

He pounded his fist into his palm. "Yes, sir, that story was true enough to bring Splann from San Francisco, and Mr. Bayless from New York; and it was true enough to get old Peak tortured and killed, and to get Mr. Bayless shot." He shook his head. "Funny to think that Splann and Mr. Bayless were partners once. Starting even! They're a long way apart now."

"So the thing for us to do," said Moray importantly, "is to scatter and find these men—Splann and the other. Hunt them down."

"The thing for us to do," Ranse corrected, "is to sit tight and wait till somebody comes. As long as we haven't a gun, we're like the coon in the tree; about all we can do is to yell: 'Don't shoot, mister. I'll come down.'"

"The thing for you both to do," said Enid, laughingly, at his elbow, "is to come to breakfast before it all gets cold."

And Ranse chuckled, and he and Moray turned back with her toward the fire.

XVI

THEY were, in the reaction after that night of taut nerves and tragic pretense, almost hilarious at breakfast. Enid was full of laughter; she won them to laughter too. Old Vic had not returned from his ride to Peak's cabin, but Lin and Ranse and Enid and Moray ate merrily enough; and Mrs. Bayless came to fetch a tin cup of broth for Mr. Bayless, and said he was stronger this morning.

Moray, as though his talk with Ranse had given him an appetite for further conversation, was full of words; he spoke of the alarm in the night when old Vic found his gun was stolen. They had thought him asleep throughout it all, but he declared that he had heard Vic's first move; that he had kept an amused silence during their later poor deception. "You didn't fool me," he insisted complacently; and he drifted into talk of other adventures which had come his way. He spoke of night clubs frequented by men in dinner jackets, whose coat pockets hung heavy with the weight of pistols. Lin grinned, and commented:

"Me, I'd give a pretty for a pocketful of guns right now."

And Enid cried laughingly, "We certainly are a helpless lot. I haven't even a hairpin. But perhaps mamma has."

"Find out," Ranse urged her cheerfully. "If this chap comes around we might catch him by the hair."

"I've see the time," Lin declared, "when I'd have give a good deal for a hairpin, at that." And he launched into the tale, sipping his boiling hot coffee between sentences. He told of a bear-hunting trip with two dudes from Denver, when the first snows caught them in the mountains, and the pack horses slipped and slid backward down the steep slopes they sought to climb, and Lin himself was thrown and started to coast down a sheet of glare ice on which he could get no finger hold. Even a hairpin, he insisted, would have given him a purchase, but he slid to the very brink of a three-hundred-foot precipice, unable to check himself in any way.

"And what happened?" Moray demanded, rising to the bait like a hungry trout when Lin paused to sip his coffee.

"I slid on over," Lin assured him. "Killed me dead."

Moray flushed furiously, and Enid laughed aloud; and Ranse said rebukingly: "Lin, you hadn't ought to pull that one on him."

"What's the matter with that one?" Lin protested. "It's an old-timer, ain't it?"

"He's too young to have heard about that," Ranse explained, and they laughed again, and young Moray said stiffly:

"I suppose any Easterner is fair game out here. Just as you gentlemen would be in New York. Drop in on me sometime. I'll promise you entertainment there."

Lin said dryly, "Ranse here has seen that little town some."

Moray looked at Ranse curiously, and so did Enid. "Is that so?" Enid asked. "I thought you sometimes forgot to be quite so Western in your talk."

"Oh, I've been there," Ranse confessed; and Lin said cheerfully:

"I'll say he's been there. Born in a place called Gramercy Park, Ranse was. I guess it's a kind of a zoo."

It was Ranse's turn to be embarrassed, and Enid was amused by his confusion. But before he could speak, she saw, past him, old Vic loping toward them down the creek trail, and at her word they all turned while Vic pulled up his horse and alighted and strode toward the fire. Ranse looked up at him, and Lin without comment poured another cup of coffee.

Then Vic said abstractedly, "Looks like we might get a bit of rain this aft'noon."

Ranse smiled. "Find anything, Vic?" he asked. And as the other hesitated, he added: "No need to hold back. I guess we've all had enough excitement so that a little more won't bother us any."

It was plain to him, from the old man's demeanor, that Vic had found something; there was a cold light in the lion hunter's eyes.

But at his question now, Vic only said evasively, "Why, I looked around some."

Enid urged impatiently, "Tell us, Mr. Buker. Everything you did find."

And Ranse added, "Go on, Vic; spill it, whatever it is."

Vic sipped his coffee. "Well," he said thoughtfully, "I found one thing and another. I see the tracks you saw, Ranse—them in stocking feet. There was two men, all right; the tracks was pretty near of a size, but not quite the same."

Ranse nodded. "I figured there might have been two of them," he assented.

"And I see where they'd tied their horses," Vic continued. "Up on the road to the old workings, where Juan found that piece of rein. You could see where it had chafed on the tree; and I located another tree, where another hoss had been tied, handy by. That one just got loose, I guess; weren't tied right. And you could see where they stomped for a spell before they did break loose. But their tracks was mostly hid under sheep tracks, time I got there."

"Juan said his sheep were up there yesterday," Ranse remembered, and Vic nodded importantly.

"So I went on to the cabin and the shaft," he explained. "I found the digging at the shaft; and the cabin all nailed up the way you left it. Old Juan was there. He'd brought some wild asters that he'd picked to spread around the door. Juan was right sore at them that done for old Peak." He grinned reminiscently. "Him and Peak used to play cribbage together, sometimes, nights," he explained. "I dropped in there once and see them, and Peak was cheating the old man to a fare you well mother. But I guess Juan was the only friend he had, at that. Anyway, Juan did some talking today, about them that burned Peak, and how much it hurt the old man, and all this and that."

"He's a tender-hearted old codger," Ranse agreed, and glanced at Enid. "Remember how quick he was to kill that sick porcupine?"

She nodded, and Vic went on.

"I didn't find any tracks—only the ones you saw," he admitted. "But, Ranse, two or three things around there struck me funny. Did you notice them?"

Ranse considered. "I wasn't thinking of much except the killers," he confessed. "But I remember wondering what Peak did

(Continued on Page 111)

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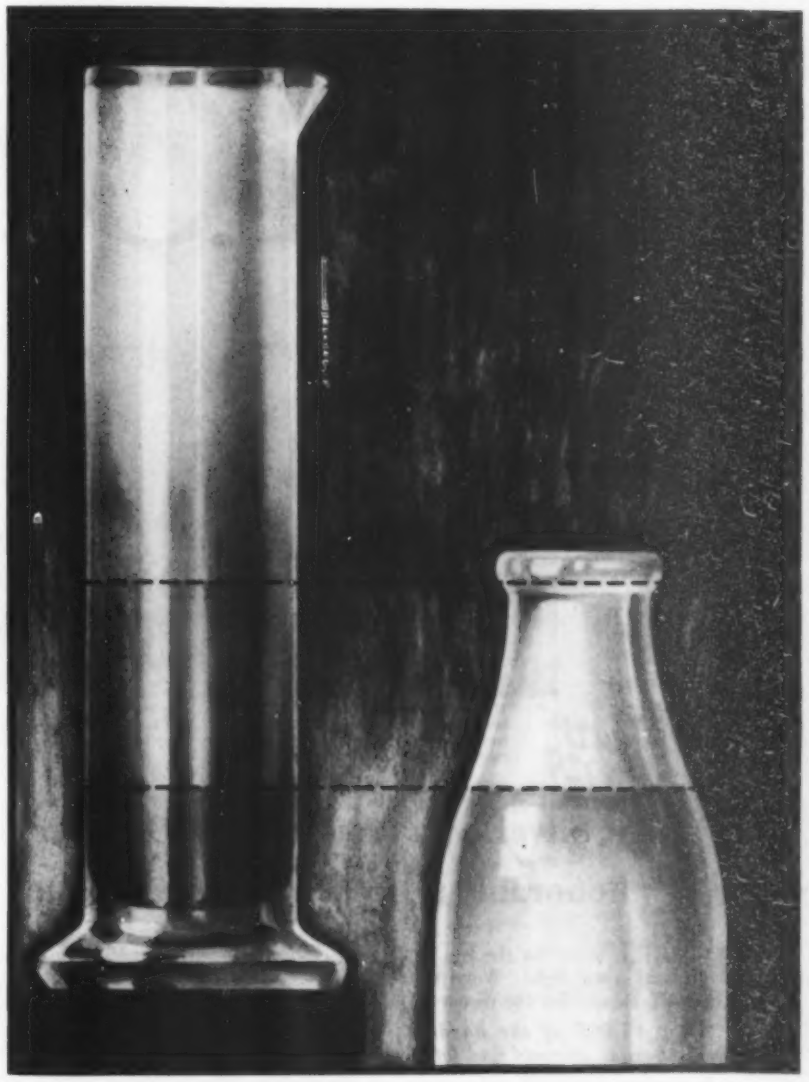

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The end of the trail . . . ticking off the last of 47,892 miles with the 1930 Unit of the Goodrich Silver Fleet.

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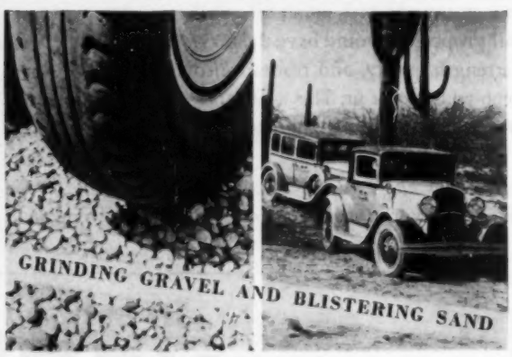

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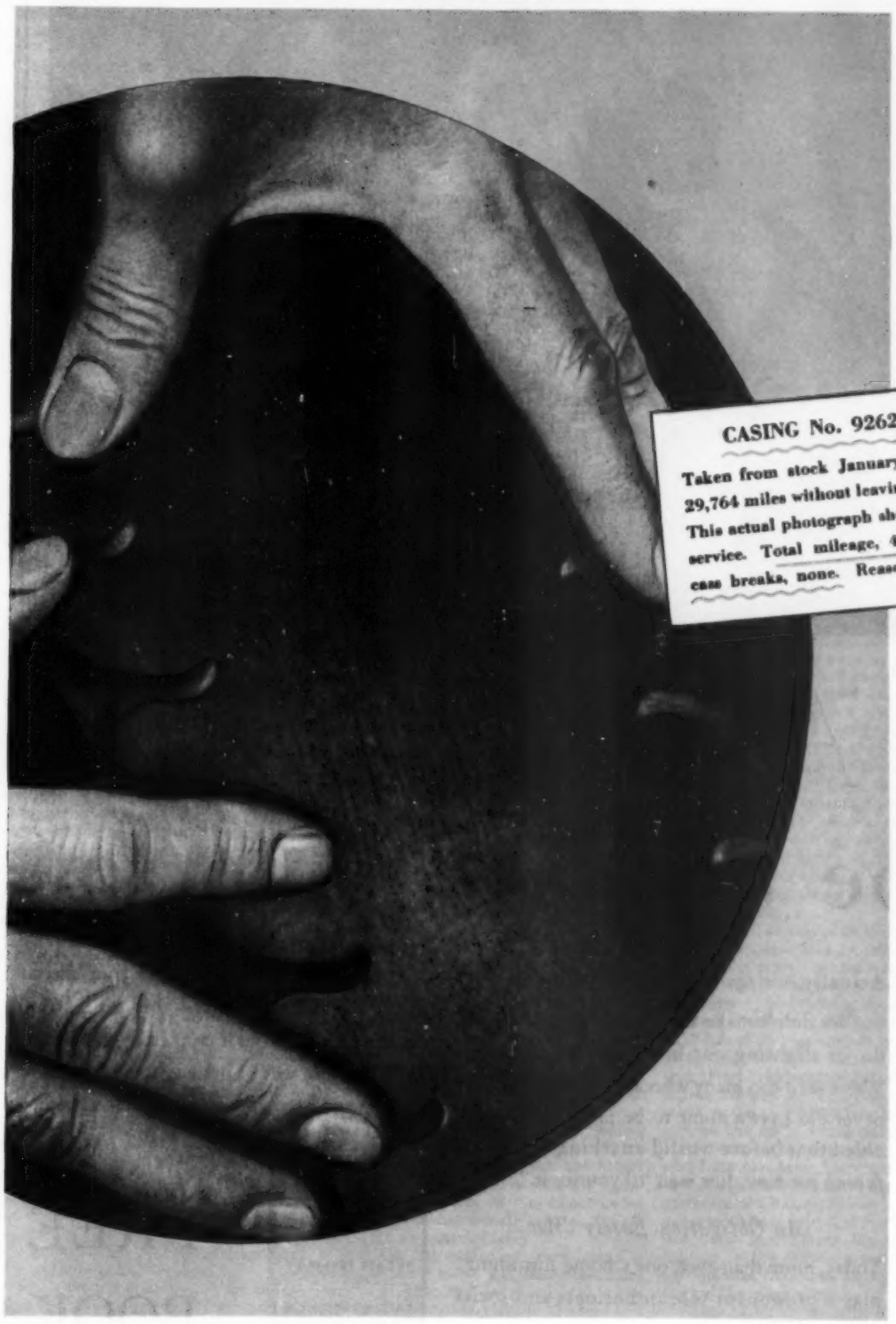

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Taken from stock January, 1929. Placed on Silver Fleet . . . Driven 29,764 miles without leaving rim. Transferred to the 1930 Silver Fleet. This actual photograph shows exact condition of tire when retired from service. Total mileage, 47,892. Punctures, 8. Blow-outs, none. Carcass breaks, none. Reason for removal, two nails embedded in tread.

Notice the absence of cracking, crazing and similar signs of age, in spite of tremendous mileage.

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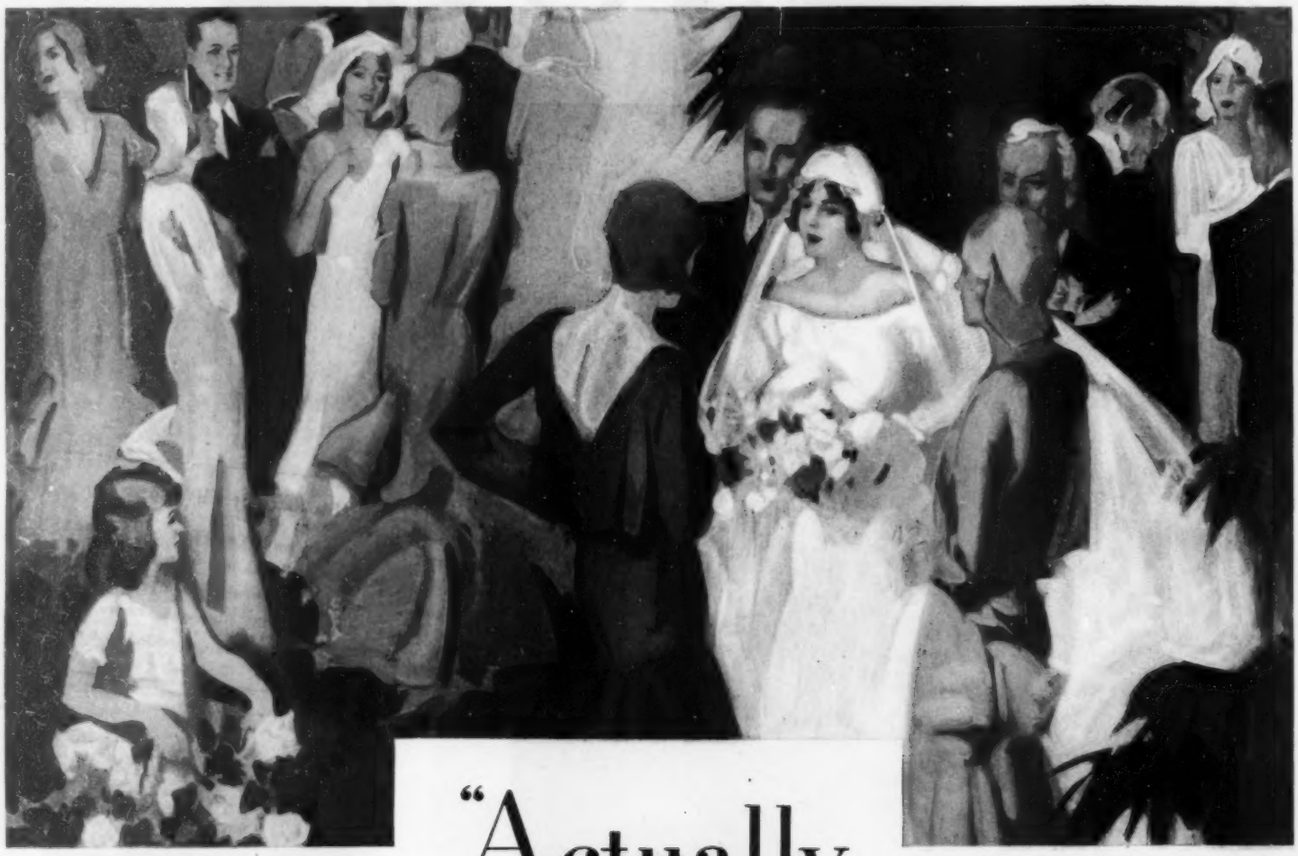

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The first thing we did was to furnish our home. Just wait 'til you see it."

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(Continued from Page 106)

with his old tin cans. I didn't see any around."

Vic nodded. "I noticed that, yes," he assented. "I figured he throwed them down the old shaft, so's to keep the woods clean. There was quite a path from his cabin to the shaft, where he'd gone back and forth."

"Yes, I saw it."

"But he'd have to carry a lot of tin cans, one at a time, for quite a while, to make that much of a path," Vic remarked.

Ranse looked at him curiously. "What are you getting at, Vic? What was he carrying?"

"What do you figure old Peak was doing with a soldering iron?" Vic countered.

Ranse considered. "I noticed it there, but I supposed the others brought it with them."

"They wouldn't need to bring it. They could use a hot poker, build a fire in the stove. No, they found it there, Ranse. In a hide in the logs behind the stove. I see where Peak used to keep it."

Ranse hesitated, grinned, shook his head. "You're too rapid for me, Vic. What are you heading toward?"

"I got to thinking," Vic confessed. "Folks have said for a good many years that Peak had a placer mine somewhere. That's what this outfit must have come after. There wasn't any other reason to burn the old buzzard the way they did, only if they wanted to make him talk. And they'd gone over the cabin pretty thorough. I begun to look around; and by 'n' by I pulled up some boards in the floor and crawled in underneath. Ranse, what do you reckon I found?"

"A barrel of gold!" Enid cried delightedly. "A barrel of gold!"

Vic chuckled, shook his head. "No, ma'am," he confessed. "Nothing only a hole in the ground."

And while they listened silently, he continued: "Ranse, you know where the old vein used to be, up on Bodega; and the creek comes down from there. The creek used to run out through where that meadow is, in front of Peak's shanty, till the big slide dammed it up, maybe a thousand years ago, and it cut through a new way down this valley here."

"I know," Ranse agreed.

"Well, where the old creek bed used to be is all under ground now," Vic explained. "The slide made a lake, and the lake silted up and made the meadow. But the old creek used to run over a washboard of upended strata, and the dust it carried lodged in them pockets, I figure. Anyway, I found a drift tunnel under Peak's shanty, all timbered in regular style. And the drift runs into the old creek bed, and Peak has lifted the gravel out of them pockets till he's stripped them clean. There's where his gold come from, Ranse."

Their eyes were shining. "I knew it!" Enid cried. "Barrels of gold!"

Vic chuckled. "Well, a right smart of it, likely," he admitted. "He's been working there a long time, by the looks. He must have carried the dirt to the old shaft and dumped it in. He'd make that path that way."

Moray interrupted, in sudden understanding. "Ranse, don't you see?" he cried. "You remember what I told you. Peak himself was the hired man, and he did strike gold on the claim; did trick the owners into leaving camp. Then he must have kept quiet, waited till the camp shut down, come back and grabbed it all for himself. Yes, sir."

Vic stared at him, and Ranse asked Vic, "Was the gold there?"

"Only about two ounces, in an empty tomato can," Vic admitted. "I left it there. Likely the rest is packed away in cans and buried around in the hills everywhere."

Ranse chuckled. "Say, if this news gets out, there'll be a thousand men in here inside of a week, digging for tomato cans."

Moray shook his head. "Mr. Bayless won't allow that," he protested. "He's bought this land in here, you know. I told you that, Ranse."

Vic grinned. "Young fellow, you never see a gold rush," he returned. "I have. It'll take more'n Mr. Bayless to keep them out of here when we spread the word."

Ranse said soberly: "And there'll be more killings. That's what brought your customers here, Vic—this gold. If they get outside they'll be back again. And more with them."

"How much do you suppose he found?" Moray asked, licking his lips.

Ranse chuckled. "You're catching the fever yourself, Mr. Moray," he remarked; and Enid cried:

"Oh, so am I! I shall go digging everywhere. Like a dog that has buried a bone."

"How much?" Moray insisted. But before Vic could reply, Ranse said quietly: "Time enough for that by and by. Vic, here comes Art Shill."

They swung at his word; and as they did so they heard the beat of hoofs which had already caught Ranse's keener ear. A horseman came toward them, winding down the trail from the pass between Bodega and Wild Horse Mesa, threading the last fringe of aspens. He burst into the open, and saw them, and checked his animal for a moment, then came on.

Enid asked softly at Ranse's side: "Who is it? Is it all right, Ranse?"

He reassured her. "It's Vic's partner," he explained. "Young Art Shill."

Then the boy pulled up here before them; he stared at them for a moment, swung to the ground, turned to old Vic. And Vic asked gently:

"You all right, Art?"

"Shore I am," the boy retorted resentfully. "But, pop, what's coming off around here? What's going on? What you doing over here?"

And he added, in quick, wrathful recital: "I found them two dudes of ours. One of 'em's got a broken leg, and the other gazook, he stole my horse and beat it, and left me on the ground. You lemme get a hold on him ——"

Vic started to speak, but Ranse said swiftly: "Steady, son! You found them?"

"In that steep box canyon three-four miles above camp," Art explained. "Splann had fell and caught his foot between a couple of rocks; broke his leg right above the ankle. This Lutz was with him, and they were arguing, and I heard them from up above. It's a thick hole in there. I left my horse and clumb down to them, and whilst I was trying to make this Splann a little bit comfortable, Lutz started to climb up to where my horse was. And the next thing I knowed, he was gone."

"Gone?"

"I heard him ride away. Time I got to the top, he was out of sight."

"What then?" Ranse asked.

"Why, I chased him a ways, like a fool," Art confessed. "But I never had a chance. So I went back. This Splann was in a bad way. Cussing and carrying on. He was hurt bad. I never did see such an ugly break. So I got him to hold on to a tree, and I stretched his leg for him, and tied it up that way. And by that time it was dark. So I got a fire going. I stayed with him most of the night. He couldn't travel."

"What'd he have to say?" Ranse asked.

"He said him and Lutz got saddle sore, and got off and tied their horses and climbed a little hill to look at the country and try to hear the dogs; and he said the horses got scared and broke loose and left them. He cussed the horses, and he cussed us for having horses that wouldn't stand, and all that. He sure carried on."

And the boy stared at them, asked a question in his turn; and Ranse told him, briefly, all that had happened here, while Art listened with ejaculations of anger and dismay.

"So we'd better get over there and nail Splann while we can," Ranse concluded. "Lutz has got too much of a start, but we can grab Splann anyway. How long a ride to where he is, Art?"

"I left him early this morning, short of daylight," Art confessed. "Footed it back to camp and got me another horse. But it'll take two men, maybe more, to lug him up out of the canyon without you hurt him pretty bad. It's near ten miles from here, over the saddle, and the last three-four miles there ain't any trail."

Ranse nodded, made a quick decision. "Art, give Lin your .22. Vic, you and Art and me will ride over there. Lin and Mr. Moray here can keep camp. Or, Mr. Moray, you can come along if you want, and help lug him out of there."

"I'll stay here," Moray decided. "The ladies may need me."

"I don't know about giving up my gun," young Art doubtfully protested; but Ranse said simply:

"You and Vic and me will have to take our chances. Lin ought to have a gun, if he's going to look out for the folks here."

So Art reluctantly handed over his long-barreled weapon, and Lin looked at it and chuckled, hefting it in his hands.

"It'll do to kill butterflies," he remarked.

"It'll do to kill a lion, if you know how to point it," Art retorted. "It ain't the gun, it's the man behind it, Lin."

Ranse said calmly, "Now we'll get going, boys," and he turned toward where the horses were. But as he did so Enid came after him, touched his arm.

"I'll go with you, Ranse," she urged.

"He might be ugly, ma'am," Ranse reminded her. "No, you stay here."

Enid shook her head. "I shan't care. I want to see—whatever happens, Ranse. I'm coming."

But Ranse said firmly, "I guess not." And Enid started to protest again, then held her tongue; but she was smiling still.

Five minutes later the three men were mounted and ready to depart. They would follow the trail for the first five or six miles, Art explained. Ranse gave a last word of warning to Lin, he waved his hand to Enid, who stood with her mother by the tent where Mr. Bayless lay, and then he spurred his horse after the others. A moment later the camp was blotted out of sight behind them as they entered the cover of the aspens on the slopes above. They passed old Juan's flock moving down the valley to fresh pasturage, and so went on; and their horses held a steady trot that laid the miles behind. They spoke little on the way. Old Vic rode in front, then Ranse, and the boy came close behind.

The trail ascended steadily, till it emerged at last on an open saddle, the ground beyond dropping steeply toward the valley of the Puerco; and before them for miles lay a tumbled chaos of mountain and canyon, of peaks and desert reaches swimming in color like the sea. They swung northward along the rocky saddle of the ridge, and rode thus for half a mile or more, with only an occasional scattering clump of aspens to block their way.

Ranse was acutely alert to all about him, yet at the same time he tried to put his thoughts in order. By the news young Art Shill brought, it seemed to him that whatever mystery had clouded these events was cleared. There could no longer be any doubt that Splann and his companion had slipped away from old Vic and from the boy, and sought out Peak's cabin. Splann must have known the way of old. Probably the cabin stood on the very spot where had once been located the claim which Splann and Mr. Bayless owned in partnership. So Splann and Lutz had come there and done their ugly, futile business, and when they found their errand a failure, Splann in sheer blind anger must have fired that shot at Mr. Bayless. But now Splann lay crippled and helpless in the canyon somewhere ahead, and the man Lutz must be well on his way toward the outer world.

Ranse found his thoughts drifting to the matter of old Peak's gold, of that treasure which the creek had deposited in the washboard of the rocks, which Peak had harvested through these intervening years; and he tried to guess what might have been Peak's chosen hiding place.

He was all absorbed in these conjectures, when a new thought came to startle and

(Continued on Page 113)

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as a Shampoo once a week

(Continued from Page 111)

dismay him. For if Splann had lain all last night with a broken leg in the canyon here ahead of them, then Splann could not have stolen old Vic Buker's gun. Nor was it likely that Lutz would have gone out of his way to perpetrate this small, unnecessary theft. The matter revived in Ranse all his old bewilderment. He had assumed that Splann and Lutz had come creeping around the camp the night before, bent on some dark errand, but it seemed to him now, in the clearer light of day, that this assumption had been folly from the first. Such men as these were had not the capacity for stealth which would have made it possible for them to creep near old Vic as he slept, and steal his gun away. Nor was it likely that they would have attempted any such enterprise.

And Ranse suddenly knew, with a great certainty, that this enigma which confronted them was not yet solved. There was some other active, evil force at work. Someone else must have heard of Dusty Peak's golden hoard and come to seek it. Someone else, moving stealthily under the shelter of the forests, had slain Peak, and wounded Mr. Bayless, and stolen old Vic's gun away. There were, as Lin had pointed out the day before, folk in these mountains who might on provocation be capable of such deeds as these. And with the thought, Ranse became suddenly vigilant again. He began to look alertly right and left, to scan with an anxious eye each bowlder and tree and clump of bushes ahead of them along the way they rode.

It was in this new alertness that he heard a horse behind them and turned back, to meet Enid when she came at full gallop to overtake them there. She was smiling delightedly, as pleased with herself as is the dog which, bidden to remain at home, trails its master at a distance until it shows itself at last, sure of being permitted to bear him company now.

And Ranse knew himself defeated, and said only, "You were bound to come along!"

She explained in apology, "I had to do something, Ranse. I was lonesome."

He looked faintly puzzled, and she explained: "Emerson rode away as soon as you were out of sight. He didn't even invite me to go along. So I followed you." Her eyes smiled at him teasingly. "I might have followed him," she pointed out.

"Where did he go?" Ranse wondered, in a slow surprise. "Just for a ride?"

She did not know; and he said doubtfully: "He'll be getting lost, too, if he's not careful. We'll have another job on our hands to find him."

"I told him so," she agreed. "But you can't ever argue with Emerson." She looked at him in mild reproach. "You haven't given me much of a welcome."

He chuckled. "I was thinking," he confessed. "My head's buzzing. I ——"

But he broke off in mid-sentence, swinging sharply around to look northward along the ridge upon which they stood. Vic and Art had stopped, fifty yards away, to wait till Ranse and Enid should be ready to proceed, but Ranse saw that they, too, were looking ahead. He understood that they had heard what he had heard; a faint, far, sharp, pin prick of sound, unmistakable to the accustomed ear.

Enid saw his quick movement, his alert attention; and she asked in a low tone, "What is it, Ranse?"

He hesitated; he was still listening. Then he beckoned her to follow him, and kicked his horse and came up to where the others were. "A shot, Vic?" he asked.

"Sounded like it," Vic agreed.

Ranse gathered his reins. "Let's get a move on," he suggested. He hesitated, looking at Enid doubtfully. "You'll have to stick with us now," he decided.

"I'll stick, Ranse," she promised. "And I'll try not to hinder you."

He nodded and broke into a trot and then into a lope. Enid followed him; Art and old Vic came behind. They pushed north along the ridge, but after a little the ground ahead of them became more broken and irregular, and the horses slid down steep banks of loose shale, scrambled out of pits that seemed likely to imprison them, broke through thick brush, wound their way among aspens or fought through tangles of spruce and pine. Ranse now and then looked back inquiringly at the girl, but she seemed to pick by instinct the easiest and safest way, and he forgot by and by his concern for her.

They came at last to the head of a deep box canyon, into which the horses could not descend, and Ranse pulled up his horse and waited till the others were beside him.

He asked then, "This the canyon, Art?"

Art nodded. "He's down here about half a mile," he said.

Ranse surveyed the country below them. In the canyon at their feet he could see a tumble of great bowlders and a tangle of down timber through which a mouse could scarce have picked its way.

He said, half to himself: "If I had been Splann and Lutz, I'd never have chosen this way."

"They must have been going blind," old Vic agreed. "Pretty much up in the air. Or they'd never have tried to scramble across this below us here."

"I'm wondering about that shot," Ranse confessed; and he looked toward Enid. "If he's down there alone, with a broken leg, he ought to be glad to see us. But if he's been doing this killing around here, I don't know. Art, I wish now you'd brought that popgun of yours."

The others made no comment, waiting for his leadership; and Ranse said at last: "Well, talking won't settle anything. Art, you better lead the way."

So they moved on, down the southern rim of this canyon. Art was in the lead, old Vic on his heels; then Enid, and Ranse close behind. They rode through thick growth, and Ranse saw how wisely Enid let her horse pick its own way, only leaning her weight against a tree trunk now and then as she passed, to thrust the beast aside and save her knee a blow. He was absorbed in watching her, till Art at last pushed out upon a rocky promontory which looked up and down the canyon; and he called back to them:

"It's just below here, not a hundred yards."

And he returned and led on again, and they emerged suddenly from the thick growth into a sunlit copse of aspen; and at Art's sign they halted at the brink of the canyon, where rim rock ten or twelve feet high barred their descent.

Art slid from his horse; he dropped the reins; Vic and Ranse likewise alighted.

But Ranse turned to say positively to the girl, "You'll stay here now, till we see."

"I want to come down with you," she insisted.

"Please," he urged; and she hesitated at something in his tone, and colored suddenly, and so agreed.

So she stayed there, sitting her horse, while the men descended into the canyon below. Art and old Vic were ahead, because Ranse had paused to speak to her. She heard Art call Splann by name, but no answer came; she heard the boy's shrill tones again, and then again.

"He ought to be right below us!" Art shouted back to them. "I don't know why he don't answer!" And a moment later: "Darn it, I left him right down there." And he called Splann's name again. And after another interval, in a somewhat lower tone: "I left him on that bed of moss. He couldn't move; couldn't have got away."

She could not see them for the thick cover; could not distinguish the words of the older men, whose voices held to a lower pitch. But she could still hear Art's quick, excited tones.

And so she heard a moment later his louder cry, "Here he is! Down in this crevice! Splann!" And after a moment, in more muffled accents: "Pop, he's dead. Dead as a beefed steer. Someone's put a bullet in his head!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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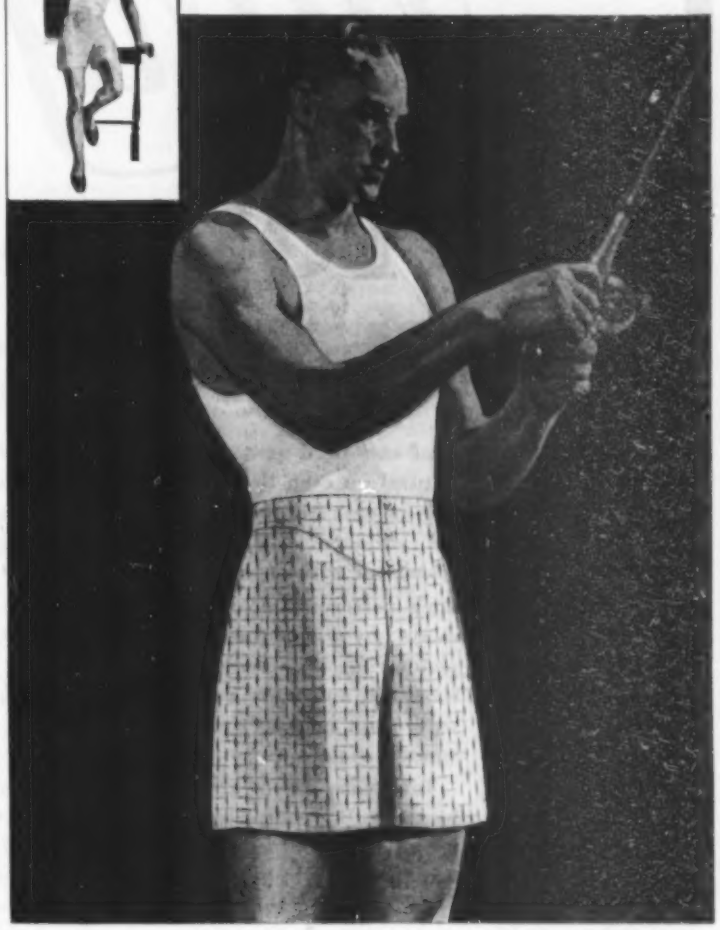

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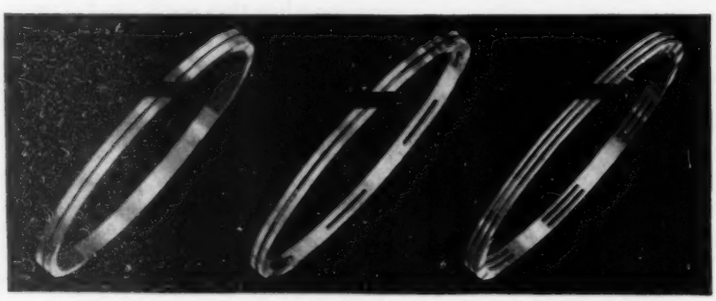

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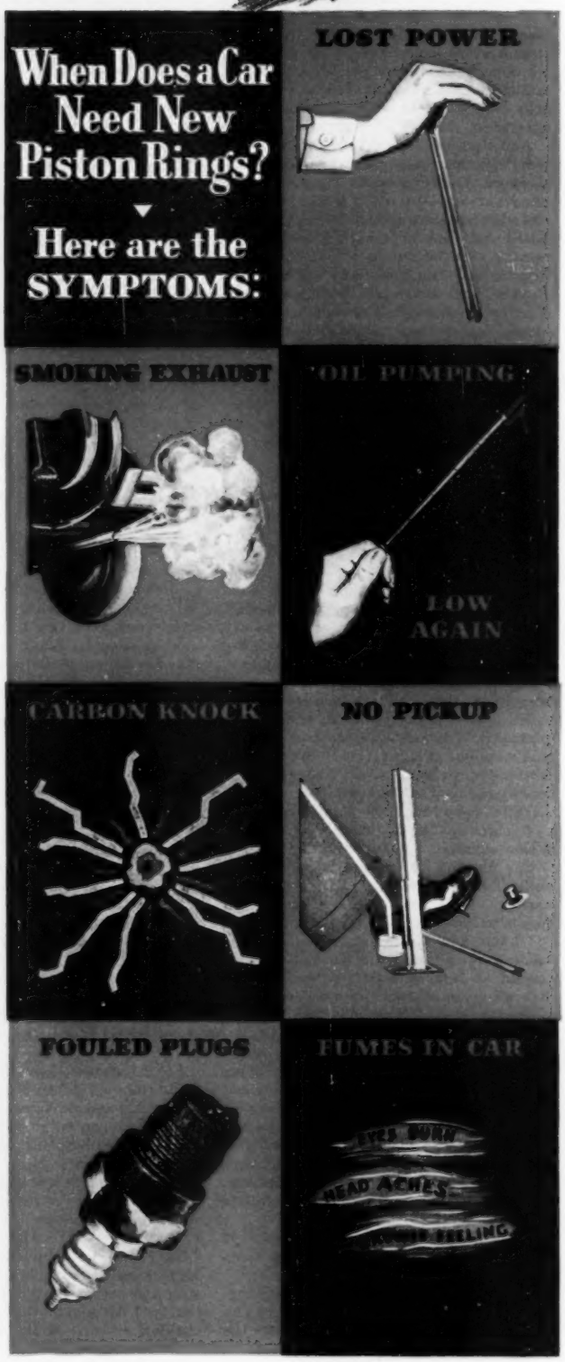
When Does a Car Need New Piston Rings?

Here are the SYMPTOMS:



For *new car performance*-use

PERFECT CIRCLES

NUTS AND REASONS

(Continued from Page 21)

the grabbing is good, she might not have another chance?"

"You got brain, Elyse."

"I guess you have, too—for a juggler, Eddie. One thing I'll say for your scheme—it's certainly brand-new. Nobody else ever thought of that jealousy gag before. But I don't like wrastlers anyway, and I'll help all I can. If Toy is really nuts about you it might work. If she ain't, I'll get plenty of free feeds."

That's the arrangement, and at first I see that Toy ain't so happy at the sang fried with which I sheik around with Elyse. Only it don't affect her so much that she goes home and cries her eyes out. As a matter of fact, it seems to me like everywhere me and Elyse go, there Toy is with this Smack Markis, and if Toy is having an unhappy time, she is sure a brave girl, because she is always smiling.

After Cleveland, we stick together through Detroit, and then we split for a week, with us poking into the sticks and Toy going with Smack's act into Chi. They also play Chi a second week, and I rejoin them there. Elyse has also been routed with them, and right away when we get together I ask for a report.

"Toy is working hard to make you jealous," says Elyse.

"She is succeeding," I admit.

"She is letting old battleground think that she is nuts about him."

"She is also kind of making me think same."

"But I don't believe she is. I think her heart is set on some day marrying a juggler."

My bosom gives a flutter and I ask her is she just kidding me, and she says no.

"But there's one complication, Eddie. There's only two things this radish ever talks about. One is that he never wrastles for less than a thousand dollars and the other is that no woman ain't never hooked him. Only he's soft-pedaling that last recently, because everybody in the show knows he is that way about Toy."

"And ain't I glad," says I. "Because when I take Toy away from him ——"

"Yeh," she says, "when you take Toy away from him you are libel to wake up on a nice, cool, marble slab."

I give her a quick look to see if she is joking, but she ain't, and I get kind of sick; also asking her for an explanation.

"Well," she says, "from all I can find out, this Smack Markis ain't very long on brain, but he is there with the jealousy stuff. It seems that he don't get mad often, but when he does he usually tears a few ribs and a couple of shoulders out of the guy he gets mad at."

That knocks me for a ghoul. "It does seem," I says, "that Toy might have picked somebody to get jealous of me which does not drink blood every morning for breakfast."

Well, I make up my mind that I better had not fool around no more, but grab off Toy before this Smack gets too jealous of her. So I stand in the wings during their act that afternoon, and when they come off I give Toy a sunny smile.

"Hello, kid," I says. "You looked good this afternoon."

Well, sir, she didn't give me a tumble. Just stuck that pretty little nose of hers up in the air and strutted off, and you could of knocked me down with a feather if you had had a feather, because I guess a guy knows when a girl is cuckoo about him; but nobody can't never tell about women, especially women that travel with wrastling acts.

I try again that night after the last show. I rap once on her dressing-room door and go busting in.

"Say, listen, cutie ——" I start, but she clips me right off.

"If you don't get out of my dressing room," she snaps, "I will call the management and have you pitched out on your neck."

"Aw, listen ——"

"I wouldn't listen to you if you had a loud-speaker. You are nothing but a bum juggler which once tried to sock me in the nose, and I am offa you for life, or longer."

"But, sweetheart ——"

"I ain't your sweetheart, either; so don't go calling me out of my name."

Well, sir, I slunk out of her room, feeling like a disaster had kissed me on the dome, and the queerest thing about it is that I could almost swear I heard her crying. That was right after I closed the door. But I ask you, how can a guy figure a dame which takes him for a ride like she done me and then cries about it? Wasn't I sweet to her? Wasn't I willing to forget that I tried to sock her? Was I throwing our old quarrels up in her face?

No, I wasn't. But it begins to look like I held off my play too long, because in the weeks that follow, most of which we are together, I don't never see Toy that she ain't got that piece of tripe with her, which his name is Smack Markis.

Honest, that baby had it bad, and it looked like he was all set to cop. Can you imagine a dame passing up a regular guy like me for some feller whose idea of married life is probly to practice half nelsons and strangleholds on the lady of his choice? Besides, how does she know that pretty soon some better wrastler ain't coming along and break him up into little pieces, which I only hope I am at the ringside when it happens.

Love troubles always are tough for artists, and they even get to me. Lots of my stuff goes bad—dropping things and all, because it is very hard to keep your mind on eight different whirling knives at once when in the wings a big palooka is standing with his arms around the one and only girl—or anyway looking like his arm is around her. Some of the house managers was yelling and I was explaining that I just worked them flops into my act so it would look better when I did the trick right, but they don't seem to fall for that very hard.

Finally I cannot keep my troubles to myself no longer, so I go to Elyse, which has been a friend in need.

"For the luvva Pete," I beg, "find out what is wrong!"

That night I take her to a beanery and she tells me.

"Toy is crazy about you," she announces.

"I guess I ought to cheer. And I would if I believed you."

"It's true," she insists.

"Well, she takes an awful funny way of showing it."

"It is breaking her heart," says Miss Elegant. "But she ain't hankering to attend your funeral."

"I wasn't talking about no funeral."

"Well, I was. And so was Toy. It seemed like some kind soul went to Smack Markis several weeks ago and asked him was it true that he was sweet on Toy. He says yes, and this good friend of yours tells Smack he had better keep his eye on you, because Toy used to work in your act, and also there was rumors that you was going to get married. Well, Toy says that Smack come right to her and wanted to know was she crazy about you, and she says 'No. Why?' And he says that if his girl ——"

"Where does he get that way—calling her his girl?"

"Because," explains Elyse, "Toy made a play for him to make you jealous, and the big dumb ox took it serious."

"Smart girl, that Toy. Go ahead."

"Well, anyway, Smack says that if he so much as catches his girl looking at you or talking to you, he will tear you limb from limb."

"Sweet feller!"

"So what could Toy do? She is pining for you, but if she gives you one word or a smile, Smack is promptly going to render you extinct. And if there is one thing in the world less use than a live juggler, it is a dead one."

"Lay off the wisecracks and stick to the story."

"That's all," says Elyse. "There ain't no more."

"But you ain't told me what to do."

"I would forget all about Toy," says she, "unless you got an awful yen to find out what comes hereafter."

"You don't really think he would tear me to pieces, do you?"

"I don't think it," she answers encouragingly, "I know it."

Tie that if you can. Here I am gaga about a dame which is crazy about me; and all on account she started playing another guy off against me, she has now got to remain away from me in order to save my life. But I think it is very wise of her, because every time I get another flash at that hard pan of Smack's I know that I have less and less yearning to feel him commence to operate on me. That's the way with a guy like him—no brains, but lots of emotion; and his jealousy would most likely be uncontrollable.

About the only thing which saves my life is that I know Toy hates him and wishes she had me back, which only shows a woman never appreciates a good man until he is lost to her forever. So we carry on the queerest kind of love-making. I send messages to her by Elyse and she sends 'em back by the same route. Elyse says Toy is eating out her heart for me, which shows she has got more intelligence than I thought; and finally she is crazy enough to ask can't we meet somewhere in private. In answer, I request Elyse to tell her that she can't love me very much to want to see me get killed by a punk wrastler; and she says it ain't so about her not loving me, but it seems that anything would be preferable to this. So I tell Elyse to tell her that's all right if the "anything" was going to happen to her, but please not to forget that it's me that will be on the receiving end, once this prehysteric man gets on the loose, and that I got a duty to my public, which is to keep myself completely alive and in as good health as possible for their sakes.

But just the same, the thing is telling on Toy. I can see in her face that she is grieving something terrible, and I get to wishing I had of married her in the first place and avoided all this other trouble. Also a guy which knows women had better watch his step when they begin looking at him in a hungry kind of way, because when a dame wants a man there ain't nothing going to stop her from having him. She's gonna be with him if she has to get him murdered to do it.

Just the same, it seemed to me that Toy would have more genuine affection for me than to do anything as silly as what she done. There I was, sitting in my room, all innocent and unsuspicious, and being sorry that Toy wasn't with me, and also glad that Smack Markis wasn't, when the door opens and Elyse comes screaming in.

No knock or nothing. And I know right away that lots of trouble is headed my way.

Elyse grabs my arm and says, "Beat it, quick!"

"Where to?" I inquire.

"Anywhere that's far and sudden."

"What for?"

"To save your life."

"From what?"

"Toy has gone off her nut and had an idea. She says this condition is killing her and she is going to have a show-down."

"Let her have it," says I, "provided she keeps me out of it."

"But she won't keep you out of it. She has tried to tell Markis that it is all off between them, but he won't listen, and so she is bringing him here tonight for that there show-down."

"What?" I'm on my feet then, dabbing at the cold perspiration. "Who is bringing which where when?"

"Toy is bringing Smack Markis here right now. And right before his eyes she is going to announce that she don't give a hoot for him, but is going to marry you—or whatever is left of you when Smack gets through."

"H-h-how do you know?"

"Toy told me. She's due here any minute, and if you don't lam quick, vaudeville is going to lose its premier juggler."

Well, I can take a hint as well as anybody, so I make a grab for my coat, thinking all the time how thoughtless women are when they are in love; when, whang! the door opens and Toy and Smack enter the room. Elyse takes one farewell look at me and edges out.

"Good-by, Eddie," she calls. "I won't forget you."

Toy closes the door and turns toward me. But I ain't looking at her. I got my eye on that ugly physiognomy that Smack Markis carries around with him, and believe me, it ain't no handsomer now than it always was. I realize that I am about to cut my bookings short forever, and I don't cheer about it, either.

Toy commences talking, and she stands right in front of Smack to do it, too—like she was having a lot of trouble slamming an idea through that ivory dome of his.

"I brought you up here," snaps Toy, "to make you understand that I and you are finished. You wouldn't believe it before, so I thought maybe if you met the man face to face which I am in love with and gonna marry, you would understand that I ain't going to throw myself away on no cheap wrastler."

Smack commences to fidget. The muscles are bulging under his coat, and already I can see my most important ligaments flying all over that room.

Smack is standing very close to the door, and the window of my hotel room is seven stories above the street. I ain't got a gun, either. All I have got is a hunch that I am shortly to be spoke of in the past tents.

Well, a guy's brain is supposed to work fast in a situation like that, but mine has sure gone to sleep, because I cannot think of nothing except what an untimely end I am shortly to meet. I am looking at Smack, and Smack is looking at me, and from his expression I can tell positively that he means to do me wrong. But he stands there against the wall, never saying a word. As a matter of fact, Toy is doing enough talking for the three of us.

Right away I can tell that she has had lots of unpleasant things bottled up in herself for a long time, and she takes this opportunity to explain them to Mr. Markis. If I had been Smack I would of been right embarrassed.

All this time I am staring at Smack. He ain't moved an inch, being flattened against that wall with his face kind of red, while he listens to all them things Toy is saying about him being a cheap skate and a punk grappler. I do not know how long this can go on, but so far nothing has happened except Toy's voice.

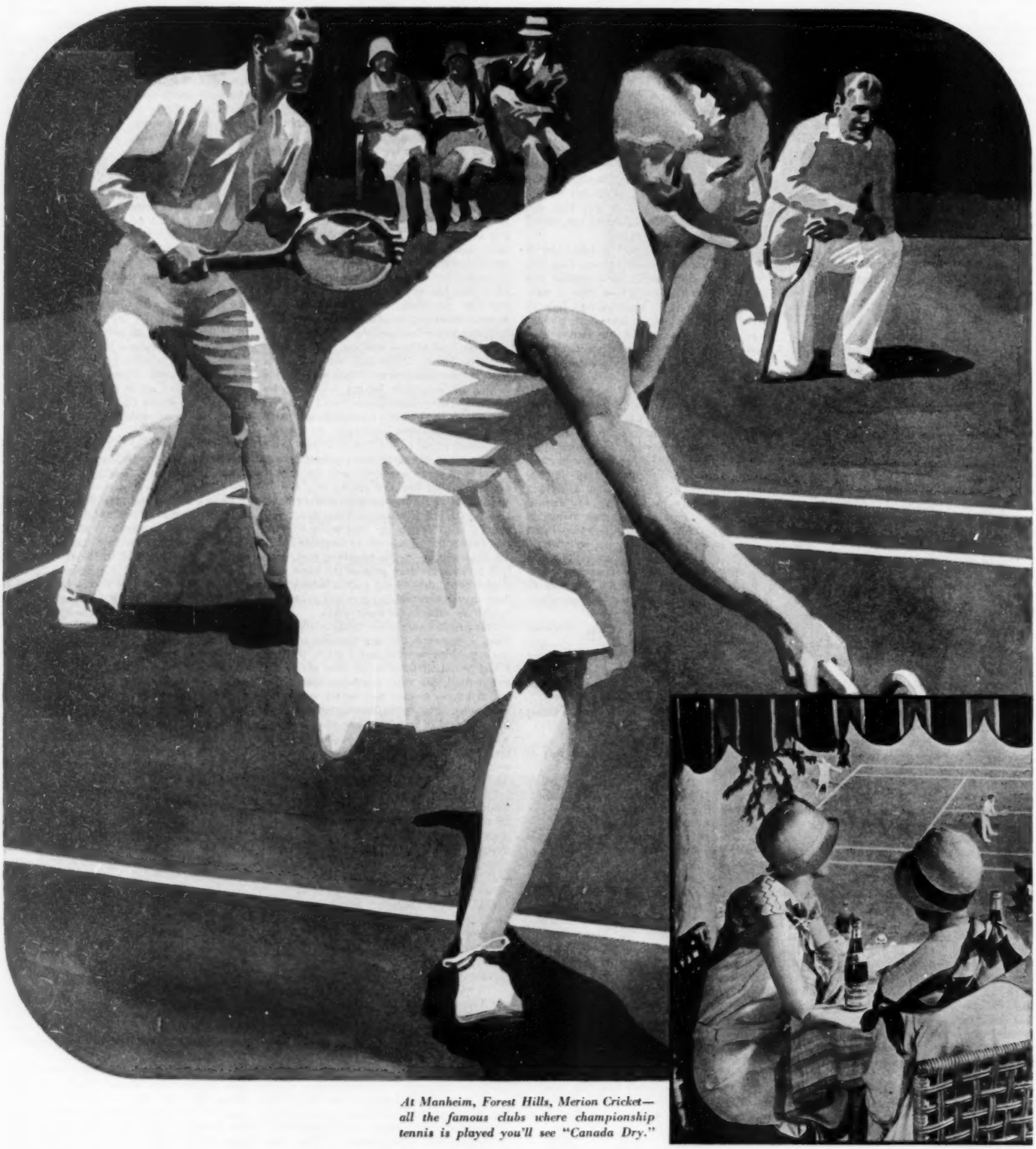
Well, the strain is getting on my nerves. Somehow this seems to be worse than anything else—just waiting for the homicide to commence. I know that something is going to break pretty soon, and most likely it will positively be me.

I look around the room, wondering ain't there some way out of this trouble, and it happens that my bureau drawer is open. Right away a wild idea hits me square in the brain.

For some time past I had been practicing a new routine with knives. Well, this practicing has been done at home, and right there in my bureau drawer are one dozen of the prettiest, sharpest, nicest knives that you ever set eyes on. I know right away that they are my only hope. I edge over to the bureau, and just then Smack Markis busts in on all the words Toy is uttering.

(Continued on Page 118)

Flashing across the courts



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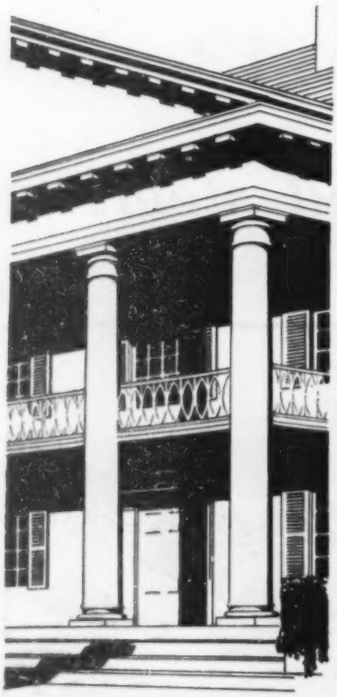

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Varnishes Enamels Lacquers Paints

DETROIT, MICH. WALKERVILLE, ONT.

(Continued from Page 115)

"I don't want to hear no more of that," he growls. "The time has come ——"

I'm sunk and I know it. I guess I'm goofy and I know I'm desperate.

Before I have time to think what I am doing, I have picked up one of them new knives by the blade. I swing my arm and give that knife a whirl. It spins across the room with the sunshine gleaming on the steel, and—thrmmp!—the point of it passes through the leg of Smack's pants about six inches above the knee. It buries itself in the wall, and also attaches Mr. Markis' pants thereto.

Toy ceases talking suddenly and completely. But that ain't what catches my attention. The thing that gives me a wild hope is the look on Smack's pan.

If I ever seen a scared guy, that big egg was it. And before anybody can say anything, I grab knife number two. This one flies faster than the first. It passes through Smack's coat, very close to the epidermic, and also sticks in the wall; so that now Mr. Markis is pinned to the hotel by two knives.

With that he lets out a yell. "Stop it!" he hollers, as I reach for another knife.

The way he said "Stop it!" wasn't no threat. The thing has come so quick and unexpected that the big palooka is terrified. That gives me more courage than I ever knew I had, so when I pick up the third knife, I speak to him sternly.

"You better stand still," I says in a commanding voice. "You sure better not move even one inch."

Well, sir, I am full of enthusiasm, because I know I have got this big bozo licked. For the next three minutes the scene which occurs in that room is a wow. Nine more knives I heave at Mr. Markis, and each of them nine knives bury themselves in the wall after passing through some part of his new suit. Toy is staring at me goggle-eyed and Smack is howling that I am going to kill him, which same I do not deny.

I don't have to explain nothing to that bird; he says everything for me. He yells that he ain't aiming to come between no wild man—which is I—and his gal. He says if I will only spare his life, he will never again so much as look at Toy. And me—I don't say a word. I just plunk them knives all around him until he looks like one of these here decorated pin cushions, and is attached to the wall of that room most thoroughly.

I ain't scared of him no longer and know that I will never need to be again. So I put on my coat and walk over to him, snapping my finger in his face.

"That for you, Mr. Markis," says I—"that, and not nothing more."

I turn to Toy and bow. Also I stick my elbow out and she grabs it. We walk proudly from the room and descend downstairs in the elevator. We ramble slowly up the street, and she is gazing at me with eyes like stars.

"My great big wonderful hero!" she says.

"Huh?" I ask. "What's that?"

"I said you was my hero," she repeats. Then, in a kind of gentle voice: "Can we get married right away, Eddie?"

"Yes," I respond, "I guess so."

"You guess so? Ain't you sure?"

"I'm sure, Toy. We'll get married right now if you say so. You deserve a break."

She gives a little squeal of pleasure at being so imminently the wife of a great juggler like me, and we start towards the license bureau. But even then she don't seem entirely satisfied. She looks up at me and asks a question:

"Eddie," she whispers, "I bet you have got something on your mind."

"I sure have, Toy," I confess. "I was thinking what a knock-out the act will be when I start using that knife-throwing stunt for a finish."

Toy squeezes my arm and looks up at me with the kind of pride a wife ought to feel for her husband.

"You are marvelous, honey. But gee, I never knew you could throw knives so accurate!"

"Neither did I," says I, with a shrug. "And to tell you the truth, Toy, I never would have had the nerve to find out if I hadn't missed Smack's leg with that first knife."

THE EDUCATION OF THE MILLION-DOLLAR CHILD

(Continued from Page 39)

seems that the girl had been brought South because she had been caught trying to elope with her tutor in the North. The mother informed a friend of mine that I was perfectly safe for her daughter. I had flattered myself I was chosen for ability to teach history and literature, and instead I was merely a safe person. I am not sure I was flattered by that. Possibly we studied in the reception room as an extra precaution. That room would have foiled Don Juan himself. And I suppose, after all, I am a safe person.

And now what does it all come to. Out of the mass of my experience one thing looms large and clear. Only in special cases do the educational efforts seem to be correct. Once the child gets safely into the standard school and on to the university, all seems well, and yet I fear it isn't. American education is planned with the great aim of making men and women able to earn a living. Whether it be an industrial school in the slum district of a great city, or one of our leading universities, the end is the same. Manual training is no closer to that main idea than a law or medical school. America is being trained to be proudly self-supporting. But that education is surely wasted on a child about to inherit twenty millions, shall we say? He really needs to know how to spend far more than how to earn. Except for some national turmoil, such as happened in Russia, he is as certain of wealth as he is of life—far more so. Whether he earns or not, he is going to spend, and therein lies the danger. Will he become a wild driver of fast automobiles until finally a prison receives him for killing a child—a prison from which millions cannot save him? Will he die of poisoned whisky, as have some men of great wealth? Will his life become tangled with all sorts of evil repute?

Recently one read of a young chap who married one of his mother's servants. He ran away and was found working in a garage. He has gone home again and been forgiven for his marriage. Now, that boy loved machinery and everything mechanical. He always wanted to tinker with cars. He should have been not only allowed to follow his bent but encouraged to do so. Who knows how happy he might have been as a maker of machines, an inventor of machines?

Aided by his great wealth, he might have accomplished much. Instead, he was just considered dull because he was trying to be something he didn't want to be.

One of my pupils played splendid golf. I mean championship-competition golf. In studies he was very poor. He was dull, careless, bored. On the golf course he was mentally keen and vital. By all means let him play golf and not torture him with so-called higher education. You can't make a doctor, a lawyer, a statesman, a financier out of him. Then make him a fine golfer. He will do a lot of good to himself and others. And, miracle of miracles, I think his parents understand.

Already in this article I have spoken of a young man who wants to be a surgeon. If he is blessed with skill, think how much good a surgeon could do who not only does not need money from his patients but could help them if they need it.

PHOTO, FROM SHOREY STUDIOS

A New Hampshire View

The old cry goes up: "What is education?" and we still must answer: "Preparation for life." For most of us that means acquiring the power to earn, but for the limited few it means something different. I know a girl of fifteen who saved her money until she bought a baby lamb, which she then took to a hospital for crippled children. That was a beautiful thought and entirely unsuggested by any older person. The physician in charge told me, later: "That lamb has done these little sufferers more good these last few weeks than I have. They need to laugh as much as they need surgery."

I know a woman who pays all her servants for life, once they enter her employ. If they are sick or grow old, they never want. For example, her chauffeur died and his wife receives his full salary for the rest of her life. Salaries are being paid to servants of so long ago, one wonders if she still remembers them. It is a regular pension list. The lady would laugh if you spoke of her charities. To her they are far more. "These things are not duties," she once told me. "They are privileges." I might mention that the girl who gave the lamb to the crippled children is her daughter. The girl has had some fine education from her mother, and I think that part of her training more important than the geometry I taught her. I am sure that now she couldn't erect a perpendicular at the end of a line in true geometric style, and I am even more sure that she will continue to do the kind, generous thing and count it "just a privilege." She will be worthy of her millions.

But the success in individual cases only proclaims the general failure the more surely. The education of the million-dollar child is not a success. Something should be done, because we are all concerned in the results. One young man in the thirties controls such vast interests that it takes much of his time merely to sign checks. He is endlessly sought after by everyone. A whim of his could sweep thousands out of employment. Luckily, he interferes but little with the administration of his great wealth. His shrewd father saw to that as much as possible before his untimely death so many years ago. But enough thunderbolts are still within his hands.

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A THREE-LEAF clover never wins a smile from Dame Fortune. It's the fourth leaf that makes it different from the ordinary—it's that *extra* leaf that makes it a lucky find.

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But you don't get this quart of waste when you buy a gallon of Quaker State, for Quaker State is not refined in the ordinary way. It is *super*-refined—carried a step further than ordinary oils. This extra step removes the quart of waste that ordinary refining leaves in. In place of this quart of waste you get a quart of the finest *lubricant*. Instead of *three* quarts of lubricant and one quart of waste, you get *four* quarts of lubricant in every gallon of Quaker State. You really get an *extra* quart in every gallon!

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BACHELORS OF ARTS

(Continued from Page 19)

had come on and was shining down the street. She dashed cold water on her face upstairs and laughed a little. What was there to cry about now? There was magic in that now. Bill wanted not to wait any longer than October. Just the two of them to go quietly away some place and be married, and start a home, that's what he wanted. It was what she wanted too. Perhaps in St. Louis, perhaps in Pittsburgh. It didn't matter.

Her thoughts worked like bright threads from Bill to Gerald, and back to Bill again. On to Louise then, they worked, on to Margo and mother and dad. The threads formed themselves into a soothing pattern, their colors dimmed; she was on the edge of sleep. The pattern was broken up by Louise's knock.

"You awake, Jane?" Louise went to Jane's desk and fumbled for a light. "In bed early, aren't you?" She looked down at Jane in surprise. "Well"—she laughed—"it isn't hard to deduct that Bill Ogilvie is still out of town." Louise was waving two slips of paper in the air.

"What is it, Louise?" Jane sat up.

"Excitement, that's what." Louise waved her papers importantly. "Two wires. Didn't you hear the phone? Listen. One's for you." She read. "'See you Saturday evening. Big news. Bill.' It's from Bill!"

Jane winked in the light. "He said in his letter he'd try to get back for the week-end," she said. Color dyed her cheeks. "Let's see it, Louise." Big news—that would be St. Louis. She looked up after a moment. "What's the other one?"

"It's addressed to me. It"—Louise hesitated, "it's from Gerald. He ——" She flipped the paper back and forth. "I can't understand it," she said. "I don't know what's up. Listen. 'Can one of you eggs wire me a hundred? Urgent.' That's all it says. 'Urgent.' I can't imagine."

"A hundred." Jane drew in her breath. "Let's see it, Louise." Jane frowned down at the paper as though she thought Louise might have made a mistake. She bit her lip. "We sent him his fare home," she remembered.

"I don't know where it's coming from," Louise sighed. "A hundred dollars, at the end of the summer. Gerald knows I've been taking a summer course. I doubt if I have ten. We ——"

Jane thought. "I'll send it," she said at length. "I've managed to save a little. I thought—for linens and things, you know, when Bill and I —— For clothes ——"

"Jane!" Louise gave her a sudden attention. "It doesn't seem fair." She made quick protest. "We'll think of something."

"He wouldn't ask, just now, if it weren't important." Jane tumbled out of bed, slipped into a robe, and went to her desk.

"Perhaps he wants to register with some employment agency or other." Louise brightened. "Some of them require a deposit, you know. In my opinion"—her voice strengthened a little with indignation—"it's a good thing he's through. We've spoiled him, Jane; that's what I think."

Jane sat on the edge of her bed and slipped out of her slippers again. She didn't make any reply. No one enjoyed spoiling Gerald more than Louise did.

"Another reason I'm glad he's through." Louise stood in the doorway and lowered her voice and waved the check dry. "Jane, are you listening?"

"Yes."

"I've been reading about these new electric treatments. I'm going to have Margo try them, now that Gerald is off the check book. It's my treat too. You're not in on it. She'll have to stay at the hospital, and —— Oh, well, I'll tell you about it in the morning. G'night."

"Good night." Jane stared at the faint yellow patches of light that were her windows. "I'm a selfish pig," she thought. "Louise is thinking about Margo, and I'm thinking about Jane." But her fingers closed on the slip of paper that was Bill's wire, and she smiled. It crackled under her fingers as she slipped it under her pillow. The pattern began to form again.

"Oh, Jane." Louise was back. "Do you think you and Bill—I mean, soon?"

"Not so long. Bill thinks ——"

"For goodness, sake!" Louise's voice was excited now. "Of course I knew it would be sometime, but —— Just think, a wedding in the family! Perhaps you'll have infants."

"Not perhaps," Jane corrected. "I'll have three. Two boys and a girl."

"Gracious." The crackle of Gerald's check could be heard as Louise waved it. "Don't send them to Harvard." She laughed.

"I won't," Jane promised. "I'll put them in the mills. They'll be puddlers." She smothered her own laugh in her pillow.

"Well, good night, infant." Louise went.

The week neared its end and the house took on an air of expectancy. Of course Gerald was spoiled. He was the youngest, and the boy. He was coming home from Harvard. Mrs. Huber's tired, thin face wore the faint shadow of a smile. Heaps of assorted small cakes grew in the kitchen. The odor of spices filled the house and pies cooled on a shelf. Gerald hadn't, at Harvard, lost his taste for sweets.

Louise breezed in and out. Her summer classes were done now. "The floors look nice, mother. Don't tell me you waxed them again."

"Yes, I did. They needed it. I only wish we could have had the new drapes."

"Gracious, Gerald —— After all, he's only Gerald." Louise all but choked over this understatement. "H'm. Let's see." She bit at a cake. "He'll get in at five-forty-five, and be out here at six-thirty, at the latest. He'll be starved, as usual."

"I'm having a cream soup and fried chicken. He'll like that. Apple sauce and candied sweet potatoes, corn pudding and endive and fresh strawberry cream. Dad's turning the freezer now, downstairs. Do you think ——"

"I certainly do think," Louise said spiritedly. "On a hot day like this too. You spoil him, mother. I was thinking ——" She wandered out again. "This house needs something. Flowers. That's it, fresh flowers."

"Louise! You'll not buy ——" But Louise was gone.

The creaking of Margaret's chair sounded through the downstairs rooms as she straightened things here and there, a lamp shade, a table runner, candles standing in line. She came at last into the kitchen and stationed herself there to watch the baking. "He'll be changed," she predicted, a faint note of excitement in her voice. The happenings in living room, dining room and kitchen provided the greater part of Margaret's excitements these days. "It's hard to believe. Gerald with his bachelor's degree!" Margaret's face, in turn, lit up with pride. "It was worth while, his going back, wasn't it, mother?"

"Of course. I think, though, that chemistry man didn't treat Gerald fairly. He ——"

"I wonder if he'll still have the mustache. I didn't altogether like it, did you? And yet, in a way —— Um-m. These are good, mother. Here, let me put that frosting on."

Jane had had a manicure and a fresh marcel. She had a thin, flat package which she opened in her own room. Sheets. Hemstitched ones from Wareham's, in town. They'd had a sale. It was the first purchase Jane had made for that little home; she'd had a vague superstition about it until now. She put the sheets away in the bottom of a drawer and came down the stairs and through the front rooms with a rather high color in her cheeks. No one should

(Continued on Page 123)

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To make this softer bathroom paper, only silky cellulose pulp is used—cooked over 8 hours at a temperature of 302°. This cellulose is the same basic material from which soft, luxurious Rayon is made. So it makes a paper that is white, absorbent and soft as fine silk! And more easily disposable than less absorbent ground-wood "toilet papers."

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Medical science knows that softness and sterility should be demanded in bathroom paper, for menacing disorders are traced to use of harsh and impure papers. Consequently, Health Commissioners in 254 cities and 45 states recently advised: "Use a soft white cellulose paper like 20 times sterilized 'Northern Tissue'—especially where children must be protected."

Ask for "Northern Tissue"—10c a roll at any department, grocery or drug store. Or note coupon below for trial roll before you buy. ©N. P. M., 1930

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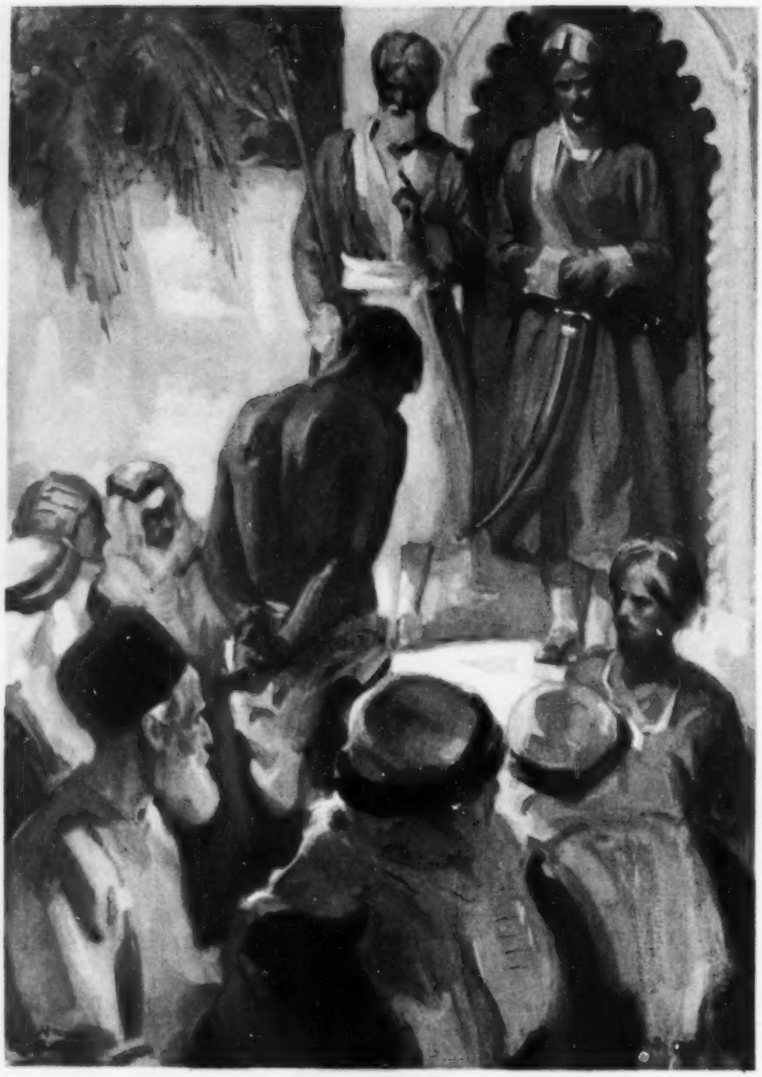

FOR ABUSING A RUG

. . . . . *the death Penalty*

TRAVELERS to the Orient tell us that any Eastern slave caught pounding the gorgeous rugs from his master's palace would have been sentenced to death with scant ceremony. No amount of care in cleaning and handling was considered too great for these precious products of the loom.

In the New World, of course, no rug is valued above a human life. But we do realize the necessity of care in cleaning, and the folly of rough handling which breaks down fabrics and shortens the life of fine floor coverings.

That is why women have been quick to recognize the superiority of Eureka "High-Vacuum", which, in two and a half million homes, now does work that broom and carpet beater could never do . . . does it far more quickly and many times as thoroughly.

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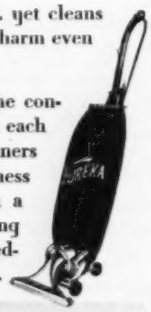

Every woman should check the condition of her cleaning equipment each year or two, for even the best cleaners become worn and lose effectiveness in time. You might use such a cleaner every day without realizing that it is not removing the embedded, germ-laden, *dangerous* dirt.

Every woman should also know of the many wonderful things, in addition to cleaning floor coverings, which the latest Eurekas will do to lighten labor and promote health and sanitation. The Eureka Man will gladly demonstrate these uses . . . and show you without obligation the three great Eurekas which meet every cleaning need and price requirement.

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The Grand Prize

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GETS · MORE · DIRT

(Continued from Page 121)

be told about the purchase, not for a while, at least.

She hummed lightly and straightened things in her turn. She'd have gold for the bedroom, she'd thought. Gold satin comforts. It was a less feminine scheme than pink or blue or orchid. "For goodness' sake!" She burst into the kitchen. "Cut flowers! If Louise hasn't bought cut flowers. No common garden-variety blooms for our Gerald!" She laughed. "We'll look nice," she decided. "Um-m. I smell almonds."

"We were wondering if Gerald will be changed this time," Margaret put in. "He's been changed every time and ——"

"He'll be thin from exams, likely. Um-m. These are divine, mother. I bought ——"

"What did you buy?"

"Nothing. That is, nothing much." Jane crossed her fingers carefully. She laughed and moved restlessly through the house again. She looked down at her finger nails and smiled absently. She stooped to peep in at the console mirror in the hall, rearranged her wave, shifted a bowl of Louise's flowers to a more advantageous position.

Margaret's chair creaked in back of her. "You're all dressed up," Margaret said. "Louise too. Would you have time to give my stubborn hair a wave?"

"Would I have time?" Jane asked blithely. "I've got nothing but time! Here you go!"

The sewing room had been turned into a bedroom for Margaret, since she couldn't climb steps. Jane found an electric curling iron and attached it. She lifted strands of Margaret's soft, dark hair. "And when I'm through with this I'll do your nails," she promised.

Margaret hadn't much to say. She held a hand mirror and watched the process. "And I still think"—Jane chatted gayly—"you should have your hair cut, Margo. Think how light and comfortable it would be. Think how ——"

"Think how lovely it would look, hanging straight and heavy around my face." Margaret laughed absently. "Jane." Her voice changed.

Jane set a wave carefully and stepped back to get the effect.

Margaret put the mirror down and sudden pink came into her cheeks. "You know that letter I had from Gerald a week ago, Jane?" There was an excitement in Margaret's voice, more than the happiness of Gerald's coming. Jane looked at her.

"I've been writing him all winter"—the excitement broke bounds now; it sang in Margaret's voice—"trying to get him interested in going on and taking law."

The glow in Margaret's eyes struck Jane first, the color in her cheeks. Her thoughts spun, and oriented themselves. "Law." She repeated the words stupidly. "Gerald. Law."

"He wasn't interested at all, at first." Margaret's voice was low.

She looked beyond Jane and laughed a little. "I didn't want to tell you and Louise until—until he had made up his mind. I was afraid you'd both be disappointed if it didn't work out. I've been writing him and ——"

"Margo." Jane's voice was fixed suddenly. It was cold and a little hard. "What did Gerald say in that letter? You didn't show it to us."

"He said he'd come to see it my way. He said it petrified him to think of going longer to school but, after all, my way he'd have something when he finished. I wasn't going to tell you until he came, but —— We were saving it for a surprise."

"Gerald said he would go on and study law?"

"Yes. Jane, it's something I didn't dare hope for. Louise with her master's and Gerald ——"

"Gerald said he would go on to Harvard three more years? How many more years? How long ——" Jane had put her comb down. Her hands were trembling.

"Three years, of course," Margaret said gently. "Dear." She looked at Jane suddenly. "Of course it would depend on you and Louise, dear. I mean"—Margaret's face twisted—"I can't do anything. Perhaps I—perhaps you and Louise ——" Her lips trembled and the words died in her throat. "What—what do you think, Jane?" she asked at length. Her hand crept up to Jane's arm.

Jane stood silent. Her arm was unyielding to Margaret's touch.

"What do you think, infant?" Margaret besought her.

"Infant!" Jane laughed a little, wildly. "What are you calling me infant for? I'm twenty-seven. Did you know I was twenty-seven? I'll be twenty-eight in November. Even Gerald isn't an infant any more. Gerald is twenty-three. It's taken him five years to get his degree and he's twenty-three." Jane was speaking over a terrifying thrust of anger in her throat. It was an anger that held her stiff and thickened her speech.

"Jane—whatever do you mean, Jane?"

"Infant! We're all infants, aren't we? We are, if infant means fool. We're all fools. We ——"

"Jane!"

"We've worked and worked, and what have we? We've pulled ourselves up by our bootstraps, and where are we?" Jane's limbs were freed now. Her anger whipped her up and down the room and her words fell on Margaret bitterly. "Look at us!" she invited. "Look at mother and dad. They're old and they're tired and they've never had anything. Not a cheap little car, not a radio, not ever a trip. Four bachelors of arts, that's what they have. Louise!"

"Jane. Please, Jane."

"She hangs to a strap hours to get to her classes in mathematics mornings and she hangs to a strap hours more to get to her classes in philosophy evenings. She hasn't rested. I don't know when she's rested. She'll have a nervous breakdown and a master's degree. She's a machine, an education machine. We're all machines. We're degree machines. Look at me. I've worked and you've all worked for me. I've gained the privilege of riding up to Manhasset in a work train mornings, and down again evenings. I teach, and I hate it. I hate it! What's wrong with it? What's wrong with us? I want to know."

Margaret moved forward in her chair. She sank back again. "Now Gerald is to have three more years of it!" Jane laughed hysterically. "Look at Gerald! He's weak and spoiled and he doesn't learn easily. We've blinked it for years. We'd never admit it, a family like ours. Gerald doesn't learn easily. He doesn't like books. He won't like law. We've held Gerald to an impossible standard. Always. Always. Every time he brought a report home—I'll never forget his eyes. Every time he failed in a subject—I won't forget. Why? What's wrong with it? I've got to know. Why can't you walk?"

"Janie!"

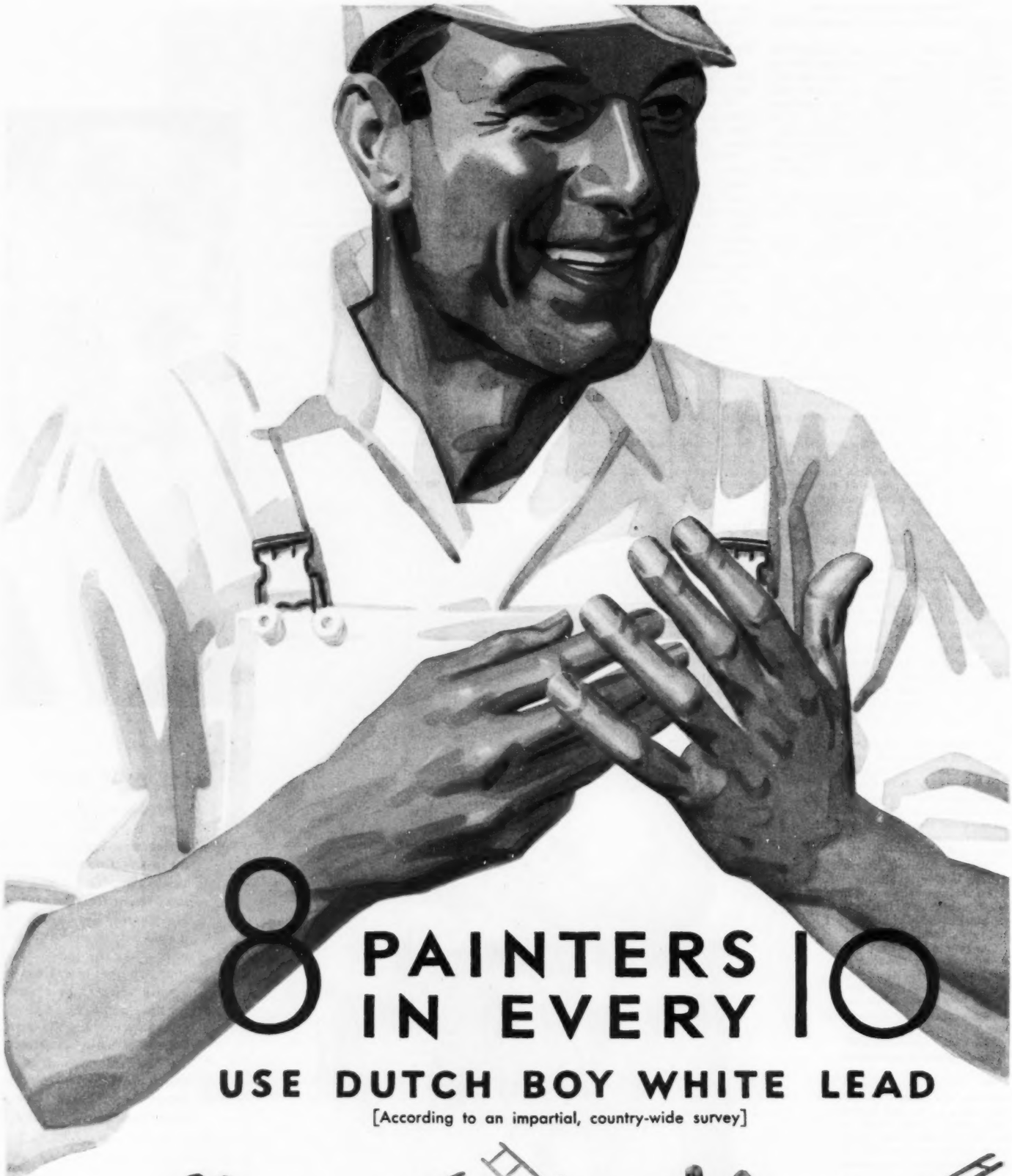
"Could you walk now if you had taken care of yourself twelve years ago, fifteen years ago? I'd like to know! Look at us!" Jane was in a

(Continued on Page 136)

Mrs. Huber Had Received a Fresh, Scented Kiss. She'd Held a Slim Pair of Shoulders and Looked Into Pleading Eyes. "Like Me," They'd Commanded Childishly

At the very first taste . . .

you'll know Pebeco Toothpaste is *working!* Not the sweet, meaningless flavor of the ordinary dentifrice. But a sharp, refreshing tang . . . distinctive, *active!* Perhaps at first you may not like it—but it definitely assures you that it is doing its job—affirms your real need of its help. In a week you will be grateful for the change. While cleaning and whitening the teeth, Pebeco actually counteracts the destructive mouth acids which cause decay. Isn't this *extra* result alone worth your week's trial? NOW?



8 PAINTERS IN EVERY 10

USE DUTCH BOY WHITE LEAD

[According to an impartial, country-wide survey]

NO ONE KNOWS PAINT LIKE A PAINTER

It is natural that you should give more thought to *painting* . . . than to paint . . . more thought to the *finished* paint job than to the means of attaining it. For after all, this matter of paint is a painter's job. No one knows paint like a painter + + And so when your painter recommends Dutch Boy . . . and eight out of ten painters use this pure white lead . . . he is thinking of the finished job . . . a *better* finished job that will retain its original beauty longer . . . that will give you exactly the tints and shades you like . . . that will provide a protective coating that will neither crack nor scale and that won't demand expensive scraping and burning later. Besides, Dutch Boy permits your painter to give you a custom-made paint, mixed to suit the particular conditions of the job + + Consider this fact again . . . it is significant . . . eight painters in every ten use Dutch Boy White Lead . . . and, of course, "No One Knows Paint Like a Painter" + + Write for "The House We Live In," a free booklet giving many helpful suggestions on the decoration and protection of the home. Address our branch office that is nearest you.

"Save the surface and you save all" – Dutch Boy

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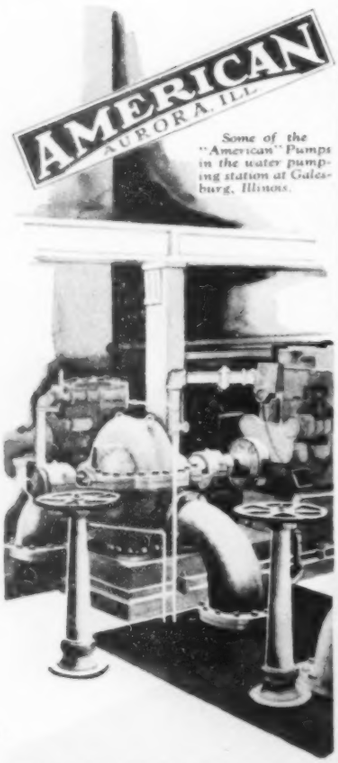

Some of the "American" Pumps in the water pumping station at Galesburg, Illinois.

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Officials Chose "American" Pumps

THE DEEP WELL turbines pumping the millions of clear gallons from far in the earth—the centrifugal pumps that force the water throughout the mains to Galesburg's industries and homes—and the emergency pumping units which protect that city against fire hazard—all bear the "American" trade mark.

City officials, with grave problems of community health and fire protection are prone to specify proved equipment. Sixty years of dealing with the water supply, fire and sewage demands of American communities has made "American" Pumps the standard equipment in hundreds of cities. "American" Pumps include a full line of centrifugal, deep well turbine and deep well plunger pumps.

The American Well Works
Aurora, Illinois

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Please send me the booklets checked:

☐ Municipal Water Supply
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(Continued from Page 123)

hysteria of laughter and tears. "All Oakwood must say to its young, 'Look at the Huber girls.' The Huber girls! We'll be that always. Always!"

Jane lowered her eyes to Margaret and her anger was swept away in a rush of horror. "Margo." She advanced stiffly. "You're crying. You mustn't. Don't. Please don't! Don't listen to me," she begged frantically. "You didn't, did you? I didn't mean it. I never meant it, not any of it. I went in town and I was pushed about so and crowded. I was tired and cross. Please. Please, Margo." Jane was on her knees. She buried her face against Margaret. "Don't. Please don't."

Margaret had never cried, and Jane could feel her body moving convulsively now. What had she done? How had she dared to question Margaret's scheme of things, to throw back at her the things she had given them? Margaret, who had now so little.

"Please, please." Her voice was chastened, frightened. "You didn't listen to me, did you, Margo? Of course Gerald must take law. Of course he must. How proud we'll be of him. How ——"

"I didn't mean anything, Jane." Margaret's voice came out of the crumbled foundations of her house. "I didn't mean that anything is decided. I ——"

"Decided? Of course it's decided. If only Louise or I had thought of it. You're the only one of us level-headed enough to see."

"I sit here at home alone and think of things and figure them out. My way. My way I figure them." No life came into Margaret's voice. "I hadn't any right to do it, to plan such a thing, or to write to Gerald about it."

"Who would have a right if not you?" Jane asked feverishly. "Haven't you always planned things for us? Always? What would any of us have but for you? Nothing. We'd have nothing. Don't you see?" Jane pressed her face still closer against Margaret's knees. "Gerald is a man. He needs a profession. It will be wonderful for him. Wonderful." You'd have thought that Jane had planned for Gerald to study law. She was fighting Margaret to obtain it for him.

The sun went from Margaret's window of plants and the noise of cars coming out from town began to be heard. Jane rested, all her love for Margaret pointed up and sharpened in a clear, white light of pity. "She's got to have something," she thought fiercely. "Whatever happens to me, she's got to have this. She wants it more than anything in the world. It's the only thing I can give her, perhaps, ever."

"Everything will work out fine," she planned. "Bill and his father may go to St. Louis. It will take time for them to get the business going there. It will be the best thing, all around."

"Jane"—Margaret's hand was in Jane's hair—"you seemed, at first —— I don't want you to think of doing it for me. If you and Bill ——"

"I'll be doing it for Gerald, of course. Gerald must have a profession. What are we good for, Louise and I, if we can't ——I mean we'll love doing it. A man needs more training than a girl."

"And you and Bill are young," Margaret remembered.

"Yes, we're young. We ——"

"What in the world are you two up to?" Louise came to the doorway and looked in at them.

"We have secrets," Jane said. She laughed a little, and her laugh caught on an indrawn breath.

"Secrets? What kind? Anyway, Bill is out on the porch. He's talking to dad."

"Bill!" Jane didn't move.

"Bill is out there," Louise repeated. "Bill Ogilvie. Did anyone present ever hear of him? He got an earlier train than he expected, Jane. He's staying to dinner."

Jane moved. "I'll go upstairs and—and fix up a little," she said. She got to her feet.

In her bedroom she marshaled ways to tell Bill. It seemed that this must be someone else, planning to tell Bill they could not after all be married in October. Telling Bill they could never be married. It meant that. She couldn't ask him to wait any longer. Couldn't let him wait. He'd be going to St. Louis.

"You don't understand, Bill. You don't know ——"

"Know! Of course I know. It's gone on long enough, I know that."

They were strangers, those two. The girl was tired and beaten, the man hurt and savage.

"In a family. I mean, Bill, an outsider can't ever see ——"

"Am I an outsider, then?"

"Bill, it's Margo! Can't you see it's Margo? It means everything to her. It's the only thing in the world that does mean anything to her."

"Margaret. Is she to live your life always? Have you a life of your own to live, perhaps?"

"She had a life of her own, too, Bill, those years I was in school. That last winter, it was her last winter ever to go about, to shop and hear concerts, to buy pretty clothes. I can walk—you too. We can work. We can use our hands. Margaret can't, except in little pitiful ways."

Jane creamed her face mechanically and listened to them. Those two, strangers. Jane and Bill.

"I know all that." Bill had a way of pushing his hair back when he was excited or angry. He had a way of striding up and down. "Now, listen, Jane. I said this a year ago, and two years ago, and three. Let me help. We'll be married and —— After all, Gerald will be my brother too."

"I can't. I can't let you do that. None of us could. We—we're proud, Bill. It's all we have, pride. We haven't anything else. You'll go away. We won't see one another again. You'll go away."

You'll go away! You'll go away! There weren't any tears to accompany this despairing cry. Jane went down the steps. She joined her father and Bill on the porch.

DRAWN BY C. W. ANDERSON

"He's a Prince. He Loaned Me His Sunlight Lamp When He Went to Florida"

Bill caught both her hands and pulled her down to the swing. "Everything's fixed," he said exuberantly. "It's St. Louis!"

They had a moment alone when Henry went in for his hat. Bill was driving him in to meet Gerald.

"Guess who's out there!" Bill said. "Phil Westley and Andy Potter. They're married. Not to each other, you understand. To two girls. They have a great gang too. Listen, Jane. What's the matter?"

Her father came out then. "Nothing," she said. "There's nothing the matter, Bill."

"Well, we'll hop in and get the new grad." He let her hand go.

Gerald came up the walk and up the steps. Gerald, Bill and dad in a group, and with them one other.

"This is Dot. Dot Huber! Mrs. Gerald Barclay Huber! Give the little girl a great big six-gun salute. Dottie, greet the group. Reading from left to right—mother. Step up and kiss mother. That's the girl. Look at her!" Gerald grinned fondly. "Sunk up to the ears in embarrassment, she is. Never saw the little girl let slip the old poise before."

"Gerald!" Mrs. Huber had received a fresh, scented kiss. She'd held a slim pair of shoulders and looked into pleading eyes. "Like me," they'd commanded childishly. "You don't mean you—you're married, Gerald. Not—not ——"

"Three guesses," Gerald invited. "Reading from left to right," he insisted, "Louise. Kiss old Louise. She wired us the honeymoon check. We've got fifty dollars left to take us back to New York too. Young, but we can't be trifled with. We had a fifty-dollar honeymoon and we have the return fare to the bond house. We ——"

"This is Margo." The slim child had put her cheek down to Margaret's. "I know you all. Gerald has told me about you all. I'm so happy to be here. And Jane—I knew you'd look slick, Jane." The stranger laughed shyly. She wasn't a stranger now. They knew her. Her warm sweet scent was all about them. She squeezed Jane's hand.

"Great goodness." Louise came back to normalcy first. "We don't always stand like a row of sticks this way, my dear. Really we don't. It's just that we're stunned. Just stunned. It's—it's just the nicest surprise we've ever had, isn't it, mother? Isn't it, dad?"

"There. That's that." Gerald dusted his hands. He hadn't been still a moment since he'd leaped from the car, but now he was still suddenly. "Margo." He drew his breath in sharply and his lips straightened. Jane had seen that look in Gerald's eyes before, when he'd brought home a poor report, when he'd failed in a subject. "Look, Margo ——" He bent over her and cleared his throat uneasily. There was something between Margo and Gerald. "I thought I could go it, and I found I couldn't. I knew you wanted it, and I tried. Dot said she'd wait, and we were all set. Then I weakened, and wired for the hundred. I—I'm going into a bond house, you see. Dot does fashion drawings. She's—she's all right. We'll both work, just at first. Selling things to people, Margo, that's my racket. Pounding them on the back. Margo, I—I'd make one deuce of a lawyer. We ——"

"Be quiet, Gerald," Margaret said, "and kiss me. There. She's lovely. She's just lovely."

Jane dared to look at Margaret then. She thought she saw on her face a faint reflection of the young happiness that had come in on the five-forty-five.

"You all right, Jane?" Bill looked down at her searchingly.

"I'm all right, Bill."

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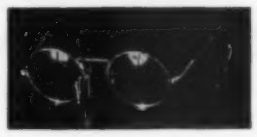

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AMERICAN OPTICAL

TILLYER LENSES

Accurate to the very edge

GULF STREAM BLUES

(Continued from Page 23)

distant shore line. In his eye I read that unmistakable philosophy which comes to a man after years of fishing. "Hard luck this time; better next."

"I never give up, Walter." I smiled at him. "If I knew there wasn't a fish in the sea, I'd still keep a line out."

"We want to get in before dark," he answered. "The lights on the channel ain't none too good."

"We'll troll our way in, then," I argued. "Head for the channel, but we'll keep our lines out. It won't be dark for two hours anyway."

I had a feeling that the guide was thinking more of Mrs. Walter and her delayed dinner than he was of the hazards of the channel after dark. As this thought came to me, a big barracuda struck viciously our trailing teaser. Later we found the quarter-inch cuts of his grinding teeth.

We turned toward shore with lines out. In the wake I could see my ballahoo alongside Bob's. They seemed a perfectly alluring contrivance and impatience set upon me. With every other kind of fish in abundance, why not a sail?

As we chugged along, Bob hooked a small kingfish. Perhaps the reeling in of this creature attracted the prize of the day. In any event, just as we were glancing at the little fellow overside, I spotted a deep purple streak making directly for my line. My throat contracted. There was no mistaking the identity of the newcomer. Both Walter and Bob were busy with their small catch, and for a second I could not speak to them. Then I finally jammed words across my dried lips.

"Stand by the motor, Walter," I ordered peremptorily. "Get busy. I'm getting a strike."

He glanced up and without a word whirled forward toward the engines. He was set and ready for his part in a fraction of a second. Then he began a perfect stream of words. Advice I heard, but did not bother to heed. My eyes were glued to that purple sail which seemed to me to approach its doom with a practiced leisure. All I had seen up to that time was the fin, or sail. But as the fish shortened the distance between bill and bait, his silvery body gleamed in the choppy seas.

The Fisherman's Long Count

I set my finger on the drag lever, braced my feet, let my pipe fall to the deck and waited. Bob spoke, but what he said I never shall know. The sail flashed in the sun like a black mirror. Suddenly the long snout broke water. There came a distant tug at my line. Not a vicious yank, as from tarpon, or amber jack, or dolphin. Rather a sort of rap that momentarily stayed the bait, then left it free. I jammed the drag lever upward and line ran free. The bait stalled on the surface.

It seemed to me that a thousand feet of line ran out while yet the purple fin remained uninterested. I had forgotten to start my ten count. It came to me that perhaps I would have counted up to three, or four, or maybe seven or eight. Confusion beset my mind. I dared not try to pick up the count.

The seas between the fish and the boat conspired to hide his maneuvers. Once I thought I felt him start off with the bait. I came within an ace of yanking my line. Had I done so, I am sure the fish would have been lost.

Fighting impatience with all my control, I reasoned that the more time the fish had to swallow, the deeper and better that bait would be swallowed. So, somehow, I waited him out. It was well that I did. Shortly the purple fin disappeared. The line ran even faster off my reel. I knew that the fish had taken the bait, was even then sounding and swallowing. I waited another count of two or three, then I snapped down the drag handle and jerked sharply upward with all my arm strength. From that instant onward, things happened.

"He's hooked!" I shouted gleefully. "See, Walter; I told you to be patient!"

The reel sang its soft, swishing song and the end of the stout pole jerked about frantically. I made no attempt to use the thumb stall. I wanted this fish more than I wanted anything else on earth, and I had no thought of losing him through efforts at heroic landing time.

His first rush carried out more than a hundred yards of line. He went downward at a sharp tangent and must have approached bottom before he changed his course. Later someone told me that this was unusual. I repeat only what the fish did. His first change of course was upward at about the same tangent that had carried him down. It was as though he had swum to bottom and bounced there onto his new course.

Not at any time did he pause. He went with every ounce of speed in his gorgeous forked tail, and he was still traveling so when he reached the surface. Even then he did not slow. With a mighty sweep he carried on into the air.

A Terpsichorean Tail

In some inexplicable manner he seemed to hook his tail onto the surface and kick with the power and speed of a piston. This sent along the quivering line a series of vibrations that put the rod tip into an astonishing combination of whirling dervish and hula-hula dancer. I have never felt anything exactly like it. Each jerk of that flashing body was transmitted along the line, through the bobbing pole and into my tense arms.

I never will know what kept that fellow in the air. He was as erect as a man walking on terra firma. He jerked his head like a pup with a rag doll. He twisted and squirmed and danced. Each side motion of his long, narrow body made an iridescent arc that was a glory to behold and a holy horror to keep in control.

After what seemed to me an interminable time, he dropped back into the water, and spray rose about his lashing body like steam around a meteor. In truth, I wondered, now and then, if the spray he threw might not actually be steam. He certainly had the energy to bring anything to the boiling point.

Walter had stopped the boat, but kept the engine running. He stood ready to maneuver our position in accommodation to the gyrations of the crazy thing I had hooked. The rest of the struggle was a series of frantic jerks, dances, darts, leaps, twists and turns. The fish did not sound again. He fought his fight for life entirely on the surface. And there it was that his chance of liberty was best. The line snapped a number of times and more than once I thought it would break.

The most insidious of this rascal's tricks was that sort of violent cakewalk he did with his tail. Time and again he rose, hooked that forked tail into the choppy seas and danced across the water; now this way, now that. I have had many tarpon leap and shake their heads to free the hook, but never anything like this fellow. A tarpon in the air is more or less at your mercy. Once he reaches the apex of his leap, you can turn him over so that he lands on his side and knocks his wind out. Turning this fellow over would be tantamount to laying a sapling flat at one tug of a light clothesline. In fact, the comparison is a good one. Sailfish, with their tails hooked to the waves, are like saplings. They offer all the spring and jerk and tension to fight against.

This fellow had been hooked at least fifteen minutes before I made any attempt to narrow the field of battle. I let him fight his fight at a distance. The more line he dragged out the quicker he would tire. My one endeavor was to keep a tight line, and when he showed a tendency to pause for breath, fight him just enough to terrify him into more struggles, and so exhaust him.

Just how many times he leaped and danced, I am unable to say. I kept track of nothing but that line and its condition. When the fish threshed around the boiling surface, I let him thresh; kept against him just enough strain to weary him.

Battling for Inches

When he leaped, I did about the same thing, except that I watched for that moment when he dropped back into the water. Each time he did that I hauled him closer by pulling back my pole. That drop seemed to me to be the danger point. If he fell toward me, just the few inches of loose line so gained might spell for me defeat.

When I felt that his leaping was less frequent and less violent, I began to pump him. This consists of pulling the tip of the rod to a vertical position and reeling in the line gained as it is lowered. This the sailfish found truly objectionable, and I admired the fighting quality of his resistance against it. But he was only flesh. I brought him slowly but surely closer.

PHOTO, FROM ERWIN GALLOWAY, N. Y. C.

Along the Florida Coast

For a time he gave up his leaping and circled with the speed of the wind. At such times I let him run. The more he ran the surer I was of getting him. On such rushes his purple fin split the sea as the wing of an airplane cleaves through ozone. But even these rushes lessened in violence after twenty minutes of the battle had passed.

By that time I felt pretty sure of my game. The one thing that persisted ominously in the back of my mind was the danger of a shark. Had one come along and stolen this beauty from me, I think I would have lost my mind. I spent half the time searching for the dread dorsal fin and the other half playing my fish. Some idea of tiring him on a long line, so that I could rush him in if a shark did appear, persisted in my thoughts.

A Dying Gladiator

I gave not the slightest attention to anything that Bob or Walter had to offer in the way of advice; though, to their credit, there was little of such talk. Walter stood to his boat and met the rushes of the fish by expert changes of course. Bob permitted his kingfish to trail over the side unheeded and watched my struggle.

"Getting tired?" he asked at long last.

"A little," I admitted, blowing perspiration from the tip of my nose. "He's a game little fellow."

"Take it easy," Bob counseled. "Be happy we don't have to row home!"

After half an hour of steady battling, the fish was within thirty feet of the boat. He seemed to catch sight of us with his huge, staring, black eyes. Terror seized upon him again, and with dying strength he set off on another maniacal flight. This time he took at least fifty feet of line, and I was using the thumb stall too.

"I'll get him," I panted to Bob, and the world generally, "if a shark don't spoil the pudding."

"No shark'll bother you," he answered. But his tone indicated that he voiced the hope rather than the certainty.

Walter left the motors long enough to fish out of a cabinet a pair of leather mittens. These he laid ready to hand atop the fish box.

I pumped the fish harder and he came in more easily. Once he leaped again, hooked his tail. But this time I was able to upset him and he crashed into the sea amid a whirl of spray. That convinced me that his strength was about gone. I exulted in the knowledge.

"Better get the gaff ready, Walter," I said as calmly as I could. "I think he's our fish."

"I'd as lief gaff a healthy Bengal tiger!" the guide muttered scornfully. "There's a feller right up here in Lauderdale that carries a scar plum across his stomach just from prickin' one o' these babies with a gaff. You git him up here. I'll handle him with these!"

He shook the leather mittens in his hand and I gathered the quite correct idea that I had made an idiot of myself by suggesting the gaff. As the fish came close he constituted a gorgeous sight. His sail was of the deepest purple, and this color crept down over his back. His sides were spotted with a fainter shade of it, and these spots glowed upon a perfect silver sheen. Underneath his gills two long purple fins trailed. His tail was purple, and forked with the perfection of the sculptor.

How his eyes stared at us! They seemed afire with rage; ominous with a quenchless determination to get even with us. I pumped him real close, his silver belly flashing in the blue water and his tired body unable to resist the urge of the line.

"Get ready, Walter," I urged. "I think I can get him alongside now. Just another minute or so."

Walter drew on his mittens.

(Continued on Page 132)

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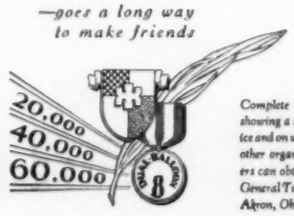
422

—goes a long way to make friends



Complete motion picture films (including slow motion detail) showing a series of nonskid tests of all types of tires on snow and ice and on wet pavement, will be furnished Automobile Clubs and other organizations for use in safety first campaigns. Car owners can obtain illustrated bulletins of these tests. Address your General Tire Dealer or the General Tire and Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio.

THE WORLD'S SAFEST TIRE

The GENERAL Dual-BALLOON 8

(Continued from Page 128)

"Bring him along the port side," he said from behind me. "I can work better there. You, Bob, just as soon as I say the word, slide under the rod and be ready to grab this feller's tail an' lift him aboard."

Bob nodded his head, but I sensed a lack of relish for the job assigned him. I got the fish close. Walter leaned far over the side and reached with his mittened hands for the spikelike bill. A swish of the tail swept the fish away and, as though he sensed liberty in that momentary freedom, he kept up the battle.

My arms ached and perspiration was streaming down my face. I was tired, anxious that the battle end. I wanted to see the fish flopping in the boat, safe and sound. I set to him with a vengeance.

His close approach had proved to us that he had swallowed the bait and I had him safely hooked. There was little chance now that he could break off. I pumped him back in a matter of two minutes, and this time the silver of his belly showed upward as often as the purple of his back.

I got him close and Walter's strong hands seized upon his spike. Instantly our sailfish became an electric eel with St. Vitus' dance. Walter shouted for Bob to grab his tail; then went into a monologue which was picturesqueness itself. His shoulders heaved and his head jerked, his arms fluttered and his voice faltered. Many of the most graphic mediums of expression are unprintable. So it was with Walter's monologue, more's the pity.

Bob made a lunge overside with his right hand. The sweeping, spiked tail slipped outside his grip and lashed back against the side of the boat with Bob's hand between. I heard him groan. A veritable deluge of water swept over the three of us. I was standing erect, still holding the now useless rod.

This I cast behind me when Bob failed of his lunge. The tip banged against Walter's bobbing head and evoked more expressive terms from the usually soft-spoken seaman. With both arms I grabbed for that lashing, shimmering, gorgeous tail. My left hooked under the slim body and slipped securely against the upper fork of the tail. I augmented this hold with my right.

"Quick," I gasped through a mouthful of salt water, "hoist him aboard, Walter!"

We heaved together and the sailfish left his element. In a second he was threshing about the stern sheets with a violence that I would have thought impossible.

"Keep away from him," Walter sputtered. "Let him tire hisself out. He can't skin himself up much on that smooth deck."

We stood about and waited until the violence subsided. Then we got a rope about that forked tail and lashed it to the base of a swivel chair.

After that our troubles were over. I sat in the opposite chair while Bob went into the cockpit and brought out more sandwiches. Walter looked things over to be certain they were secure. Satisfied, he returned to his engine.

"Nice fish," he grunted laconically.

Then he squinted at the western horizon and started four bells for the channel. I accepted a sandwich from Bob and grinned happily upward at him.

"Nice battle," he said. "I'm glad it was you that got him. He's your first, isn't he?"

I nodded.

"Glad you got him," he repeated. "I've landed them before. Quite a thrill in it, huh?"

I bit into my sandwich, and as Bob raised his, I saw blood trickling down his wrist. When he smiled and pulled up his sleeve, I saw an ugly bruise along six or seven inches of his forearm. In two places the flesh was literally burst open. I knew then, better than ever, the power of that forked tail.

"Got it between that darn tail and the side of the boat," he grinned. "It's nothing but a bruise."

I glanced down again at the fish.

What fascinated me was its one visible eye. Big, perfectly round, and black as the darkest coal pocket, it seemed to be staring at me ominously.

Now and then a tremor ran along the silver body and I knew that, but for the lashed tail, the fish would still be fighting against fate.

That eye was the eye of a fighter. Even now there was no fear in it; just hate and courage and deathless will to battle.

When we docked, I weighed him. A sense of shame crept over me. He weighed a few ounces under forty-five pounds. Something seemed to whisper within me that he should weigh at least a hundred. But everyone seemed proud of me, and I quite freely confess that I am proud of myself. With much less reason, by the way, than the game sailfish!

THE COMPLEAT WANGLER

(Continued from Page 7)

the Book-of-the-Month Club! In other words, Charlie, culture. And culture, my dear, is the thing that pays your salary."

They left the street and cut into the university grounds. The pavements, gleaming smooth and dark under the lights, curved away like a stream about the edge of the campus. The buildings loomed soft-focused through the mist. Nigel hitched Charlotte's arm a little closer.

"You know, there's something about you, Charlie. Especially after an afternoon like today's. Especially on an evening like tonight."

Charlotte laughed. "What does that mean? If it means anything."

"It means that, in the first place, you're much too intelligent to be made love to," he told her, "and in the second, that you're much too attractive not to be."

"Very complicated," said Charlotte.

He gave her arm a little shake. "Look here, you've got to take me more seriously. I take you seriously." He bent over her a little closer. "I'm very fond of you, Charlotte. I like you better than anyone I know."

"Better than the newspaper girl in Montreal?" asked Charlotte. "Or the married one with the red hair in Montreal? Or the beautiful Miss Knox?"

"Don't be an idiot. You know, as well as I do, that was business. With you it's altogether different." He paused a moment; then went on: "Though I don't expect you to believe that. You don't believe any of the things I say about you; even when you know I always tell you the truth about everybody else."

Charlotte was silent; liking him too much, after all, to tell him that she sometimes suspected strategy even in his candor. They crossed the edge of the campus and short-cut between two steep dark buildings. And without warning he pulled her into the sudden deep shadow of a wall and kissed her. It took him quite a long time.

Neither of them said a word; not even when they walked on and came out a moment later on the street. Under the light she glanced up at him quickly, half expecting—she was extraordinarily sharp about these things—to catch in his face some betraying expression—the actor's look of being suddenly, quietly and profoundly moved. He looked down at her and smiled.

"Well, do you believe it now?" he said in a matter-of-fact voice.

"That I'm different from everybody else?" said Charlotte. "Of course I do. But so is everybody else."

"Some day," said Nigel seriously, "I'm going to beat you up."

They parted at the corner. Nigel had promised to see the Rivoli manager, and Charlotte was to meet Jinx Morrissey at the Roylinke.

"Give Jinx my love," said Nigel, and went off to his appointment. And Charlotte walked on to the hotel.

Back in her room she changed her tweeds for a silk pajama suit and lay down to read under the bed lamp. And at a quarter to seven Jinx burst in. "Hello, Charlie!"

Charlotte put down her book. "Hello, Jinx. Come on in."

Jinx came in. She was the advance publicity representative of the company, just back that day from the West. She was short and pony built, and she wore a tailored suit, a flat-brimmed hat and a neatly knotted cravat. She always dressed like that—with a meticulousness of masculine detail that suggested, Charlotte had once pointed out, a profoundly feminine consciousness of type.

She went and sat down now by the window, her heels against the floor, arms drooping over the sides of her chair. "I'm dead," she said. She pushed her hat wearily to the back of her head. "Where's Nige? Where's the gang?"

"Nige went down to the theater," said Charlotte. "He sent you his love."

"Good old Nige! Gosh, I'll be glad to see him!" said Jinx. Her gaze came back to her friend. "I wish I felt like you look," she said. "Where'd you get all the local color?"

"Out of a window display on Young Street," said Charlotte.

"Well, you certainly must have crippled that window display," said Jinx. She studied the other sympathetically. "You must have an awful repression, Charlie," she said.

Charlotte laughed and, lying back, crossed her knees. "How's the West?" she asked. The West, Jinx said, was all parceled up and waiting for Nige to call for it. She had left a trail of his photographs in the lobbies of women's clubs from Halifax to Vancouver.

"What one did you use?" asked Charlotte.

"It's a new one. I don't think you've seen it," said Jinx. "I met Nige on the street one day and told him he simply had to have some new pictures, and the darn fool went straight across the road to a photographer's in his old slicker and a hat that had been rained on and snowed on and sat on for the last twenty years. And it turned out simply marvelous. It had that—you know, that sort of whimsical look that Nige gets on him."

"It's a good look, all right," said Charlotte.

"All I had to do," said Jinx, "was to go up to the president of the Women's Art League or Drama Association, or whatever it happened to be, and show her that photograph, and she just went over"—Jinx crossed her eyes, jerked sideways three times and swooned—"like that."

She got to her feet. "Well, I think I'll go and clean up. I've been bathing in a china wash basin for the last six weeks." But she didn't go. Instead she came over and sat on the end of Charlotte's bed. She was silent, but not for long. For Jinx to sit down on anyone's bed was to touch almost at once the dangerous spring of confidence. "Do you know, Charlie, I've been thinking. I believe I'll marry Nige."

Charlotte pulled up her feet to make more room. "When did you decide that?"

"I've been thinking it for quite a long time," said Jinx. She lay back on her elbow, watching her friend. "I'm fond of him and I know he's fond of me," she said. "It would be the very best thing could possibly happen to him. He's a fool artist and I'm a practical business woman. He can think rings round me, but it takes me to get the things done he thinks of."

"Yes, but you've been doing that all along, haven't you, without being married to him?" Charlotte pointed out.

"I know, but it isn't the same thing," Jinx said, and heaved up a sigh from the bottom of her boots.

Charlotte couldn't help laughing. "My, you're funny, Jinxie!"

Jinx laughed, too, without irritation. She liked Charlotte in spite of the fact that her sympathy was always tempered by reticence and a rather disconcerting clarity. She never gave herself away, but she never gave you away either. You felt firmly at every point her dependability and soundness.

"Anyway, I don't see why not," said Jinx. "After all, Nige is a reasonable person. He knows what's good for him. And I know he's awfully fond of me."

Charlotte said, after a moment, "I don't believe I'd do anything too suddenly, Jinx."

"I won't be crude, if that's what you mean," said Jinx, looking a little offended. "I don't expect actually to hit him on the head and drag him to the city hall." She added, after a moment's consideration: "Not if there's any other way of doing it."

"I can see you've made your mind up," said Charlotte.

Jinx sat up. She looked very much in earnest. "You know what a sweet thing Nige is, Charlie. All I'm worried about is that somebody may marry him sometime without his knowing how it happened to him. He's so darned sympathetic."

Charlotte laughed. "The thing that will always save Nige," she said, "is that there'll always be somebody ready to save him from somebody who's trying to save him from somebody else."

Jinx sighed, got up. "Well, if I'm ever going to get my bath——" At the door she paused. "What I'd like, Charlie," she said with a touch of grimness, "is to see you fall in love yourself. Just once."

Elida and Nigel were to take tea together at the Clifton-Plaza. At half-past four exactly, Elida had told him, "And remember I'm frightfully punctual."

"That's all right. I'll probably be there at four," Nigel assured her.

They had been friends now for a week. They called each other Nige and Lida. Elida had told Nigel that he was a two-year-old, that he exasperated her more than anyone she had ever known, that she simply adored him, that he wore the most frightful ties of any man she had ever met. And Nigel had told Elida that she was beautiful, that he always found her a little more beautiful than he expected, that her mind was equilaterally designed—he drew the diagram for her on the back of a restaurant check—that she should never curl her hair, and that what she needed more than anything else was a drunken husband to beat her up on pay nights. It was a typical contemporary friendship.

Nigel arrived at the tea appointment at a quarter to five.

"Hello!" he said. "How many hats have you anyway? This is the fourth since Monday."

"Only fifteen minutes this time," said Elida. "You're getting better."

"I like your Wednesday hat better than your Monday one," said Nigel. "You always ought to wear helmets, Lida. They give you a sort of early-Britannic look. You know, rushing about from battle to battle in one of these umpty little two-wheeled chariots."

"You're such a fool, Nige," said Elida.

"With a leopard skin," said Nigel. "No, that's wrong; they didn't wear leopard skins in early Britain. They painted themselves with woad. You ought to wear a lot of woad, Lida. Blue's your color."

"What do you want for your tea," said Elida, "idiot?"

He picked up the menu card. "Are those Danish buns the kind with sugar on top and currants and cinnamon in them?"

(Continued on Page 137)

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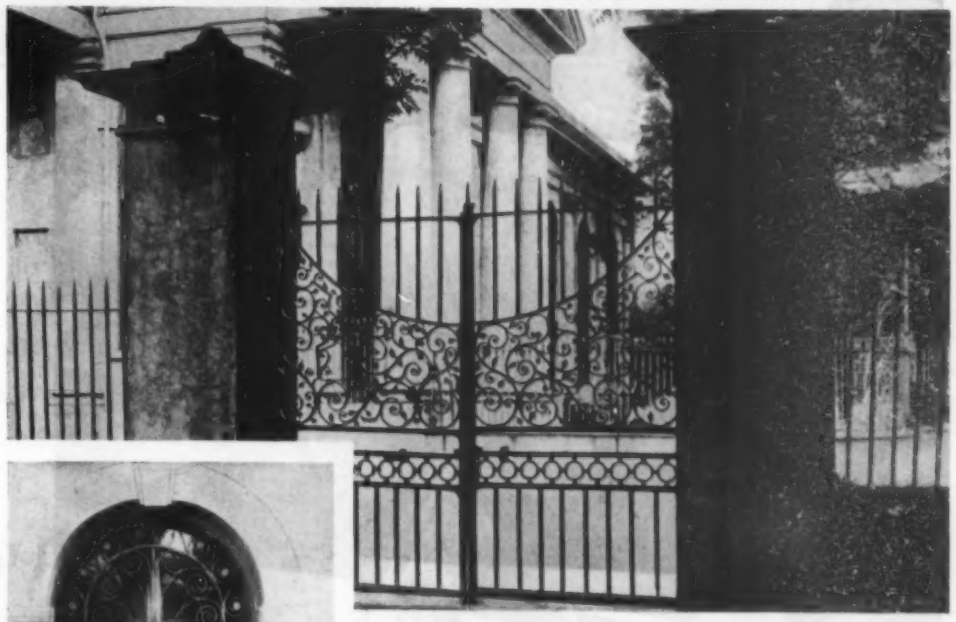

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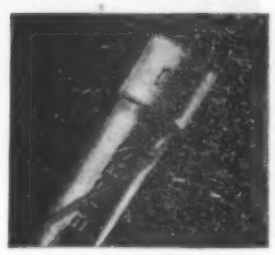

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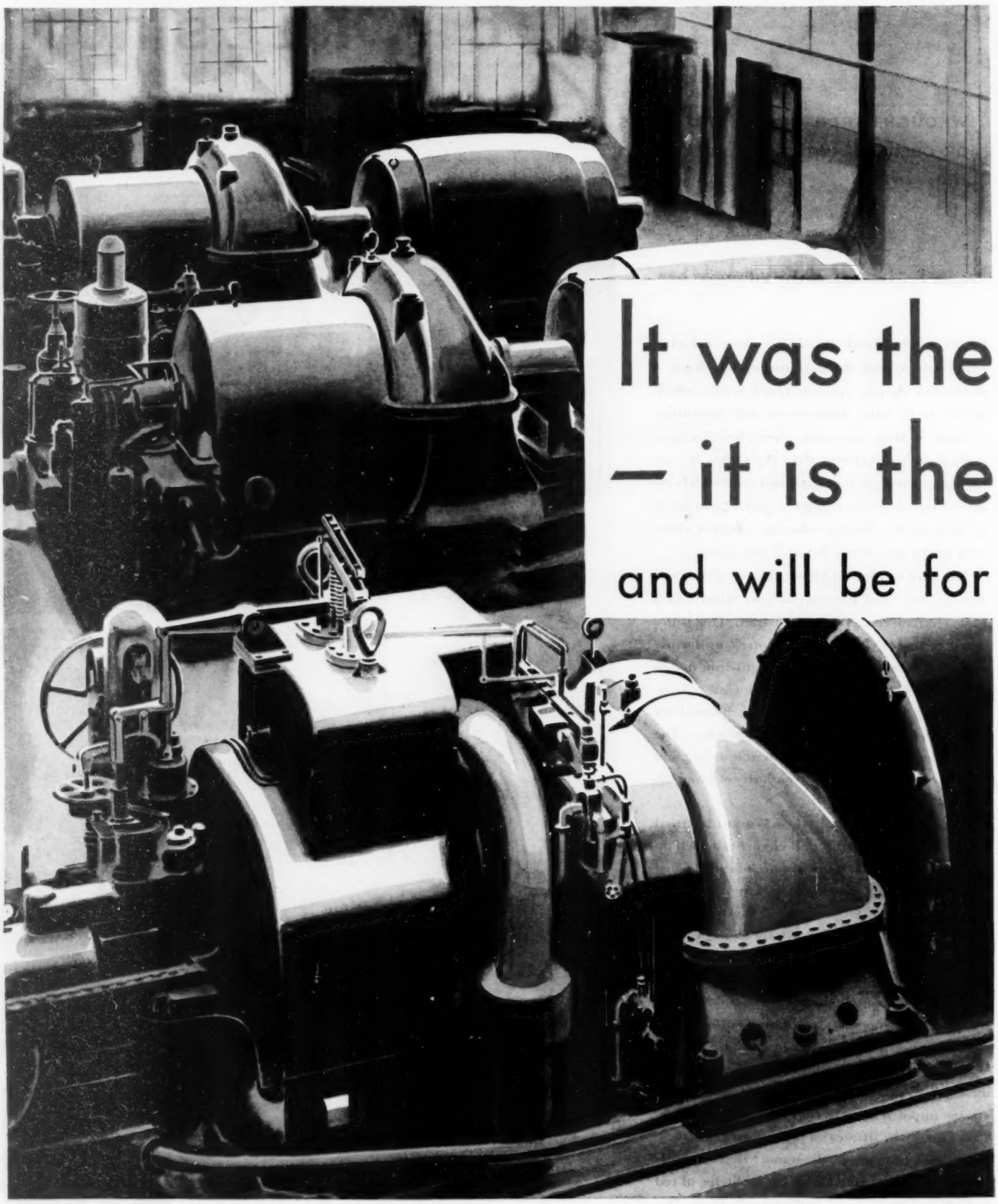

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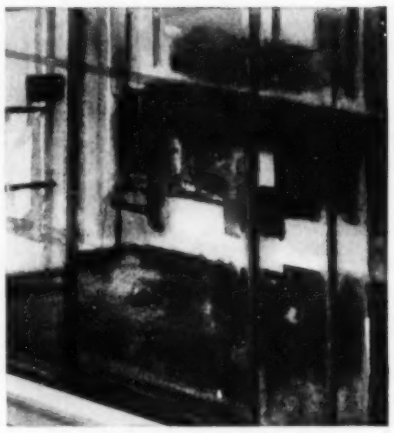

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AND THE NEW YOUNG GIANT OF 1930

THE EDITOR MOVES HIS DESK OUT INTO THE PUBLIC SQUARE

Every city is constantly changing. It yields to the spell of new local fashions, new hobbies and new fads. Its sport fans may abruptly desert boxing in favor of hockey or basketball. Its matrons may switch suddenly from bridge to afternoon musicales. Even its flappers may change and go literary . . . if a tall and dark-haired Shakespearean reader comes to town.

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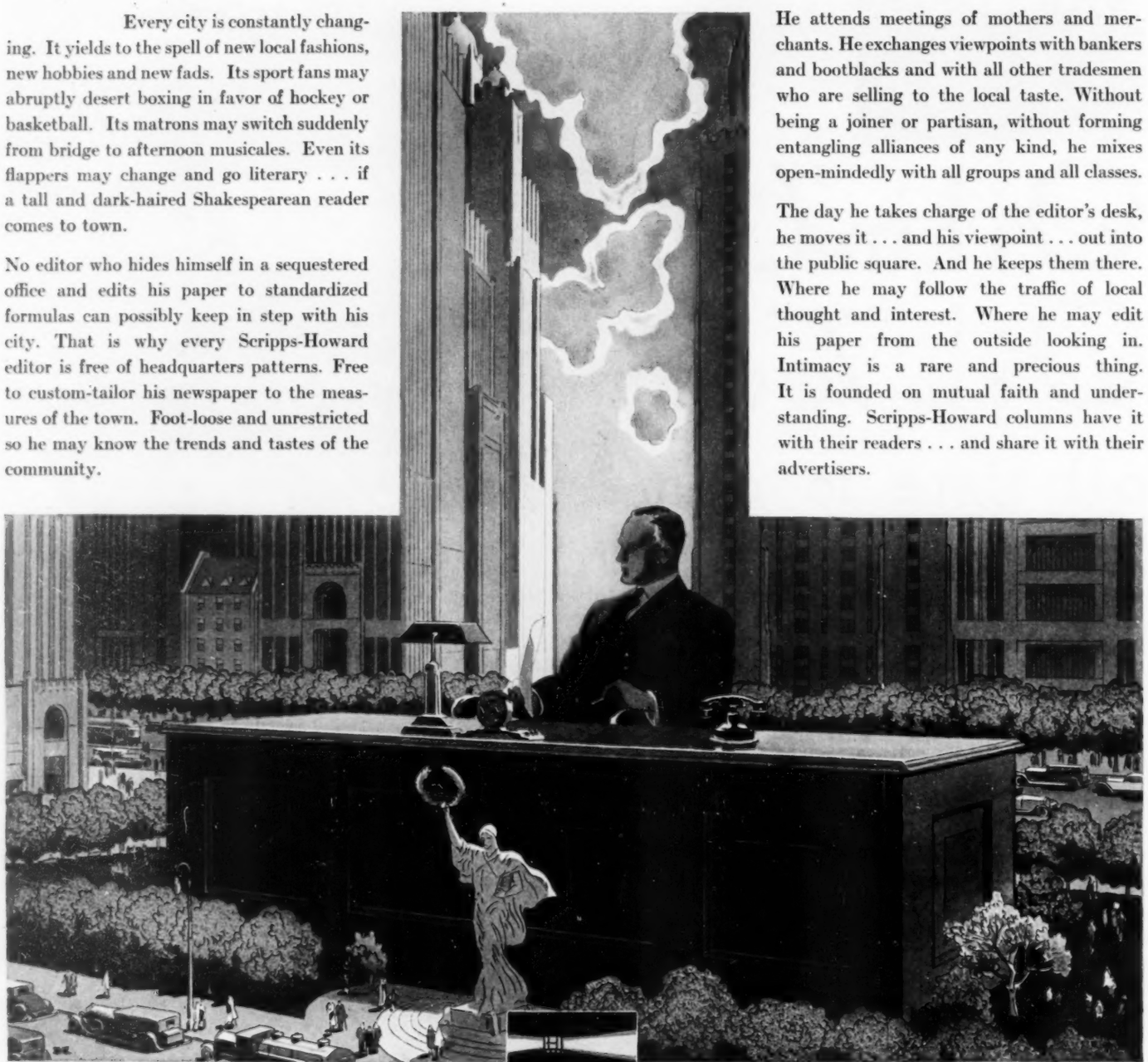

He attends meetings of mothers and merchants. He exchanges viewpoints with bankers and bootblacks and with all other tradesmen who are selling to the local taste. Without being a joiner or partisan, without forming entangling alliances of any kind, he mixes open-mindedly with all groups and all classes.

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(Continued from Page 132)

"My heavens, you infant!" She took away the menu, reached for the order pad. "Let's have whole-wheat muffins and raspberry jam."

"Why whole-wheat muffins?" said Nigel dismally.

"Because they're good for you," said Elida. "They're corrective," she explained; and handed the order pad to the waiter. "And plenty of hot water for the tea."

"Why tea?" said Nigel. "Why not just a nice spot of senna and slippery elm?"

Elida ignored that. She leaned forward with her slender green-clad arms resting on the table. "Well, I've finally got it arranged for the Gamma Gamma Alphs to hold their theater night the opening Monday."

"Good work!" said Nigel heartily.

Elida smiled. "And I've got father to speak to Nathan Wilkes, our dramatic critic, about you. So you're sure to get the very best notices. Also they're sending up a special feature writer to the hotel tomorrow morning to interview you about the talkies."

Nigel said seriously, "You know, this is all pretty darned decent of you, Lida."

"Well, it's pretty darned smart," said Elida, "if you knew father!"

The waiter came with his tray. He set the tea beside Elida, a little pot of jam in front of each, the muffins between. Elida lifted the lid of the muffin dish. "Perfectly cold!" she said, and, without turning more than a shoulder, handed the muffin dish back to the waiter. "Waiter, will you please see that these are heated?"

The waiter received the muffins as though they didn't exist and carried away emptiness like a figure on a frieze.

"And now, by the time he gets back, I suppose the tea will be cold," Elida said. "Well, if it is, he can just take it back again. It's all right; they really like to be treated like that."

"Might be a good idea to send back the muffins when he brings on the tea again and make a really jolly afternoon for him," said Nigel.

But Elida wasn't listening. She said, "Nige, I wanted to ask you: When do you leave for the West?"

"A week from Monday," said Nigel. "Sunday if we can get through."

"I've been thinking; I'd love to go with you—with the company."

"Well, why not?" Nigel said.

"No, but seriously. I could take small parts, you know. I've had a lot of experience with the University Drama League."

He shook his head. "I'd certainly like to have you along. I've been wondering the last few days how I was going to get along without you. At the same time, I'm paying you the highest compliment in my power, Lida darling, when I tell you you'd probably be the worst actress the Lord ever made."

She said indignantly, "But you've never even seen me."

"And I pray heaven I never shall," said Nigel. "No, seriously, Elida, you weren't meant for the stage. You're too direct. You're too integrated and normal."

"Yes, but ——" She looked at him, half angry, half perplexed. She had noticed it before—that trick of his of vanishing at the last possible instant, leaving behind nothing but a bent affectionate gaze that didn't see her, and a voice saying—but oh, how charmingly and sincerely!—things that completely eluded the point.

She said suddenly, "You say I'm direct, and it's perfectly true; I am. It always seems to me simply stupid and a waste of time to be anything else." She raised her chin, half closed her eyes. "Naturally, the reason I want to go is simply because I want to be with you."

"Well, if that's it, come along!" he cried. "We'll fix up some sort of berth for you. You'll have the best time you ever had in your life!"

She sat looking at him without smiling, from under nervously drawn dark brows. There was no seductiveness in Elida; there was only resolution and an intensity at once passionate and practical. None of this she was able to conceal; it was quite true, as Nigel had said, that she was the worst actress in the world. At the same time, she had a feminine capacity for drama. And now she said, watching him narrowly and with deliberate significance across the little table:

"Very well, I'll come. I know perfectly well what I'm doing."

"Good!" said Nigel. "Splendid! We'll fix it up tomorrow. And in the meantime, how about a ration of tea all round?"

There had been a late party for the company at someone's house in the distant suburbs—Elida had arranged it—and Elida, Nigel and Charlotte had come home together in the same taxicab. Elida, as usual, was brisk and talkative, and Nigel was whimsical and corroborative, while Charlotte sat in her corner and didn't say a word.

They dropped Elida at her house—a sheer-fronted stucco building in the good new district. The taxicab moved on.

"Tired?" said Nigel.

Charlotte nodded. "Sort of." She didn't feel like talking. She was enjoying the comfort of sitting there rolling pleasantly through the darkness, with Elida gone and the bars of light and shadow from the street lights dropping in smooth succession across their laps.

"Elida's decided to come West with the company," said Nigel.

Charlotte sat up suddenly. "Oh, Nige, do you think it's ——"

"I think it's the devil," said Nigel. "But you know Elida."

Charlotte shook her head at him slowly. "Too much charm, Nigel. Don't you know the law of diminishing returns?"

He laughed. And in a moment he said suddenly, "You know, Charlie, getting alone with you and you laughing at me as you always do—it's a funny thing to say, but it always gives me back my sense of self-respect. I suppose it's because you're the only woman in the world, probably, who doesn't think me a sort of fantastic half-wit."

"I've certainly never thought of you that way," said Charlotte.

He moved a little closer to her. "Lord, I'm fond of you!" he said. He picked up her hand from the seat beside him. If it had been another woman's hand he would have turned it up and kissed the palm. But it was Charlotte's hand, and he only held it, with his artist's instinctive sincerity, in a friendly, gentle clasp.

They sat in silence while the car ran past the darkened buildings and finally turned up the little side street that led to the hotel's side entrance. And just as they drew up he did bend down and kiss her hand. And the way he did it—suddenly and undeliberately—made it seem quite right and not theatrical at all.

"You're the only one of the lot I ever think about, Charlie," he said.

Jinx and Marcie were on the other side of the rotunda. They joined Charlotte and Nigel, and all went up in the elevator together. "Come on in my room a while," Jinx urged Charlotte and Marcie. She never could bear an evening to come to an end. It was very late, Charlotte pointed out, and Marcie said she had to give herself a facial. But Jinx insisted, and now there they were, with Charlotte stretched out on the bed and Marcella in the bathroom discontentedly fingering the cosmetics in the cabinet.

"I can't use your skin tightener, Jinx," she said. "My skin's too sensitive. Last time I used it I all came out in red spots. Haven't you got a good relaxing cream? If you use that and then go all over your face with a piece of ice to close the pores ——"

"Oh, for Pete's sake, why can't you leave your pores open for one night? It's a respectable neighborhood!" said Jinx rather irritably.

Marcie came out of the bathroom with the bottle of astringent in her hand. "Honestly, Jinx, you're crazy to use that stuff. It'll tighten up your skin, all right. Just like nitric acid."

Charlotte said, from the bed, "You'll probably be interested—Elida Pengelly's coming on the road with us."

"Pengelly!" cried Marcie, and, always dramatic, dropped the bottle of astringent on the floor.

"Who told you that?" demanded Jinx.

"Nige told me," said Charlotte, "and Elida told him."

"If Pengelly goes, I quit!" cried Marcie passionately. "I wouldn't travel with that woman a single day. I simply loathe her."

"Why?" asked Charlotte.

Marcie quieted down. She grew serious and impressive: "I'll tell you how it is, Charlie. I always have a sort of funny feeling about people the minute they come in the room. I see them in sort of colors ——"

Jinx said angrily that she didn't have to have second sight not to like Pengelly. "It does not take any special gift that I can see. I don't like her because she tries to run the whole works. And because I've met her at least fifteen times and she never knows me to see me."

"She never sees anybody but Nige," said Marcie.

Jinx agreed: "It's simply sickening the way she chases after Nige."

Well, anyway, Marcie pointed out, it wouldn't do her any good. "She isn't Nige's type a scrap."

"What difference does that make?" said Jinx impatiently. "You might just as well say that an African man-eater wasn't the type of a—of a baby antelope." From the bed, Charlotte protested the comparison. Whatever might be said of Elida, Nige could certainly give a better account of himself than a baby antelope. "Anyway, she's bound to go West with us," said Jinx, doubly irritated by Charlotte's mildness and by Marcie's helplessness, "and all I hope is that by the time we get to the Coast somebody will be so fed up with her that they'll push her over the edge."

"She'll spoil everything." Poor Marcie was almost in tears. "You know what we've been like in the company. We may fight and crab at one another, but we've always been crazy about one another underneath. Just like a big family. And to have an outsider like that come in!"

It was a belief they all held, none more passionately than Jinx. But now she said scornfully, "Big family! We're a road company, that's what we are. We'd steal the coppers off one another's eyes."

They went off into one of their endless wrangling disputes, while Charlotte lay on the bed with her hands under her head, quiet and wide awake, her eyes on the pattern of lighted arcs like a study in abstractions that Jinx's tilted bedside lamp had laid across the shadowed ceiling.

Jinx was proposing a defensive alliance against Elida.

"We're both crazy about Nige, but I'd rather you got him than Pengelly."

Marcie repudiated the compact indignantly. She adored Nige, but not that way—she didn't feel that way about him a scrap. "The trouble with you, Jinx, is that you're fundamentally vulgar."

"The trouble with you," Jinx retorted, "is that you're fundamentally an idiot."

It was, indeed, a typical family dispute; that bold exchange of innuendo, that violent approach to special reticences that is possible only among loyal intimates. In the end, Marcie went out and banged the door. The closing of her own door down the corridor followed like an angry echo. Jinx sat down, looking worried and exhausted.

"Marcie's an awful fool," she said; "she can just simply make herself believe anything." Charlotte sat up, slid off her wrist watch and began to wind it. "Just the same, she's right about Pengelly being a complete outsider," Jinx worried on. "The rest of us belong—you know how it is. She'll just ruin everything. It's up to you, Charlie. I've got to start East tomorrow and Marcie would be sure to make a mess of it. What are you going to do?"

Charlotte swung her feet over the edge of the bed and felt with her toes for her slippers.

"It's five past four," she said; "I'm going to go to bed."

When Elida read in the morning Intelligencer that the Bannister Repertory Company was opening on Monday in the Little Kendrick Theater, she telephoned Nigel at once.

"But I thought you were opening in the Rivoli!"

They were just rehearsing in the Rivoli, Nigel explained. "Hold the line, Lida darling, while I gallop round and pick up a few clothes."

But Elida swept on: "My dear, you're crazy. Nobody ever goes to the Little Kendrick except professors and the lowest-class intellectuals. The smart people simply won't come near you."

"That so? Well, as long as the lower classes pay for their seats ——"

"I'm coming right down," said Elida. "Meet me in the lobby in twenty-five minutes."

"Right-o!" said Nigel cheerily. But when Elida arrived, promptly on the moment, as usual, there wasn't a sign of Nigel. He would, of course, be fifteen or twenty minutes late, as usual; so she sat down to wait, impatient, but not annoyed, because it was part of his exasperating, endearing mooncalf charm that he could never be anywhere on time.

Charlotte saw her there as she stepped out of the elevator on the way to breakfast. But Elida didn't see Charlotte until the latter dropped into the adjoining chair.

Elida smiled a vague but companionable recognition. It wasn't true, as Jinx had claimed, that she didn't know the feminine members of the Bannister company by sight. She had, on the contrary, observed and estimated them from the very beginning. Jinx, she decided, had no looks, Marcie had no brains, and Charlotte had no personality. Beyond the limits of this indictment, her attitude towards them was indifferently amicable; and now, glancing at Charlotte, she acknowledged in her a certain sepia-colored charm. She looked small, neat, contained, rather like someone's nice cousin.

Elida's face was smiling and self-absorbed. She was young—not more than twenty-two. And yet she looked less like a girl than like a matter-of-fact young matron—a young suburban matron living in a small, brisk, competent world of her own creation.

"I've just heard that Nige—that Mr. Bannister—is taking the Little Kendrick for his opening night," she said. "What in the world is he thinking about?"

Charlotte shook out her paper and folded it back at the theatrical section. "I suppose he wanted to catch the university crowd."

"He's the most absurd creature," said Elida impatiently. "Heavens, I know this town and I warned him. I suppose the Little Kendrick have him tied up by this time with a signed contract."

Charlotte put the paper down and sat looking out across the lobby—vast, listlessly active, dimmed with the smoke of a thousand extinguished cigarettes.

She said gently, "Any contracts that Nige makes are usually to his own advantage. He's really the most competent person I know."

"Nige competent!" Elida stared, then laughed rather shortly. "He seems to me just about as competent as a three-month-old baby."

Charlotte's eyes came back to Elida's face. There was someone she remembered out of childhood—an uncle, a being mysteriously alien and unsympathetic, forever intrenched behind his thick cigar, behind his massive convictions. He removed his cigar, he extinguished opinion, he put his cigar back in again. The only thing to do was to keep one's detachment, resolutely hold one's ground.

"I'm afraid you're mistaken," she said. "For one thing, the show business is the trickiest business on earth. Only one man in hundreds ever makes even a small success of it. And Nige is a successful man already, though he isn't thirty yet."

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Elida looked at Charlotte, untroubled, blue, composed. "He's probably had luck, for one thing. Nige is just the sort of marvelous idiot ——"

Charlotte shook her head. "Luck hasn't a thing to do with it. If Nige has succeeded, it's because, in the first place, he has never left even the smallest detail to luck and, in the second, because he's always made the best—the very best possible use of women."

"Women!" said Elida sharply. She sat up, suddenly straight; aware at last that the other was leading her somewhere, and both indignant at the leading and suspicious of the direction. "Just what do you mean?"

Charlotte said steadily, "I mean that the thing that matters most to Nige is success, and that his kind of success is only possible to him through women." She wasn't looking at Elida, but with all her actress' sensitiveness she was aware of the look that was hardening in her face—that cold, vigilant blankness that is a woman's raised shield in battle. "Nige is charming to women by instinct, but he exploits them deliberately. It's the simplest thing in the world for him. He knows they simply can't resist that combination of—Peter Pan and Peter Simple."

"I don't believe it!" Elida was white and frigid with indignation. "If Nige knew the sort of rotten accusation ——"

"It isn't a rotten accusation," said Charlotte. "With Nige it's simply business. Actor's business, of course, but it's the same thing. You see, the women Nige deals with have usually too much energy and too little to do, so that he really is a godsend to them. They'd do anything for him, and naturally he lets them. Only making sure that there isn't any waste or overlapping."

Elida gave a little stage-drawing-room laugh. "If you are trying to tell me—as I presume you are—that Nigel's interest in me is a business one, too, I'm afraid you're wasting your time. I happen to understand the situation perfectly."

Charlotte was silent, realizing suddenly how completely argument was wasted against the other's inflexibility and intensity. She reflected, withdrawing a little from the situation, trying to find a new approach.

And Elida went on smoothly, "I expect to see a great deal of Nigel in the future." She longed to quarrel, and Charlotte's continued silence stirred her to sudden recklessness. "I might even decide to marry him," she said.

Charlotte gave her a quick look. Then she got up, folded her paper and slipped it under her arm. "I'm afraid you can't do that," she said. "You see, I expect to marry him myself."

"You do!" cried Elida. Her gaze, her tone were pure astonishment. The astonishment vanished, a resolute incredulity took its place. She said, very flatly and rudely, "I don't believe it."

"I'm sorry," said Charlotte without irony. She stood looking down in silence for a moment at the other's perturbed, resentful face. Then, "In that case," she said, "I'll have to refer you to Nigel." And without any more words, turned and walked away across the lobby.

She went into the dining room and, finding a table out of sight of the doorway, sat down and ordered toast and coffee. She didn't feel in the least triumphant; merely uneasy and restless and a little frightened at the thought that whatever else she had done, she must certainly have precipitated things between herself and Nigel Bannister.

Nigel himself discovered her there about fifteen minutes later. He had gone past her, and then he turned and saw her sitting behind one of the wide pillars that ran up to the balcony. "Luck!" he cried, and came back and drew out the chair opposite her.

He sat down, pulled out a leather cigarette case, shook out a cigarette. "Well, Charlie, you did the trick!"

She smiled across at him with her usual bright composure. But she put down her coffee cup because she felt her hand suddenly shaky.

"Did you see Elida?" she asked.

"Did I see Elida!" said Nigel. He glanced up at the approaching waitress and picked up the menu card. "What are you having? Just toast and coffee? Look here, you've got to eat. How about bacon and eggs and a plate of hot muffins?"

The muffins weren't served after eleven, the waitress said. She was middle-aged and had been up since six that morning, and it gave her a wry satisfaction to deny muffins to people who were young and well-to-do and didn't get down to breakfast till a quarter past eleven.

"Oh, I say!" said Nigel, and slanted up a mournful eyebrow at her. "Not for the whole rest of the day?"

She shook her head, but already there was a change in her—a melting and indulgence.

"Then how about a plate of yesterday's muffins?" said Nigel gayly. "Or better still, a plateful of tomorrow's?"

The waitress smiled a grudging sidewise smile. "I'll see what I can do," she said, and went off with her tray. Nigel turned back to Charlotte. "As I was saying, I saw Elida."

Charlotte poured herself another cup of coffee. "What did she tell you?"

"Everything," said Nigel. "Everything, mon Charles." Always in the best of spirits, he smiled across at her with even more than his accustomed gayety. "I don't mind telling you she tried to get me to abandon you. The idea seemed to be that I had got into this affair through my own inherent half-wittedness and had better leave the work of rescue to her. But I didn't let you down, Charlie. I stuck to you like a man of honor."

"Poor Elida!" said Charlotte.

"Yes, poor old Elida," said Nigel. He sat with his arms folded on the table, his cigarette drooping between his fingers. "In lots of ways she's a darned decent kid. But you know how it would have been, Charlie. She'd have broken up the company before we got to Detroit."

Charlotte nodded. She said, after a moment, "Nige, did you tell me about Elida's coming so that I'd dispose of her for you?"

He considered the point of his cigarette. "Well, to be candid, I knew that if it got around she was coming, somebody'd be sure to stop her. Poor Elida wasn't very popular with the crowd."

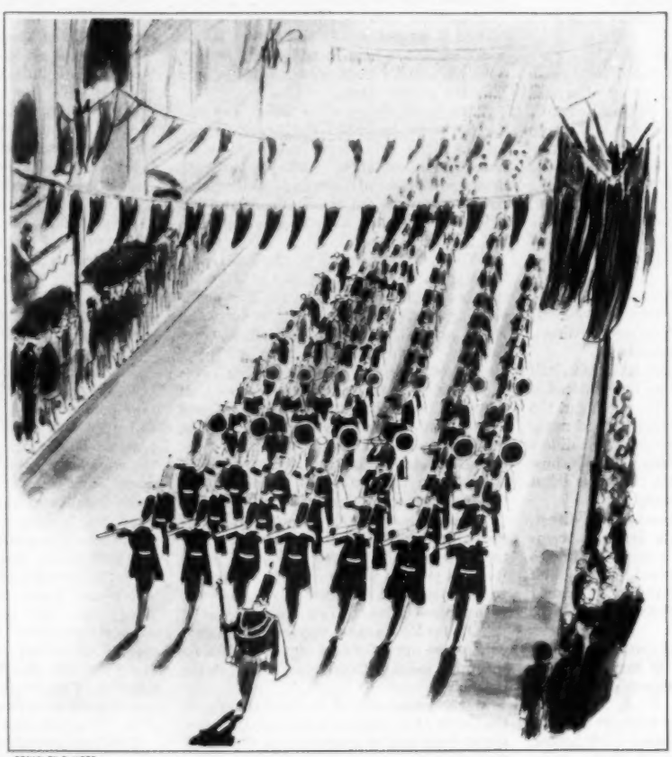
Charlotte said brightly, "I'm sorry to have had to take such—such liberties with your intentions."

"That's all right," he assured her. "Matter of fact, it was a splendid idea—the only one, probably, that would have stopped her." He smiled across the sunny little table. "Tell you what, Charlie; I think I'll retain you as a sort of emergency fiancée."

She looked at him for a long moment in silence. If she were to say to him now, quietly and without warning, "I had one other reason for telling Elida you were going to marry me. I really thought it might be true. I really thought I was different, somehow, from all the rest. Just as all the rest did." She imagined the astonishment, the consternation, and then the quick, facile shifting into contrition, sympathy, a quiet and sincere distress: "Listen, Charlie; I may be a selfish bounder with other people. But if I'd thought for a single minute that you—you of all people ——" There might be something in that, some small desolate satisfaction in putting him through his part, thought Charlotte, looking across at him, seeing him at last altogether trivial, vain, so insubstantial that she felt if she put out her hand it would encounter emptiness. But she didn't say it. When one has been so completely a fool, the only sorry wisdom left is to keep one's folly to oneself.

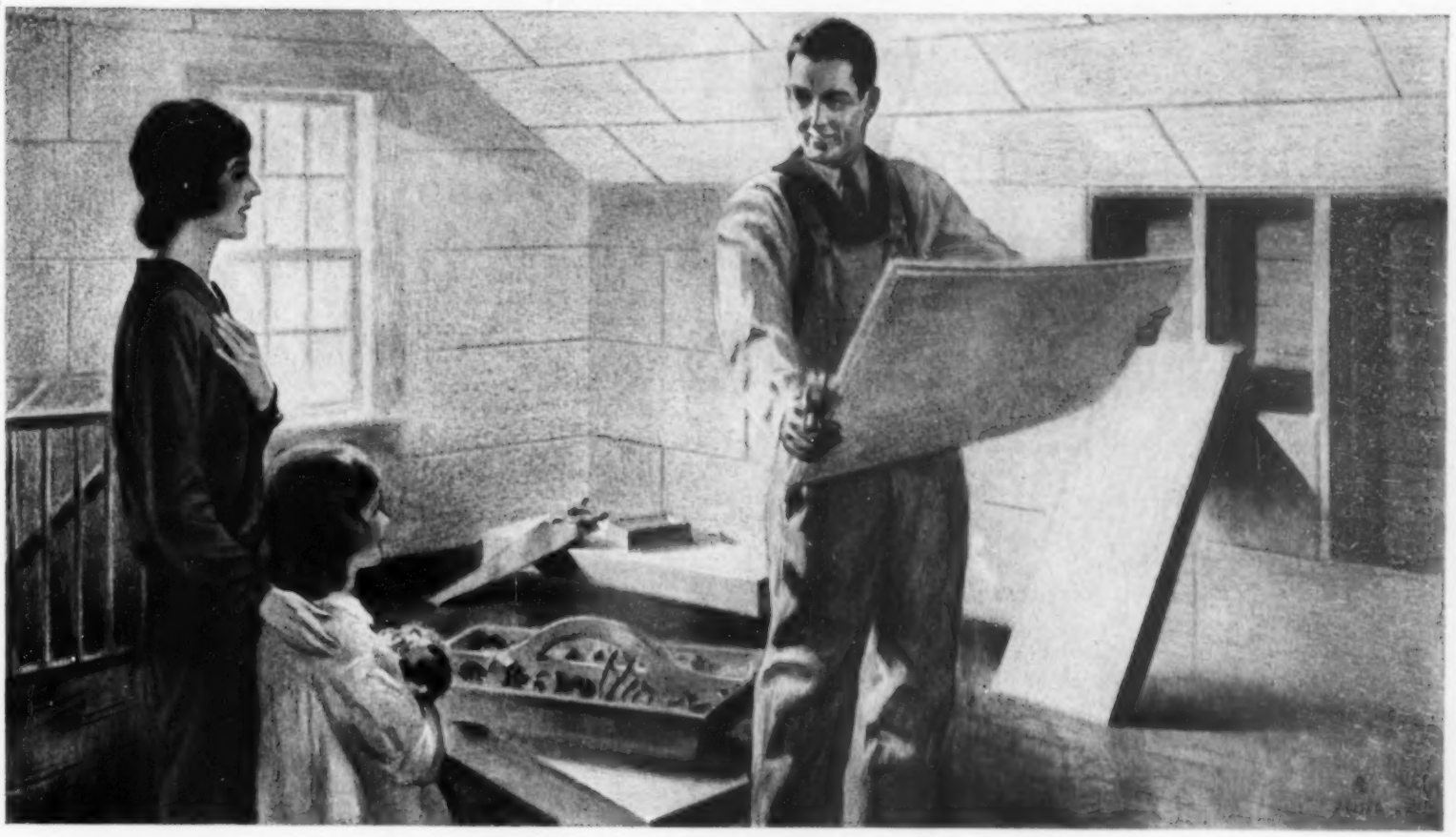
Nigel said genially, "Then when some chairlady or Junior Leaguer had finally made up her mind to throw herself away on me, I could produce you. 'Miss Charlotte Wren, my fiancée.' It sounds so—so darned respectable. Make them ashamed of their loose ideas. Here, sit down; there isn't any hurry. I haven't seen you to talk to for Lord knows when."

"Here comes the waitress with your muffins," said Charlotte. She gathered up her bag and gloves, looked down at him with a smile too brilliantly managed to be quite successful. "You can talk to her," she said. "She'll adore it."



DRAWN BY F. WEBB

The Leader: "I'll Bet We Sound Lousy Without That Oboe Player"



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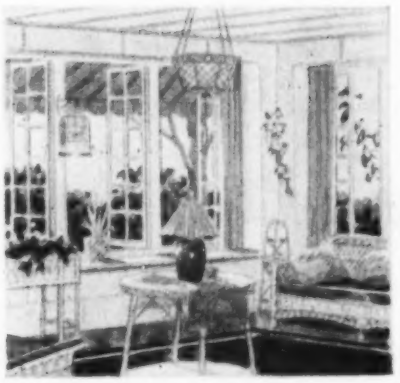

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Stories of Stars who were not "Born" but "Made"

This record-holder never ran a race before he went to college

"EVER do any running?" The varsity track coach in a well-known Eastern university singled out a tall freshman from a gym class of fifty.

"No sir, none at all."

"Well, that doesn't make any difference. Report for track at three o'clock tomorrow. I think we can use you."

The boy reported. He became the greatest half-miler his college ever had. Today, after five years, he still holds the half-mile record for the college he attended. And yet, *before he came to college he had never run a race.*

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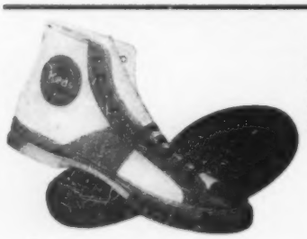

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This light Keds model gives excellent service for the price. "Holdfasts" come with white or brown uppers and have black trimmings and black corrugated soles. A sturdy low-priced shoe.

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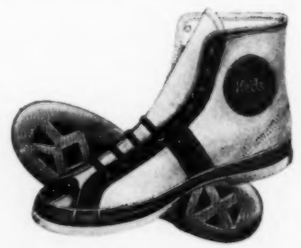

Keds "Big Leaguer"

A medium priced, moulded sole Keds. The uppers come in either white or brown with black athletic trimmings. As the name implies, a "Big Leaguer" in every respect.

SPELLBINDING

(Continued from Page 5)

found, however, that the best extemporaneous speeches are made after thinking over a subject and having some general idea in my mind when I get up to talk. Each time that I was inaugurated governor my speech was extemporaneous. I had no notes and no prepared material, but the night before or even an hour or so before I was to make the speech I had thought about it and had some idea of the thought I wanted to leave with my hearers. These speeches were generally very brief, because I had no notes and no prepared speech. These speeches might all have been lost, were it not for the use of the radio in my last two inaugurations and the stenographic report which one newspaper was careful enough to take.

Probably at no time in recent history was the effect of oratory and the ability of the orator to sway his listeners more evident than at the Democratic National Convention in 1896. As far as the delegates to that convention were concerned, they were strongly of the opinion that Bryan had come to the convention for the purpose of assisting in the nomination of Bland on a free-silver platform as against the gold-standard theories of the Eastern delegates. Ascending the platform, his youth, his appearance, his mannerisms immediately caught the convention, and following the delivery of his celebrated "cross of gold and crown of thorns" speech, he made himself the strongest contender in the convention for the Democratic nomination for the presidency, and at the close of the convention he was the victor.

A Slogan That Backfired

I find his campaign speeches all of the vague and not easily understood type. I venture the suggestion that not one in a hundred thousand people in the United States knew just exactly what he meant by the "free coinage of silver at the ratio of sixteen to one." I followed carefully all his speeches and I was unable to find where he himself ever explained just exactly what that meant in plain, simple, English language. This failure to expound clearly gave his opponents a decided advantage over him. All kinds of interpretations were placed upon "sixteen to one." Down in my neighborhood the foreign population were led to believe that it meant that every dollar of American money sent abroad for the care of dependents, parents or relatives, had the purchasing power of fifty-three cents. As a result of that propaganda, Bryan's side of the argument never being simply explained by him, a Republican congressman was elected from the lower end of Manhattan Island for the first time in the knowledge of any then living inhabitant. A large part of this propaganda was spread by word of mouth, because, obviously, the Republican Party was not wasting any of the time of its first-rate orators in making political speeches for the Republican Party on the lower end of the Bowery; but in a subtle, well-organized, underground way the idea was carefully spread that the election of Bryan meant the depreciation of the purchasing power of the American dollar. As a result, McKinley, Republican candidate for President of the United States, carried Manhattan Island for the first time any Republican candidate had accomplished that feat since the Civil War.

Throughout my legislative career I had impressed on me very forcefully the value of public speaking. Strange to say, there were few good public speakers in the legislature. There was one who stood out above all throughout my time there, and he was Senator Thomas F. Grady, of New York City. In my opinion, he had no peer, and was the best orator and debater I ever listened to. He was a master of facts, a student of history, and he knew how to employ ridicule, the most effective foe of argument in debate. He could talk upon almost any subject for as long as he cared to discuss it. Beyond a few rough-penciled memoranda upon his desk, he had no prepared speech. He met the arguments of the opposition as they arose, and by the power of his oratory he could sway the senate at any time he made up his mind to do it. In my early days in Albany the galleries of the senate chamber were crowded on Monday nights, and if nothing arose during that session to give Senator Grady a reason to take the floor, keen disappointment was readily seen in the faces and demeanor of that audience. He spent long years in the state senate and he watched the state grow and develop. He knew the reason for the creation of all the different departments of government, what gave rise to the necessity of their development, and had a deep, fundamental understanding of all the operations of the state. It was impossible to disconcert him. He could stop, upon the request of any senator, and answer a question, and proceed right on with the trend of his remarks as though there had been no interruption.

A story is told of a speech that he delivered in Buffalo in opposition to Grover Cleveland. It was to be expected that in Grover Cleveland's home city, Grady would meet with some hostility on the part of the audience. A man slightly under the influence of liquor, seated in the third row, immediately at the opening of Grady's speech shouted, "Louder!" This was not taken seriously by the audience, because Grady could be heard in any hall in this country. At intervals of every few minutes in the early part of the speech the man continued to shout, "Louder!" Grady suddenly discovered what he had to deal with and changed the whole tenor of his speech. He quoted the passages about the Judgment Day from the Bible, and looking right at the man and directing his remarks to him in such a manner that the man lost his power of speech and was unable to continue shouting "Louder," Grady said that on the Last Day the Angel Gabriel would blow his trumpet. It would call the dead from their graves and from the seven seas, and they would all be gathered in the valley for the final judgment, and he said, "When that day comes you can rest assured that after Gabriel blows that trumpet, there will be one drunken fool in Buffalo who will say, 'Louder, Gabriel, louder.'"

Whereupon the man did the best he could to slip quietly out of the hall without being seen.

For the Good of the Governor

As a rough-and-tumble debater, as a man of ready wit, of biting sarcasm, and with it all a knowledge of the subject that he was talking upon, Grady unquestionably had no equal. He had the quality of making his audiences happy. He could even do that with the senate. When the bill to legalize prize fighting was before the senate in 1911, the senator who introduced it, in speaking for its favorable consideration, used an expression that he did not intend. He said that among well-known public men, many could lay their claim to public notice to their fistic ability, whereupon a Republican senator from upstate, and a bitter antagonist of the measure, arose in his seat and asked to interrupt the senator long enough to make a statement. Having gained the floor, he thereupon declared that if the senator from New York could name just one public man who had achieved any fame because of his fistic ability, he would be ready to retire from the debate. The senator was not ready to do it. He had not the ready wit or ability of Grady. Grady asked permission to answer the question. He drew himself up to his full height, and with a strong oratorical gesture, in a tense silence, said to the senator from upstate: "I will give you the name. It is Prof. Michael Donovan, boxing professor to the President of the United States." Whereupon the senate went into an uproar and the roll call disclosed sufficient votes to pass the bill, although nobody had thought it had a chance.

Yet Grady's great ability, though it made him strong and wonderful friends, also made for him some bitter enemies. History tells us that Grover Cleveland, because of Grady's attitude toward him in the senate, wrote a personal note to John Kelly, then leader of Tammany Hall, requesting that Grady be not renominated; and put it upon the ground that his absence from the senate would be a contribution to the personal comfort of the governor.

Bourke Cockran was a strong contrast to Grady. As a master of the English language, Cockran was without an equal. As a forceful orator he had no peer, but he was compelled, in public speaking, to follow the line he had laid down in advance, and lacked the experience in the study of detail of which Grady had the benefit.

Speeches in the Making

Cockran often prepared a speech by trying it out in private. I lunched with him one day in 1921 at the Bankers' Club, and long after all the business men had departed and we were alone in the corner of the large room, he tried out on me the speech he proposed to deliver in Congress on the question of disarmament. I sat for one hour and a half while he outlined it to me, using practically the same language that I afterward read in the Congressional Record.

Cockran was at his best when he spoke on the Catholic Church and the reasons for his religious belief, or on universal peace, or on the freedom of Ireland. The peroration of his plea for peace, which was the conclusion of his great speech at the Chicago Coliseum in November, 1915, is characteristic. It contains the rhythmic flow and use of words that made him an eloquent and persuasive pleader:

> The fact that Almighty God has placed such resources as I have indicated within the reach of such a man as Woodrow Wilson justifies the hope—nay, it imposes the belief—that this desperate conflict will prove to be not a cataclysm in which Christian civilization is tottering through fury and destruction to irretrievable ruin, but a great dynamic movement through which it is casting aside conventions and traditions that have become outworn, and therefore restrictive, before leading the human family upwards through peace and justice to a plane of prosperity—material and moral—higher than has ever yet been attained, grander than we are able now to conceive.

The speech he made to the Committee on Foreign Affairs in December, 1917, pleading for recognition of the Irish Republic, is filled with his fervor and, although the language is much more simple than that used in the other speech, it, too, gives some indication of Cockran's appeal:

> We are here, asking not that you declare war, not that you impose a single tax on the people of this country, not that you assume a single obligation, but that, by favorably reporting this measure, you demonstrate before all men that the pledge on which we entered the war means now what the heroes lying in foreign fields believed that it meant when they gave their lives to vindicate it. We know that we can count on action here which will make clear to all the world that when America speaks, she speaks the accents of truth, and that, when she declared that her purpose in drawing the sword was to make freedom universal and justice supreme throughout the world, she declared the judgment and purpose of Almighty God who has intrusted to our glorious republic the execution of this the last, the greatest, the noblest plan which He has in His infinite goodness designed for the welfare of mankind.

Martin Glynn delivered as forceful and as eloquent a speech as a man could listen to in the National Convention of 1916 at St. Louis. But it was necessary for Glynn to spend nearly one month in its preparation, and no matter what might have happened in the intervening time, he could not have departed from the text when he came to deliver his speech.

Job Hedges was a good debater and a good talker, but he attended so many dinners and made so many facetious after-dinner speeches that when he was finally nominated by his party for governor and attempted a serious discussion of the state's business by means of campaign speaking, his audiences were disappointed.

President Wilson's speeches showed careful preparation. He gave the impression of a man in full possession of the fundamentals of the subject upon which he talked, but he was not what might be termed a vigorous orator.

The present Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court, Charles Evans Hughes, is a forceful orator and debater. During his governorship in New York his speeches for the reforms he sought in the government of the state were unanswerable, and the failure of his own party in the legislature to follow him in the adoption of the policies he proposed had a good deal to do with the definite defeat of the Republican Party in 1910, two months after he left the governorship to become a Justice of the United States Supreme Court for the first time. He used no great flowers of speech. He debated, reduced the arguments of his opponents to nothing and then built up his own case.

Elihu Root, who presided over the last Constitutional Convention, swayed men by his public utterances and carried with him conviction of his own sincerity. One of the memorable speeches of the Constitutional Convention of 1915 was delivered by Senator Root, and was the only speech that he delivered on the floor of the convention during its long session, when he spoke upon the necessity for an amendment to the state constitution for the reorganization of the state government. He made a strong, effective and personal appeal to the members of his party to stand behind this reform, because he said it brought the government of the state nearer to the people themselves and prevented the manipulation of public office, as he termed it, "by men from behind the scenes who themselves could probably not be elected to public office." In the course of his speech he arraigned what he referred to as the "usurpation of power on the part of the leaders of both political parties," and frankly admitted that a great many of the policies of the state government were dictated from 59 Broadway, which was the office of the United States Express Company and the business headquarters of Thomas C. Platt when Republican boss of the state.

Talking an Amendment Through

The conclusion of his speech was a fervent plea and was delivered in a very impressive manner, and undoubtedly had a good deal to do with the passage of the proposed amendment in the convention. He said:

> *Mr. Chairman:* This convention is a great event in the life of every man in this room. A body which meets but once in twenty years to deal with the fundamental law of the state deals not only for the present but for the future, not only by its results but by its example. Opportunity knocks at the door of every man in this assemblage—an opportunity which will never come again to most of us. While millions of men are fighting and dying for their countries across the ocean, while government is become serious, sober, almost alarming in its effect upon the happiness of the lives of all that are dearest to us, it is our inestimable privilege to do something here in moving our beloved state along the pathway toward better and purer government, a more pervasive morality and a more effective exercise of the powers of government which preserve the liberty of the people. When you go back to your homes and review the record of the summer, you will find in it cause for your children and your children's children, who will review the convention of 1915 as we have been reviewing the work of the preceding conventions; to say, "My father, my grandfather,

(Continued on Page 144)

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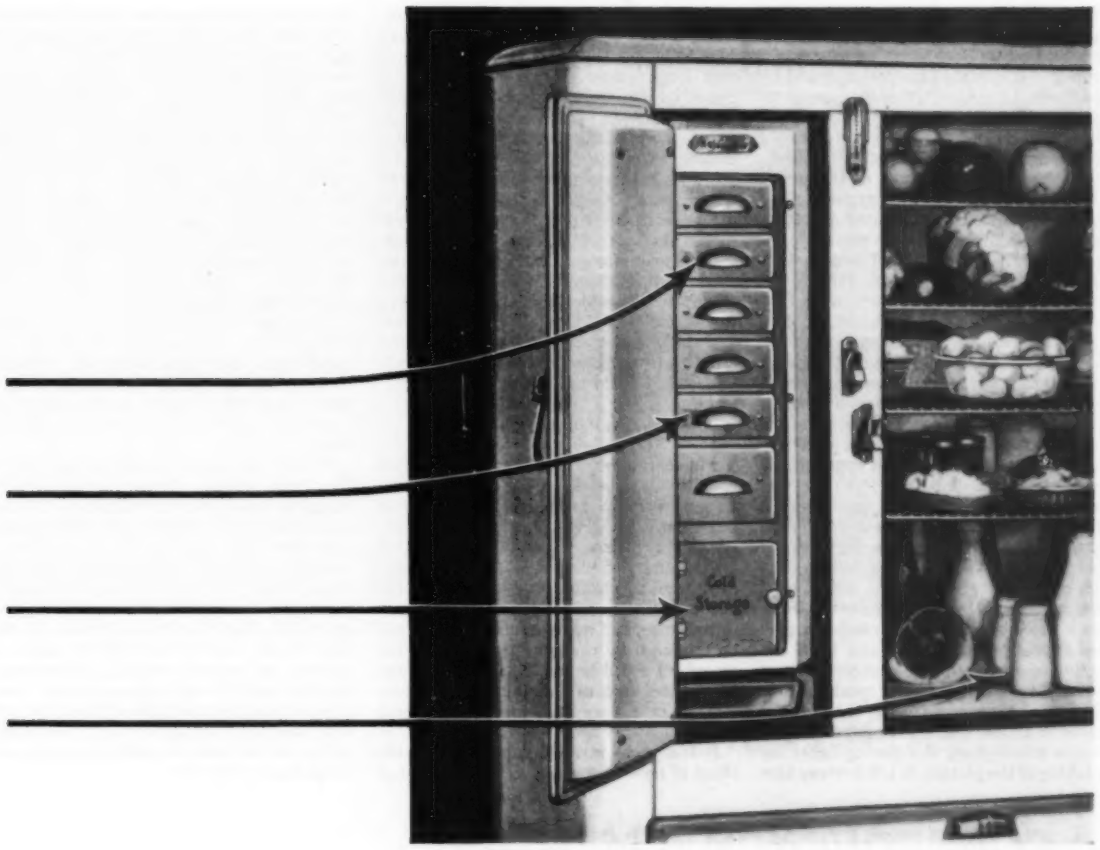

Kelvinator 4-Way Cold the most significant advances ever made in electric refrigeration

WITH Kelvinator's new Four-Way Cold, electric refrigeration now definitely rises above old standards, far advanced in usefulness, in convenience, in time and labor saving in the home.

Four-Way Cold means *four separate services* in one refrigerator—each wholly automatic and independent of the other.

1 *Cold Storage*—A large compartment with *below-freezing* cold. Just the place to store ice cream, extra ice cubes, frozen salads, desserts, or those new frozen meats, fish and fruits you now find at many stores. A feature first introduced by Kelvinator more than six months ago.

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3 *Automatic Fast Freezing*—Remarkably fast freezing in *all* ice compartments resulting in far more ice per day. Beyond super-fast freezing in a special Iso-Thermic Compartment, the De Luxe Kelvinator gives you exceptionally rapid freezing in every one of its numerous ice trays.

4 *Automatically Controlled Cold*—Constant, scientific refrigeration in all food compartments—*always* below 50 degrees. Not affected by lower temperatures of ice-freezing compartments.

Each of these four services is extremely important to the home and to the housewife. So important, so necessary that once you know fully what they are, you will inevitably demand the Four-Way Cold Kelvinator in preference to any other refrigeration.

Your local Kelvinator dealer will gladly demonstrate Kelvinator's new Four-Way Cold. See him today before making any final choice of refrigeration for your home.

Features noted above are standard on the 12 beautiful new Super-Automatic Kelvinators—with the exception of Cold Storage Compartment, exclusive to De Luxe models. See them at your nearest Kelvinator showroom. Purchase on easy terms through Kelvinator's attractive ReDisCo monthly budget plan.

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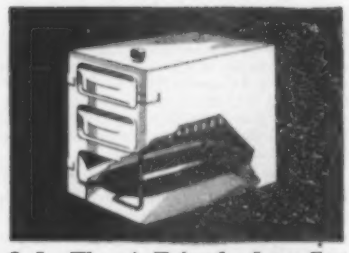
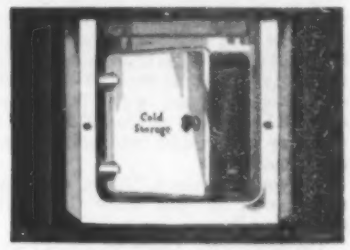
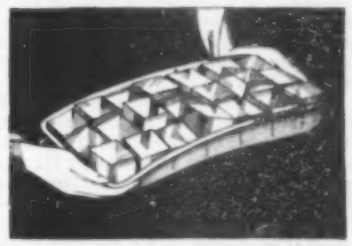


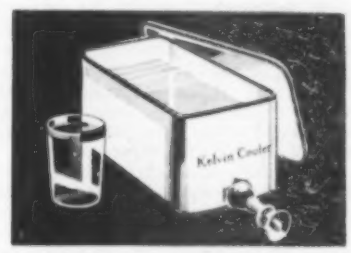
● *Iso-Thermic Tubes for Super-Fast Freezing*—An exclusive Kelvinator discovery, giving the world's fastest *automatic* freezing of ice cubes and desserts. Nothing to regulate, nothing to forget. Freezes ice or desserts at amazing speed, then automatically stops. No food loss. No extra use of electricity. No attention at any time.



● *Cold Storage Compartment*—Again Kelvinator pioneers the way with automatic Cold Storage in all De Luxe models. In this separate compartment, behind a neat metal door, is maintained a *below-freezing* temperature. Frozen meats, fish, game, fruits or other delicacies can be kept cold and fresh for many days. A feature developed to its greatest efficiency by Kelvinator.



● *New Rubber Ice Trays*—Of flexible rubber for easy removal of ice cubes. No holding of trays under faucet. No wasted ice supply. A slight finger pressure releases one or a dozen ice cubes instantly—dry and colder.



● *Kelvin Cooler*—This attractive porcelain container serves a dual purpose—for cooling drinking water or crisping and freshening vegetables. Nickel-plated faucet gives easy access to cold water. Close fitting lid keeps moisture in contents when used as vegetable freshener.

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(Continued from Page 141)

helped to do this work for our state." Mr. Chairman, there is a plain old house in the hills of Oneida, overlooking the valley of the Mohawk, where truth and honor dwelt in my youth. When I go back, as I am about to go, to spend my declining years, I mean to go with the feeling that I can say I have not failed to speak and to act in accordance with the lessons that I learned there from the God of my fathers. God grant that this opportunity for service to our country and our state may not be neglected by any of the men for whom I feel so deep a friendship in this convention.

Senator Wagner, who, in the few years of his career in the United States Senate, has directed nation-wide attention to himself, was a versatile and interesting debater, and his training in the assembly and the senate of New York, where, for years, he was the Democratic leader, has stood him in good stead in Washington.

Microphone Madness and Talkies

Ability to use argumentative-debating speaking is frequently useful in court procedure. Some amusing stories are told which illustrate the power of quick retort in debate. A young lawyer was appearing before an elderly judge in a Brooklyn court; the judge sought to shut off the young man's argument and said, "Young man, stop. If I let you go on you will attempt to make me believe that two and two don't make four."

The young man said, "Judge, when they appear next to each other they make twenty-two."

The judge said, "Continue, young man."

Courtrooms are frequently the stage for fine flights of oratory and persuasive eloquence. Bourke Cockran was once one of a group of distinguished lawyers assigned by the courts to defend persons accused of murder. His particular client was a difficult one to defend. He was a Negro and the case against him was strong. Cockran, though he had little doubt of the man's guilt, made an impassioned appeal to the jury to do justice to the accused and to be doubly careful not to let race prejudice enter into their determination. The defendant was acquitted. His gratitude for the defense of his case was so overwhelming that Cockran himself said he had all he could do to keep the fellow from kissing him.

The introduction of the radio presented a new problem to the extemporaneous speaker or the man who uses no manuscript. At first he seemed to be overconscious of the presence of the radio audience and was clearly disconcerted by the microphone and the necessity for talking into it. However, it was and still is a godsend to the public speaker who reads his speeches. The listeners, not seeing him and hearing only his voice, drawing on their imaginations, feel he is making a great oration when, as a matter of fact, he is reading the entire thing from a piece of paper. He needs no personal appeal or magnetism, and these are absolute essentials to a good speech of any kind, and to effective public speaking.

The movietone comes nearer showing the speaker in action, and when perfected so as to make unnecessary the glaring lights for the taking of the picture, it will portray him as near life as it is possible to make anything. I will never forget my first experience in attempting to make a talking movie. It was long before the present process of recording the voice on photographic film was in use. Separate records were made for voice and picture, and much tuning and testing were necessary. By the time the picture was to begin, I was thoroughly tired. The glare of the lights did not permit me to see even those few people who were present in the studio, and lacking the encouragement of an audience, I was unable to deliver the speech. Although I was speaking upon a subject with which I was very familiar, I found it difficult, in the glare of the light and before the camera, to devote five minutes to a subject which, upon a public platform, I could talk about for an hour.

Persuasive Powers of Speech

Phonographic records of speeches are not good. It was often suggested that we try to use them in campaigns, especially in small towns, where it is impossible for the candidate himself to appear. But the phonograph requires very careful adjustment, and regulation of speed changes the pitch of the voice. I did make one such record once, and many amusing effects can be produced by changing the speed of the record. I could be made to talk in a high tenor voice such as I certainly do not possess, or in a very gruff bass voice much deeper than my own.

It is a great mistake to undervalue the effect of public speaking. It is a matter of fact that people remember better what you tell them than what they read, because it can be told with a force which carries a conviction it is impossible to get from reading. Political parties have appraised it at its full value and have organized speakers' bureaus made up of volunteers who are assigned to speak at meetings. Tammany Hall is sufficiently alive to the necessity for good speaking in a campaign to bring before the young and old members of the speakers' bureau the leading talkers of the party, so that they may give verbal instructions in the issues of the day and the best way to make argument effective.

It has been interesting to me to find my youngest son interested in the courses in public speaking he had at school. I keenly enjoyed his rehearsals for oratorical contests, and the contests themselves, and sometimes contributed a point or two to him.

Oratory as an art should be fostered in the public schools. In the last analysis, it is largely training and confidence. Countless thousands of people know what to say, but, when they stand on their feet before a large gathering, do not know how to say it. Some of our best writers could never make a speech. Some of our best speakers find great difficulty in writing anything. If you want to test yourself out as to the power of oratory, ask yourself what a political convention would be without an orator; what a mass meeting would be without an orator; what a public dinner would be without an orator; and what a church service would be without a preacher.

CONSEQUENCE, A MEMOIR

(Continued from Page 34)

mouth; his hair was cut *en brosse*. He wore a dark brown coat of military cut, without shoulder straps, riding breeches and high boots. His left hand he held, somewhat unnaturally, in a Napoleonic attitude within his coat, while he extended his right hand to me. Having greeted me, he indicated an armchair standing beside a massive mahogany desk.

I sat down. He took his place behind the desk and, leaning back, played a tattoo with his right hand on the papers. The corners of the large study of Alexander III were plunged in darkness; only a few lamps lighted the center of the room and the desk. There was dampness in the room, and the smell of mustiness, as if it had been closed and not aired for a long time.

"You wanted to see me. What can I do for you?" he asked, looking me over with indifference; he knew perfectly well why I had come.

"Alexander Fedorovitch," I began nervously, feeling that my voice did not sound right, "for reasons unknown to us, my father and his family have been arrested."

"Yet you are his daughter and you are free, as you see," he interrupted, smiling wryly. "There is a reason. Your stepmother and her son have spoken disrespectfully of the Provisional Government."

It was true that about three weeks before the arrest Volodia had written satirical verses about Kerensky himself. The name was not mentioned, but the picture was drawn so accurately that everybody recognized him. And these verses my stepmother had been so thoughtless as to circulate privately, far and wide; it was even said that someone had placed a copy upon Kerensky's desk in the Winter Palace.

"Besides, there are other reasons which I cannot disclose to you," he continued.

It was useless to argue. I decided to turn to the sentimental part of my program. It was upon this that I had counted the most.

"In a few days," I said, "I am to marry. My fiancé is Prince Putiatine," I added, hoping that so democratic a choice on my part might soften my judge.

"Yes. I am informed. He is an officer of the fourth regiment of Sharpshooters." Kerensky uttered with such contempt the name of that crack regiment that I understood how widely my tactics had miscarried, and continued with still less confidence:

"You can understand my desire to see at my wedding my father and his family."

"Do you also insist upon having your stepmother?" he asked, with more than a touch of mockery.

"Why, of course," I replied. "It is evident that on such a day I would like to have all those dear to me. Please, Alexander Fedorovitch, arrange it so that the arrest be withdrawn by that time."

"But do you know what the soldiers on guard would tell me, were they to learn that I had freed your father for such a reason? They would say that when their daughters married they were not permitted to go home for a visit, let alone being freed from arrest."

A New Line of Attack

He inhaled deeply, looked past my eyes to the top of my head, and added in a patronizing tone: "However, I will try to do everything I can. But I do not promise anything. We shall see." His voice trailed off. He became fidgety. It was plain that he wanted to end the conversation. I was almost wild with despair. All the fine speeches and plans that I had rehearsed so carefully had rushed out of my head completely. I had failed. He was leaving, I knew, for the Front that night.

"For God's sake, Alexander Fedorovitch," I cried, "give the order at once! You know everything depends on you alone. You are going away tonight and there is no one to whom I can turn while you are gone. My father is no longer a young man; his health is not good; he has experienced so much anxiety, so much grief. He was so pleased with my marriage and he wanted so much to be there," I continued.

Evidently amused by my confusion, Kerensky smiled and rose. The interview was ended. I rose also.

"I am telling you that I will do all I can, but you know yourself how busy I am. I will take care of it. I will give orders."

In reality, there was almost nothing that he could do without the Soviet, but I did not know that then.

I shook his hand and muttered some parting words. My efforts had been wholly unsuccessful. I could not, I knew, expect from my visit the least result. Besides the grief that I felt at this failure, I was deeply mortified. That I should have found no more adequate words, that I should have pleaded and stammered and lost my wits in Kerensky's presence, that I should not only have failed my father but have also given Kerensky occasion to laugh at me was humiliating.

Again I passed through the rooms filled with people, whose glances weighed heavily upon me. I descended the wide staircase and came out into the street. As I trudged heavily away from the Winter Palace its empty, dark windows seemed to gaze down at me morosely, mockingly. But even before I had reached home I had other plans.

Direct attack had availed me nothing. Very well, then; I would try the indirect.

Upon inquiry, I learned that Kuzmine, Kerensky's new assistant, enjoyed the confidence of both Kerensky and of the Soviet. A Socialist and former political exile, he was acting at times as a mediator between the Kerensky government and the Bolsheviki. I decided to act through him and attack, as it were, on both fronts at once. But first it was necessary to meet him, and preferably not in an official atmosphere. Certain of my friends undertook to arrange this meeting. This they soon accomplished, and very adroitly. They gave a dinner to which they invited, among others, Kuzmine and myself.

Kuzmine was among the guests awaiting my arrival. He was in uniform, but there was nothing military in his carriage. He was thin and pale, with narrow shoulders and a narrow head. His hair was thin and of an indefinite color; it was impossible to guess his age. He stood, embarrassed, among the guests and seemed, throughout the dinner, hardly more at ease. But there were enough people to permit the conversation to flow easily, and I could see in his attitude nothing hostile.

Purposely he was not placed beside me at dinner. When we rose from the table and scattered about the rooms, I watched for an opportune time to begin my conversation. Finally the moment came. Small tables were placed in the dining room; an excellent string orchestra began to play and our host, who sat with me at one of the tables, drew Kuzmine into our talk. After a few words our host excused himself and rose, leaving Kuzmine and myself alone.

We were both embarrassed. So as not to be silent, I said something inconsequential and fumbled for my cigarette case in my bag. The case was empty. Kuzmine reached for his somewhat awkwardly, offered me a cigarette and gave me a light. When we both were smoking, the ice seemed to melt. We talked. Now that our rôles were reversed; now that, at any moment, his former fate could quite readily befall me and mine, it seemed quite natural that I should ask him about Siberia and his life in penal servitude.

The Human Side of Royalty

It was the first time that I had ever talked with a convict. He spoke without bitterness, with a smile. He told of organizing an uprising somewhere on the border of Russia, of proclaiming a republic there, of being hunted and caught. He spoke of the prison where convicts at hard labor waited to be sent to Siberia, of the chains, of the endless Siberian days.

I listened. When he finished speaking about himself he questioned me. I had at least some idea of the life of Siberian convicts through the Russian literature, which describes with a special love the dark existence in those far prisons, but these poor political exiles, I now learned, had not the remotest idea of what we were like, who, more or less unknowingly, sent men to such a fate. Oh, yes, they had an idea—they thought that we were beasts in the image of man. But we could not, they thought, have any human feelings or act humanly.

With candid frankness and childish simplicity, Kuzmine asked me the strangest questions. I began to tell him about myself, about the atmosphere in which I had been brought up, about my work during the war, my conversations with the peasants. He listened intently, hands folded on the table, head bent. It was now his turn to hear for the first time in his life something

(Continued on Page 147)

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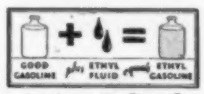

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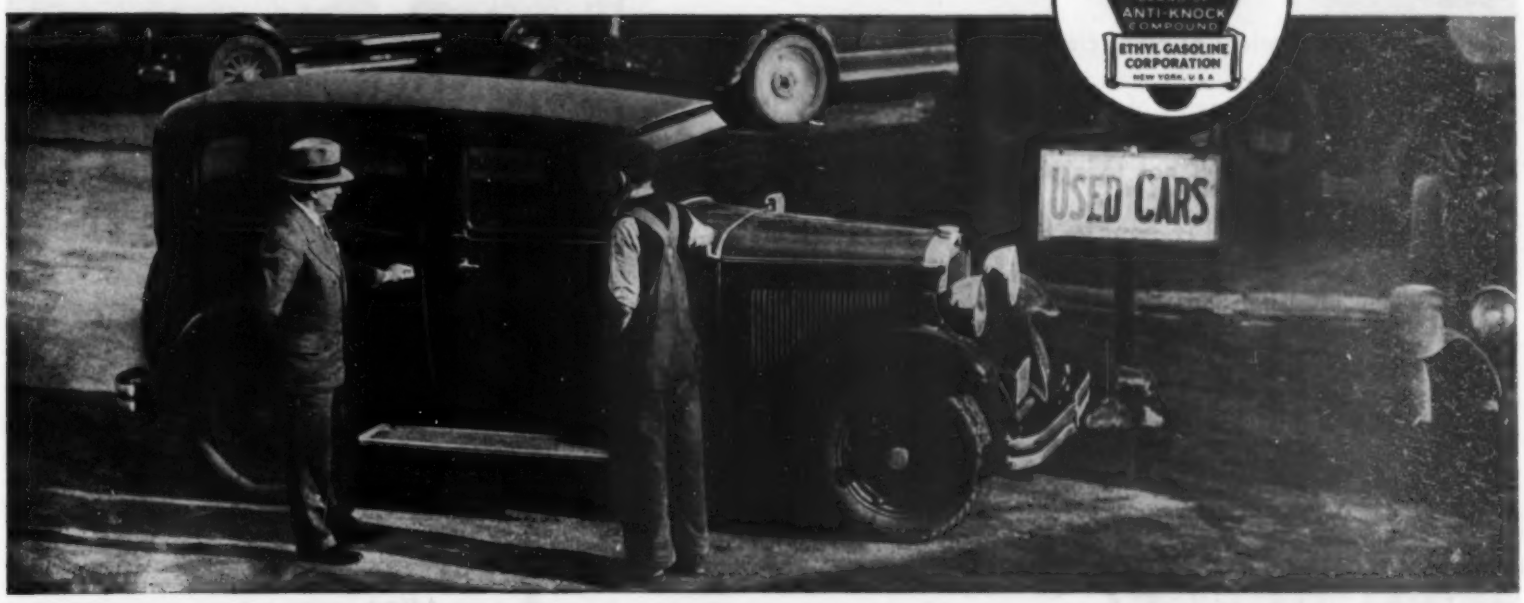

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contrary to all that had been taught him since childhood. Much of what I said was evidently incomprehensible to him and he asked for more detailed explanations.

Finally, when I had spoken of my life at the Front and at Pskov, he raised his head and asked:

"Is it possible that the Romanoffs love Russia?"

"Yes, they do; they have loved and will continue to love her always, no matter what happens," I replied, not suspecting how often I would, in the future, have cause to remember this sentence.

The way was paved. Now I could speak of my father. And that night, bidding Kuzmine good-by, I felt that I had, in talking with him, accomplished something. My father was not set free by the day of my wedding, but I now felt less anxious about his fate. And I was not mistaken; a few days later the guards were removed from his home.

A storm was gathering over Petrograd and its stupid rulers. The great Russian patriot, General Kornilov, seeing that the Kerensky faction, with its wordy vacillation and its constant concessions to the Bolsheviki, could lead Russia only to ruin, decided to demand more decisive measures in regard to the army.

A Solemn Wedding Party

Kerensky, at first pretending to consent and coöperate, suddenly changed front and betrayed Kornilov. Thus he hoped, it seems, to maintain the good will of the Bolsheviki; in reality, he only facilitated their full victory. The bold action of General Kornilov was the last such act before complete darkness and chaos descended upon my native country.

My wedding coincided with this time. Since now it was certain that my father could not be present, we decided to celebrate it in Pavlovsk, where lived my grandmother, the Queen of Greece. Caught by the revolution in Russia, she was staying with her nephews.

Pavlovsk had been at one time the favorite residence of the Emperor Paul I. It was only a few miles from Tsarskoye Selo. The palace and the park surrounding it had passed into the hands of a side branch of the imperial family. They were now in possession of Prince John Konstantinovitch, married to the Princess Helen of Serbia, with whom I went to the Front.

Our wedding was set for the nineteenth of September. Two days before, rumors began to circulate as to General Kornilov's proposed coup d'état. These rumors were so insistent that the soldiers, who had by this time exceeded themselves in a brazen and dissolute disregard for discipline, began to wonder whether they had not better be good; at any rate, the forces around Tsarskoye visibly smartened up and pulled themselves together for those few days.

The Kornilov coup had no monarchical aims, but we all hoped and longed for its success, for we felt that it might save Russia from utter anarchy and perhaps afford us a greater degree of personal safety. But all such hopes proved fruitless. At the last moment, when everything was ready and the success of the enterprise seemed guaranteed, Kerensky disclosed to the Soviet the whole plot. One of the participants shot himself; all the others, together with Kornilov, were arrested.

On the eve of my wedding it was impossible to determine what turn the events would take. Kornilov was almost at the gates of Petrograd. Civil war seemed inevitable. Alarm was in the air when, on the morning of the nineteenth, accompanied by the faithful Mademoiselle Helene, who carried in a box my wedding dress, I took the train from Petrograd to Pavlovsk. That little town, we had heard, was in turmoil, and it seemed quite probable that we might find ourselves in the fighting zone. From time to time, indeed, we did hear the dull rumblings of a not-so-distant cannonade, but Pavlovsk, when we reached it, seemed calm and peaceful. It was a beautiful autumn day; the vast park glittered with amber and gold, contrasting brilliantly against a clear, cold sky.

My dear grandmother, the Queen of Greece, met me that day with particular tenderness. After a light luncheon Helen took me to my rooms. Mademoiselle Helene drew from the box the gray satin dress, the gray lace cap and the rest of my wedding costume, and helped me to dress. When I was ready, John Konstantinovitch came in and blessed me with an icon. In this, he took the place of my father, whose absence I keenly felt. With tears in her eyes, my grandmother also blessed me. Then, on the arm of John Konstantinovitch I went to the private chapel of the place, where Putiatine was waiting for me.

There were only a few guests, all very grave. During the service involuntarily we lent an ear to the outside sounds, as though waiting for something to happen. Unknown to us, Kornilov's plan had already come to nothing; conclusion of the drama had already taken place.

After the ceremony we had tea and even sipped champagne—a rarity in those days. Friends had succeeded in securing for me and my husband another permit to see my father; we went almost immediately to Tsarskoye Selo. My father and his family were at this time still under arrest, but in spite of the soldiers standing guard at the gates and of the peculiar atmosphere created by such a situation, a festive spirit reigned in the house; the gates were open to permit us to drive directly to the entrance; my stepmother and the girls wore light dresses; Volodia gestured and shouted and my father radiated happiness. Oh, how touching this joy, especially at such a time, seemed to me! Yet how terribly my heart bled inwardly, in the knowledge of all that might, at any moment, befall my father and all who bore his name.

There could be, of course, no question of a honeymoon voyage. We returned that same evening to Petrograd and settled for the time being in my usual apartment at the Sergeivsky Palace. We had no longer the money to maintain this immense building. General Laiming had offers and was already in negotiation with buyers. As soon as the sale was made, we would have to seek a new apartment.

Meantime we started to live our own small, happy life—a life drowned, so to say, and forgetful of the sea of sorrows and anxieties which surrounded us. My father had now been released from under arrest; we went often to Tsarskoye Selo. Sometimes we visited friends in town and occasionally saw a play.

Partners in a Nation's Fate

The Bolshevist coup d'état was expected any moment. As far as I could see, everyone was ready to welcome it; no one believed any longer in the Provisional Government. Kerensky had become odious by his continual speech making, his mania of grandeur, his posturing toward the radical elements, his falseness.

Moreover, no one ever thought that the Bolsheviki could keep the reins for more than two or three months; their rule would arouse, it was believed, a powerful reaction, and after that the least that could happen would be a dictatorship.

By dreams thus deluded, with no real intimation of what was in store for us, we never gave a thought to the idea of leaving Russia. Besides, how could we? The war was still going on, on the Western Front; we could not imagine ourselves abandoning our country in time of war.

Involuntarily we still linked ourselves with her fate. And had not the Emperor refused to leave Russia at the beginning of the revolution, although he had still the possibility of doing so?

The radicals of the extreme left grew constantly stronger and more energetic. It was said that once in power they would carry out their program and nationalize private property.

Evidently in this procedure they would begin with us. But even if they would confiscate all the money in the banks, we would still have our jewels. Mine were in a state bank in Moscow. I thought that it would be wiser to take them from there before it was too late; it would be safer, I thought, for me to hide them at home.

We decided, therefore, to go to Moscow to take the jewels from the bank and to see Aunt Ella, who had not met my husband. Taking very few things with us, we left at the end of October. In Moscow we stopped in the house of the Youssoupoffs, near the Nikolaevsky station.

The first two or three days we did not go to the bank but stayed at home with my aunt or paid visits to my husband's parents, who were also staying in Moscow with friends. The town seemed peaceful. Finally, on October thirtieth, we decided to go to the bank for the jewels. We rose early and set off.

As he opened the gates for us, the old janitor said:

"Something's wrong in town. It strikes me that the Bolsheviki are up to something today. Maybe you shouldn't go out. It pays, nowadays, to be careful."

War Comes to Moscow

He was right; there was in the air of the town something altogether peculiar. That curious sense of imminence to chaos, acquired since the revolution, warned us that something was going to happen; as we walked, my heart contracted painfully.

But the streets were still deserted. We took the first cab we came upon and drove toward the center of the city. At first we met small groups, then crowds of armed soldiers. Their faces expressed the same silly excitement that I had seen before, on the day of the disorders in Petrograd.

As we turned into the Tverskaya our cab was stopped by a detachment of soldiers who barred the way with their rifles. We made a detour. Then, somewhere in the distance, we heard shots in quick succession, like the beating of a drum. People ran down the street and there were soldiers again, gathering in groups, running. At the corner of the side street on which the bank was located, we dismissed our cab, preferring to walk. The driver, lashing the horse, set it at a gallop and quickly disappeared from view.

Some men were carrying two stretchers toward us; the stretchers were empty. A man in a dark, shabby overcoat was lying at my feet, sprawling awkwardly, his head and shoulders upon the sidewalk, his body on the street. And still I did not quite understand what it was all about.

Suddenly a volley broke from unseen rifles toward the end of the side street leading into the Tverskaya. Putiatine and I did not even exchange a glance. We hurried toward the bank. The door was locked and bolted. At a complete loss, we stopped and looked at each other. What now?

The excitement in the street was swiftly increasing. The shooting, sometimes distant, sometimes quite near by, was now almost incessant. All the cabs had quite naturally disappeared; and it would have been now, in any event, quite out of question for us to drive through the town. Where were we to go, and how?

Putiatine did not know Moscow at all. I had forgotten most of it during the years of my absence. Still, we could not remain standing there; the shooting was coming nearer; we had to move.

A small crowd had rushed into our street from the Tverskaya, as though pursued. In their continued rush they now carried us with them. Putiatine, afraid that we might lose each other, clutched me tightly under the arm. Together with the crowd, we ran, and were pushed and dragged to a street running parallel to the Tverskaya.

Here trucks rumbled noisily by, filled with armed soldiers. These soldiers stood crowded closely together, shooting at random, as the trucks bounced them up and

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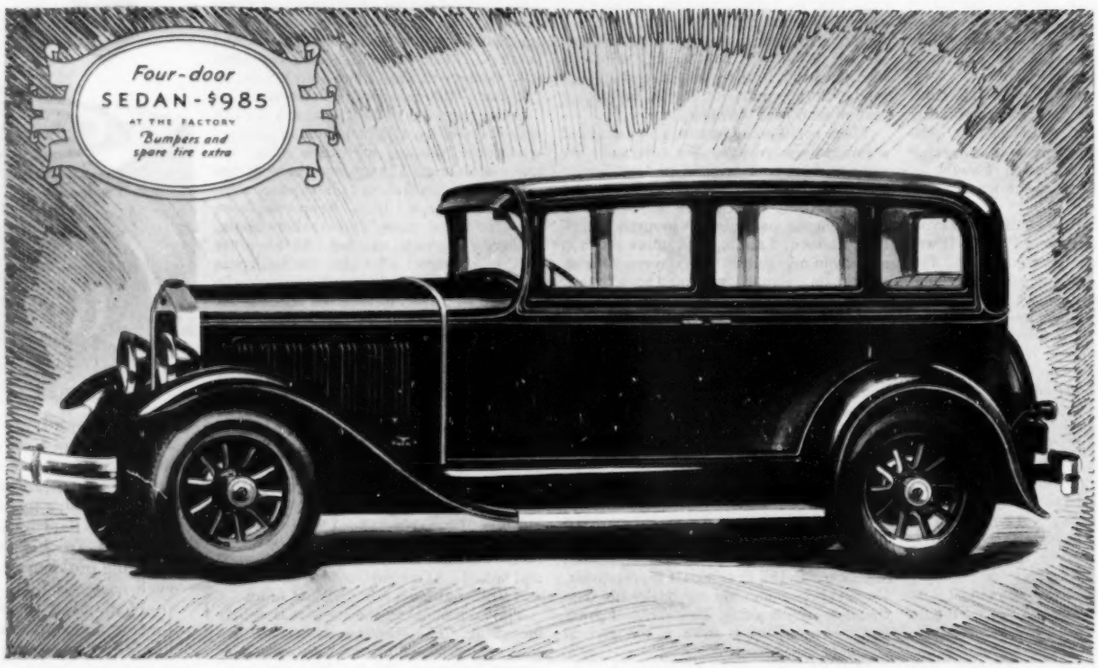

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down on the cobblestones. Bullets whizzed above our heads and smashed against the lower windows of the houses. The shattered windowpanes fell clattering to the ground.

Occasionally one of the crowd would suddenly sit down in a heap, or fall with an awkward throwing gesture of the arms. I did not turn around or look at them. For the second time in my life I was experiencing mortal fear.

We sneaked from one side street into another, avoiding the larger thoroughfares, rushing like rats from corner to corner. As far as possible we tried going in the direction of that part of town where my husband's people lived. The Youssoupoffs' house was so far away as to be out of the question.

By noon we were only at the Grand Opera. Now shells were bursting over the city; we could hear the explosions and the deafening roar when they hit. In one of the side streets adjoining the Theater Square we had to remain for a long time. Shooting was going on on all sides, all exits were blocked.

Then suddenly—probably from the square—a file of soldiers swung quickly into our street. It was steep going; they bent forward as they marched toward us, uphill. As they marched we could see them reloading their rifles.

A short distance from us they halted, exchanged matter-of-fact glances, deployed, and lifting their rifles, took aim. The small crowd of people amidst whom we were standing flattened in terror to the wall; then, seeing no hope in that, with the black muzzles of those rifles still steadily upon them, they all, of one accord, lay down flat. I remained standing. I could not lie down in front of the rifles of these men. I preferred to take what was coming on my feet. My head did not work; I did not think, yet I could not lie down.

After a first volley came a second. I heard a bullet hit the wall just above my head, then two others. I was still alive. I do not remember how or where the soldiers went; I do not remember what was going on around me. I remember only that I turned round and saw upon the bright yellow plaster of the house three deep holes and around them white circles of the knocked-off lime. Two of them almost merged into one; the third stood apart.

Cannon Shots and Church Bells

What happened afterward remains in my memory as a continuous nightmare. The details of all the hours we spent that day in the streets of Moscow are enveloped in a fog permeated by a feeling of inexpressible horror and despair. People ran past me; they fell, rose or remained lying; cries and moans were intermingled with the roar of shots and the exploding of shells, while a thick, stinking dust stood in the air. My head had been crammed with so many impressions that it now refused to register, my mind was dulled. We reached the home of the old Putiatines only after five in the afternoon, having spent the entire day, since nine that morning, in the streets.

I do not remember how and when we returned to the Youssoupoffs' house. I only know that throughout the next day the cannonade did not stop, mingling with the sound of church bells, which made it somehow the more distressing. The servants had barricaded all entrances from the street; throughout that night and the day following we lived in expectation of an armed attack. Fortunately, however, the house was located on the edge of town and the bands that pillaged the houses and apartments in the center did not reach us.

On the night of the second day there was an alarm. We were not asleep, of course. Suddenly, in the stillness that had settled on the city with the coming of the night, we heard a trampling of heavy boots, then the knocking at the door with the butt ends of guns. These sounds coming from the street echoed distinctly through the whole house. We listened with hushed breath. I could not move. But the lights were all extinguished, the house was surrounded from the street by a thick wall, and the marauders apparently did not know the locality or realize whose house this was. After tramping for a while along the wall, they decided to go away, but not without sending a few shots in the direction of the house. Their bullets hit the wall with a loud buzz, as they departed.

Thus passed two, three days. The shooting did not cease. We were cut off from everything. The servants were afraid to go out and get provisions. When such supplies as we had in the house, and which we used very carefully, were completely exhausted, we were obliged to take counsel and consider our situation.

The Provisional Government Falls

Only a short street and a wide square separated us from the Nikolaevsky station. It seemed that the best thing to do would be to go forth, attracting as little attention as possible, and attempt to return to Petrograd.

My husband's orderly was with us in Moscow. He volunteered to go that evening, under the shelter of darkness, to the station and find out whether there was any train service. In his gray soldier's coat he would attract, he felt, no particular attention. I remember how anxiously we saw him go forth. He returned shortly with the information that there were some trains to Petrograd; he had also learned that to all appearances the Bolshevist uprising had succeeded, though the losses were great. A great many buildings, he added, had been damaged, the Kremlin worst of all.

We decided to pack our things and go to the station. It was quite late when we left the house and, accompanied by the orderly and the janitor, who carried our suitcases, proceeded along the street, plunged in complete darkness. The square was like an inkpot. But we did not meet anyone, and reached the station safely.

It presented an extraordinary spectacle. People were sitting or lying all over it, their baggage or bundles piled up by their sides. Many had been sitting there for three days without eating, without changing their positions. The air was thick and close from human exhalations. Talks, arguments, abuse rose in a hubbub.

In the crowd were quite a number of wounded, tied up with all sorts of rags. Here and there sneaked suspicious-looking soldiers, and loitered beggars in indescribable tatters.

We were unable to learn anything except that the Bolsheviki had been victorious over the troops loyal to the Provisional Government; nor could we learn whether anything had happened in Petrograd.

Finally, after endless inquiries and waiting, we discovered the time of the train's departure for Petrograd. It seemed strange beyond belief that there still existed such things as trains. And when, after long hours of waiting, we actually got into a car my astonishment knew no bounds. For it was an ordinary, clean, old-fashioned, first-class sleeping car with a polite conductor, electricity, polished mirrors and doors, and clean bed linen.

We reached Petrograd safely, if not on time. Everything there seemed quiet. We drove home to the Nevsky. The minute I was in the house I rushed upstairs to the Laimings to find out what had happened during our absence.

At my entrance they both fell a step backward as if they were seeing a ghost. In Petrograd, as in Moscow, the Bolshevist uprising had succeeded. Kerensky had fled, the members of the Provisional Government had disappeared, but the troops loyal to them and the Bolsheviki had engaged in several bloody combats. In this fighting, the heaviest losses had been sustained by the women's battalions and by the youths who were defending the Winter Palace.

Petrograd appeared to have had no reports of what had happened in Moscow, and the Laimings could tell me nothing about conditions at Tsarskoye Selo.

We made inquiries and learned that the passenger service between Petrograd and Tsarskoye Selo had been cut off. That terrified me. I had to know at any cost what was happening there. I could not go myself, so again we dispatched the orderly, the only suitable person in this world of gray soldiers' coats. He remained absent the entire day. Upon his return he came into my room, and, with that imperturbability which so often distinguishes people of his mentality, announced:

"I am to tell you that everything is all right and that the Grand Duke Paul was taken away to the Smolny Institute two days ago."

I was benumbed with terror. Further questions were useless. He did not know anything more and could add to his message not the slightest detail.

Although the Bolsheviki had made, as yet, no official pronouncements, their intentions, expressed since the beginning of the revolution, were perfectly evident: "Death to the aristocrats." Now anything could happen. We were entirely in their power and nothing but chance could help us.

The thought that my father might be already their victim chilled me to the heart. I was frantic, impotent; all I could do that night was wait, and this waiting was painful beyond words.

Next day I sent the orderly again to Tsarskoye, and he brought me this time more reassuring news. He had heard, he said, that my father was to be set free that day from the Smolny. In the expectation of this, my stepmother, Volodia and the girls had left for Petrograd; the house in Tsarskoye Selo was empty. The orderly did not, however, know where they would stay in Petrograd, and all attempts to locate them proved useless.

Another day passed; then Volodia came to see us. My father, he said, had been for the moment set free, only on the condition not to leave Petrograd until he had received special permission to do so. For this reason, my stepmother, the Princess Paley, had decided, for the time being, to settle in one of the back apartments of my father's house on the quay.

Saturnalia in the Streets

The Bolsheviki, Volodia said, had intended to imprison father in the Fortress of Peter and Paul, but word came of this in advance from a devoted retainer, who learned of it from a conversation overheard in the Soviet of Tsarskoye Selo. The warning came to Princess Paley. Utterly terrified, she rushed at once to the Soviet, where, with the energy and persistence inherent to her, she did not desist until the decision was revoked.

My father spent three days in Smolny. Then he was told that he would be transferred to the fortress, and understood perfectly how such an imprisonment might end.

This time, however, the storm passed us by. My father was placed, as I have said, on parole with his family in Petrograd. They lived thus for two weeks, and then received permission to return to Tsarskoye Selo accompanied by a sailor, a member of the Petrograd Soviet.

While my father and his family were in Petrograd I saw them often. When they went back to Tsarskoye I saw them hardly at all; it was nearly impossible under existing conditions to make the trip. I had discovered, moreover, upon returning from Moscow, that I was to have a child; this, under the circumstances, disturbed me greatly.

Life became every day more unstable, more alarming. The Bolsheviki issued decrees demolishing everything, and hastened to carry out their program. We stood, all of us, at the edge of a precipice, and I especially feared for my father. Several searches were made in his house in Tsarskoye by members of the local Soviet—men in soldiers' uniforms, with foreign names and alien, un-Russian faces. They looked for and confiscated firearms, which were now prohibited in private homes.

Discovering my father's immense and very valuable wine cellar, the Soviet sent men to destroy it. Throughout an entire night they carried bottles and smashed them. The wine burst forth in a torrent. The air was saturated with vinous vapors. The whole population came at a run and, paying no heed to the threatening shouts of the Soviet representatives, gathered into pails the snow saturated with wine, dipped with cups into the flowing rivulets, or drank lying flat on the ground and pressing their lips to it. Everybody was drunk—the members of the Soviet, who were smashing the bottles, and the people surrounding the house. Throughout the night the drunken uproar continued. Shouts and abuse filled the house, the yard, the adjoining streets. No one in the house slept that night; it seemed as if every minute the free debauch would end in some terrible violence, but this time the crowd was too drunk to close in and kill.

While we lived on the Nevsky I continually expected a search, which, strangely enough, never took place, although the conditions were most suitable. Since early in the war, the second floor of the palace had been occupied by a hospital organized by the English. About fifty Russian orderlies lived in the basement and knew perfectly well the layout of the rooms.

Spies Among the Servants

Almost every evening we could hear them at actual orgies, the sounds reaching us through the hot-air pipes of the heating system. We could hear distinctly the drawing of corks and conversations becoming more and more menacing as tongues were loosened.

Once, late in the evening, our old steward, who had been in the house before we were born, came to warn me not to go to bed that night. The orderlies had had more to drink than usual and were in a particularly violent mood. They threatened to make the round of the house, hoping to find wine. The old butler, who alone of all our numerous personnel had remained wholly loyal to us, hid as well as he could both the wine and the silver. But nothing happened; the orderlies got too drunk to come upstairs for loot. I mention it only as an example of that constant uncertainty, that constant expectation of some possible and generally indefinite misfortune, in which we lived.

Thus, for a long time I found myself threatened with unpleasantness on the part of that same orderly who used to be a valet in our house and whom I had sent to Dmitri with a letter after the death of Rasputin. I had secured, with great difficulty, for this man the position of orderly in my hospital, after having learned that he was sick at the front and could not stand the life in the trenches. In the hospital he had so completely forgotten the obligations of military service and complained so outrageously at comparatively easy work at the hospital that I had often to reprimand him, and finally, for some outstanding negligence, ordered him under arrest for twenty-four hours.

After the revolution, following the general example, he quit his work and returned to Petrograd with his wife, who was at one time my maid in Pskov. Either she or her husband came to me continually, threatening to betray me to the Soviet on some pretext or other; this in revenge for the well-deserved punishment I had laid upon him. The majority of our servants, who had been with us for a great many years and had lived in the house with their families, had now become dangerous enemies, ready to do us any mischief that they felt would satisfy or enrich them or gratify the new rulers. We could not feel safe even in the privacy of our rooms. Malevolent eyes and ears watched our every move, listened to our every word, seemed even to read our thoughts. And it was impossible to dismiss

(Continued on Page 153)

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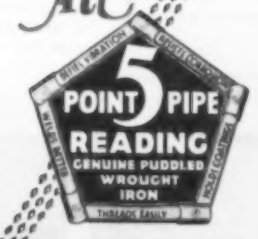

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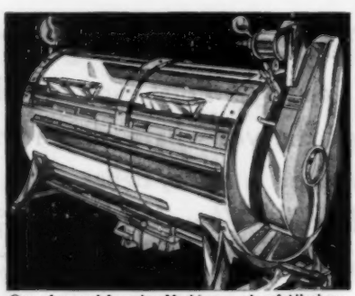

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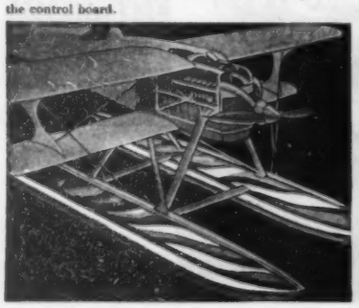

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any of them, for the servants had formed their own house Soviet and elected a chairman. They continually sent their delegates to General Laiming, demanding this or that, knowing perfectly well all the time that there was no longer any money to satisfy their claims. The sale of the house appeared to be the only way to put an end to all this. General Laiming awaited with impatience the moment when he could liquidate everything.

And our experiences were only a small illustration of what was going on around us. Those days cannot be described in words. All the words that related to our former life had no longer any meaning, and no words, old or new, could express the chaos which now surrounded our slightest thought and act. Tongues were helpless; thought, bounded by our now impotent speech, was dulled. My nerves were taut; I trembled continually for the fate of my dear one. The slightest noise seemed suspicious, a knock at the door brought to mind, with the swiftness of lightning, painfully distinct pictures of what would follow after a possible search. I imagined a crowd of soldiers behind the door, cruel faces, hands fumbling all over, coarse words, brutal touches. I imagined an arrest, the leaving of the house and the walking along the street surrounded by menacing bayonets, the incarceration without food, first in some cold and damp basement filled with rats; then in the fortress; then ——

Strangers in the Royal Box

But what is the use of speaking of it now, when the thought of death comes only once in a long while? Yet one had to live then as well as now. So new habits were established; each calm moment seemed precious in quite a different way; bare existence seemed in itself to attain a high and special value.

Owing to the war and simpler habits I had acquired, I did not suffer greatly from the material shortages that speedily grew worse. My upbringing had been such, moreever, that in spite of all its deficiencies, I was able to maintain an outward appearance of poise and balance. Only once, as I remember it now, the impression of the moment proved stronger than my training.

One evening at the very beginning of the Bolshevist rule, my husband and I decided to go to the ballet. I had never before been in the imperial theaters otherwise than through a private entrance and in the imperial box, and it interested me to view the house from orchestra seats, as a private individual. We bought our tickets and went. At that time no one ever thought of dressing for the theater, so we went as we were. We arrived when the spectacle had already begun. During the first intermission we went out into the foyer. The theater was crowded by people from all walks of life. I remember that from the beginning I was shocked by the contrast between the well-known music and performance and the unusual, odd appearance of the house.

On our way back to our seats I looked up, evidently for the first time, and saw the box on the right side of the stage which from time immemorial had been occupied by the imperial family. Framed by the heavy silk draperies, in the armchairs with the gilded backs, there sat now several sailors, their caps on their disheveled heads, and with them their ladies in woolen, multicolored kerchiefs. There was, in view of everything, nothing unusual in this sight, but for some reason it affected me powerfully. My sight grew dim; I felt myself about to fall and groped for the hand of my husband, who was walking beside me. Beyond that I remember nothing. I came to myself after a thirty-minute fainting spell—the first and the last in my life—lying upon the hard oilcloth couch of the theater's infirmary. The strange face of a doctor was bending over me and the room was filled with people who must have come to stare. My teeth chattered; I was shivering all over. Putiatine wrapped me in a blanket and took me home, and I recovered only the next day.

As the house on the Nevsky was being sold, we took a small furnished apartment on the Sergievskaya Street and moved in. The former large staff of servants was replaced by a cook and a maid, and by the orderly, who volunteered to stay for a while. Everybody had less and less money. The delivery of food was falling rapidly into disorganization, and prices soared. Food, distributed only by cards, was of poor quality. Illicit speculation was in full swing; with money, one could buy a great many things, but it was precisely money that we lacked. There were times that we had so little in our pockets that we wondered how we would live the next day.

We were not long alone in our new apartment. The parents of my husband, who had spent several months in Moscow, were obliged to leave there and return to Petrograd. They came to live with us, and Princess Putiatine took it upon herself to run the house, which was becoming more and more difficult as months went by. Since the beginning of winter we had only horse meat, and even that quite seldom. One could buy white bread at an extravagant price, but this was illegal and the penalty, in the event of discovery, might be very high. So we bought buckwheat flour. The black bread, distributed on cards in smaller and smaller quantities, was made of flour, at first mixed with bran and later simply with sawdust; it was not only unsavory but dangerous for the health. There was no sugar; we used saccharine. In winter we ate mostly cabbage and potatoes. Sometimes, as a special treat, my husband's mother prepared cakes of coffee grounds.

Although I had never been fond of sweets, I suffered now from the lack of sugar. Conversations between people meeting in the streets or with friends who came to call usually revolved around food. Addresses of speculators were exchanged, recipes were given for the preparation of dishes of the most extraordinary and unexpected products, and a homemade roll, brought as a present, caused more pleasure than a valuable piece of jewelry. I shall never forget the joy I experienced from a box of food sent by the Swedish royal family, who had heard of my half-starved existence; I remember to its smallest detail everything it contained and the state of almost sacred exultation with which we unpacked it.

When the cold weather set in we began to feel also the lack of fuel. All the windows in the apartment under us had been broken. As a result our floor was icy, and we could heat only one room. My feet, frostbitten during the war, were so exposed to the cold that terrible sores opened on the soles, and for a long time I could not put my shoes on; I had to go out, even into the street, wearing felt slippers.

Where to Hide Our Jewels

Banks were nationalized, our private deposits confiscated. In order to live, people began little by little to sell their things. The old Putiatines had succeeded, before private property belonging to the imperial family was finally confiscated, in taking my diamonds from the bank in Moscow. My mother-in-law made a sort of jacket which she wore under her dress; into this she sewed the greater part of the jewels. The diadems, which it was impossible to flatten, she tucked in the crowns of her hats. As we needed money at that time, we were obliged to sell some of the things—a difficult procedure; first, because there were no buyers; second, because we feared to attract attention. So only small pieces were sold.

The rest of the jewels we decided to keep in the house. Although this was very risky, there was nothing else to do. The problem now was to hide them. Already we had learned that during searches attention was mainly directed upon chimneys, curtains, upholstered seats, pillows and mattresses. Avoiding all such places, we found others, some of which, I must say, spoke well for our ingenuity. I had, for instance, a diadem in an old setting consisting of diamond rays strung on a wire. Having unstrung the rays, I bought a large bottle of office ink and poured it out; then I dropped the rays to the bottom of the bottle, then poured paraffin over them. The last step was to pour back the ink. A large label surrounded the bottle; it was all but impossible to make out its contents. It stood for months on my desk in full sight.

Other things we fastened in homemade paper weights, still others in empty cocoa cans; dipped afterward in wax and provided with a wick, they represented ends of the large church candles. We adorned them with spirals of gold paper and sometimes lighted them before the icons to divert the attention of the servants.

In winter, registrations of all sorts were introduced. Former officers, my husband in their number, were forced to clean streets. In order to receive a food card, one had to have some profession or other, and to exercise the art of cunning.

Seeking the Sources of Trouble

Our lack of means and the attention that an idle life was bound to attract on the part of our new rulers turned our thoughts toward finding some suitable work. We decided to put into practice the artistic abilities that we all possessed in greater or less degree. My husband's father was a connoisseur of icon painting, and the entire family took up icon painting and the coloring of wooden Easter eggs. I cannot remember now where we sold our wares and whether it was a profitable occupation. Besides, at Volodia's request, I began to translate from the English a novel which had greatly impressed us both. There were many verses in the text which Volodia wished especially to render. In the course of the winter I finished my part of the work, but Volodia was not destined to do his. My translation, completely finished with the exception of the verses, I left in Russia.

But on the whole I led a rather idle existence. The constant danger, the increasing lack and hardships were becoming to us habitual, almost natural, phenomena. The inert, shut-in life wore me down, bit into my nerves. Each new day seemed longer than the one before—duller, more intolerable. And those interminable, circling conversations, either on food, which we did not have, or on our former grandeur, now over. Especially on the days when I was hungry—which was, I admit, more and more often—all such talk stirred in me an impotent, silent wrath.

During the war I had drifted from the old traditional viewpoints; I saw many things in a new light, but I was still unable to shape conclusions from a constant point of view. Even now my views were puzzled, intuitional, pointless. All I could do was keep silent. But I did know enough, hearing these discussions of the causes which had brought us to the conditions under which we were now slowly perishing, to be amazed by the superficiality and narrow-mindedness of opinions that were expressed. I could not accept the idea that some such insignificant political personality as Kerensky or Rodzianko was responsible for changes so catastrophic and profound. They had not sown this bitter crop; the beginning lay far back—in the soil, so to speak, upon which such personalities could be born, exist, thrive.

My still-untrained mind sought, among all the chatter, to beat its way back into the very depths of these mysterious and incalculable causes and motives which had brought us all to ruin. What fatal flaw in the Russian character, what absence of balance and control could have led to the gradual establishment of the new, monstrous order now ruling the country? I could not answer these questions; I could approach them only in thought. There seemed to be no answer to them, and I do not know that there is today.

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of articles by Grand Duchess Marie of Russia. The fourth and last will appear next week.

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TWO AND TWO MAKE FIVE

(Continued from Page 11)

the retention of war profits in the business rather than their distribution as cash dividends.

As for stock dividends, there was no disposition to issue them, for fear they might be considered taxable in the same way as cash dividends. There was no certainty in this matter until the Eisner v. Macomber decision of 1920, from which I have quoted in such detail. In view of all these conditions, it is reasonable to suppose that up to 1920 large stockholders favored the accumulation of surplus rather than its distribution either in cash or stock dividends. Thus there remained on the books of the corporations in 1920 an enormous surplus measured in terms of prior experience. It is true that some of this surplus was lost in the business depression which began in 1920, but the recovery therefrom was rapid and complete. In its study of stock dividends the Federal Trade Commission says that the profits from war conditions from 1913 to 1919 were wholly eclipsed by the profits from 1920 to 1927.

These conditions explain the increase in stock dividends since 1920. When the Supreme Court decided that they were not taxable as income to stockholders, any inhibitions because of taxes were removed. Although the corporations began, soon after 1920, to increase their cash dividends to a marked degree, the increase in stock dividends was even greater. This was perfectly natural, because, though surtaxes on large incomes had been successively reduced from wartime levels, they were still decidedly high. To the extent that the corporations distributed dividends in stock rather than in cash, the business expansion of the decade from 1920 to 1930 could be financed and the stockholders could at the same time be given some tangible evidence of their increasing equity without subjecting the larger holders to taxes thereon.

We now begin to see that stock dividends are nothing like as absurd as when we think of them from a strictly arithmetical point of view. In growing industries requiring the use of large additional capital, a stock dividend is a cheap and simple way of obtaining new capital. Instead of paying out the earnings as cash dividends, the company hands out stock-dividend certificates as evidence that these earnings have been transferred from surplus to capital account and permanently invested in the business. To show that this has been done, the stockholders have additional shares of stock. In reality, this is an automatic sale of new securities to present stockholders, who pay for them by leaving earnings with the company for working purposes.

Evidences of Prosperity

Now, of course, a stock dividend is not necessary for the permanent retention of surplus assets in the business. Nor is the policy of financing from earnings inseparably or peculiarly related to stock dividends. Many corporations which employ great surpluses do not issue stock dividends, and the retention-of-earnings method of financing would go right on if stock dividends were held to be illegal or subject to punitive taxation. Nor does the stockholder require a stock dividend as evidence or proof that the company is growing and prospering, or as an expression of confidence.

Profits must come back to him sooner or later, and a growth in surplus account, together with a rise in the price of the stock, is just as sure a reflection or expression of confidence as a stock dividend. If a stock gradually rises to several hundred dollars a share because of the large profits being earned, the expression of confidence is just as real as if a stock dividend had been declared.

So we are forced back upon human nature for an explanation, and upon a human nature which is never coldly logical or mathematical in its reasoning. The stockholder feels better treated when he receives more pieces of paper than when earnings are credited to surplus account, even though it makes no difference in his legal rights to those earnings. When earnings go to surplus with nothing to show for it, the stockholder feels that his interest in them is impersonal and theoretical. He feels that it is better, as Mr. Catchings told the Investment Bankers' Association, "to have in hand something which reflects and embodies this investment which has been made on his behalf." It seems like a more outspoken bookkeeping recognition of the growth of the company, a more open and clearly observed indication of corporate activity. As Mr. Hughes told the Supreme Court, a stock dividend is a certified expression of an undivided surplus, and the stockholder likes to have this visible and tangible certificate that things are moving.

Pleasing Two Groups at One Stroke

This is all very well, but doubts begin to arise when people get into the habit of speaking of stock dividends as if they were the equivalent of cash. Now, of course, a stock dividend can be sold for cash, and it is a rather natural instinct to retain one's original holdings in a company and sell the stock dividends. In the same way the holders of life-insurance policies usually cash their so-called dividends instead of leaving them to accumulate and mature the policy more quickly. But we must remember that the shareholder who sells his stock dividends is selling part of his principal or proportionate interest in the company. This may be all right if he wishes to discount future growth into immediate return, but the fact is not altered that he is selling part of his principal.

Even the sale of part of the principal may be quite all right if the company is growing and prospering. We all like to eat our cake and have it, too, and this may be done in the case of a bulb which is cut up into several parts to be replanted. If a company prospers, the stockholder may hold his own original capital by selling out parts of his principal. Continued prosperity vindicates and legitimatizes a stock dividend. Here, of course, is the whole point of the matter.

If the company loses ground, then stock dividends stand out as crude pieces of barefaced dilution, or stock watering, rather than as evidence or certification of growth. If the promises of growth are not fulfilled, then the stock dividend becomes a serious blunder. It goes without saying that conspicuous examples of both kinds of stock dividends from recent market and corporate history might be cited. The rule or test laid down by the leading technical authorities is simple enough. If a company declares stock dividends covering a period of time, then, at the end of that period, the increased amount of stock should at least be as valuable per share as the smaller amount was at the beginning of the period.

But now we must look at the subject from a somewhat different point of view—that of society at large. Thus far we have considered it only from the standpoint of the corporation and the stockholder. There is a very powerful motive for both stock dividends and split-ups, not yet mentioned—which is that of concealing profits. A large stock dividend has the result of making the profits earned appear less exorbitant on a percentage basis. A twenty-dollar dividend on one share is no more than a five-dollar dividend on four shares. But the second set-up looks more moderate, and most people do not take the trouble to figure back from the four shares to the one.

High percentage declarations may occasion editorial attack, government investigation or severe competition, and it is well to get the apparent rate down to inconspicuous figures. "If the device works," says Professor Whitaker, "the editors, competitors and Government are, in a manner of speaking, hoaxed, but hoaxing may be good business."

Or as Senator Couzens remarked in discussing the subject with the writer, "Two objects are accomplished at one stroke—both the public authorities and the stockholders are appeased." Lest the reader think that these are the views of professors and legislators only, listen to the frank statement of W. A. Fairburn, president of the Diamond Match Company, at its last annual meeting of stockholders:

"For trade reasons, and because of adverse psychological reactions with far-reaching effects, it is not considered advisable today to pay dividends in excess of 7 per cent or 8 per cent yearly on the par value of the stock, no matter how great may be the book value or the appraised and market value of said stock."

All this seems not only very cynical but rather absurdly juvenile, but it is a fact, and I do not know just what we are going to do about it except admit it. The fact reflects upon the reasoning powers of human beings, but it cannot be explained away. Now, of course, there are cases where corporations are so undercapitalized that an erroneous impression is given by the high percentage dividend rates. Where such a condition exists, a stock dividend may help to redress the balance and more nearly reflect the actual investment. This article does not deal with such questions as the valuation of public utilities, fair rates upon them, and the like. These are complicated questions, and to present both sides would take more than one article for that and nothing else.

All that can be said here is that the use of stock dividends to conceal profits has found at least one unsparing and relentless critic, in the long line of dissenting opinions of Joseph B. Eastman, member of the Interstate Commerce Commission, whose dissents are almost as famous as those of Justices Holmes and Brandeis. Time and time again Mr. Eastman has protested, for the most part in vain, against permitting railroads to declare stock dividends.

Splitting Stock to Reduce Price

In his view, undercapitalized railroads are a source of strength to the nation as well as to themselves, "and they are all too few." It is a foolish idea, he says, that wealth in the form of surplus can be brought to light only by capitalizing it. An undercapitalized railroad has a position of advantage which it surrenders when it abandons its undercapitalization. Mr. Eastman believes that many stock dividends have been declared merely to disguise "the generous treatment of the property by the public," and he insists that it is highly desirable and in the public interest that real earnings should not be disguised.

But we cannot look into these questions further without noting the difference between a stock dividend and a split-up. The two terms are used almost interchangeably, and both methods increase the number of shares without adding in any way to the assets of the company. But a stock dividend necessarily capitalizes the surplus, and that act implies that a surplus has been accumulated large enough to capitalize. A split-up, on the other hand, is made without any necessary regard to surplus account, and involves merely a change in the par value of the stock and the substitution of a larger number of shares for a smaller number. It has a great advantage over a stock dividend in that it is frankly and openly a device to give the owner two pieces of paper for one in order to bring down the price. It also has another merit, in that it does not contain the element of possible deception contained in the word "dividend."

But what do we mean by a change in the par value of the stock? As most people

(Continued on Page 156)

RIDE A BIKE

Ah, the Old Swimming Hole!

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(Continued from Page 154)

know, the par value is the nominal, or face, value stated in the certificate; the most commonly used par value in the past among high-class corporations having been $100 a share. In recent years, however, the practice of issuing no-par stock has grown tremendously. Stocks are split now and then by reducing the par value from say $100 to fifty or twenty-five dollars a share, but, more commonly, shares without any face, or par, value are substituted for those with such nominal valuation.

Laws permitting the issue of no-par stock were urged originally by well-meaning reformers, and in certain respects it is a desirable reform. Where par values exist there are legal obstacles against the sale of stock by corporations at less than par, and many subterfuges have been resorted to. Where there is no par value the shares can be sold legally for what they will fetch without bringing discredit upon the corporation. Thus, no-par-value stock is more flexible and is especially adapted to mergers and reorganizations. Naturally, also, it is a device which makes for the wide distribution of stock.

Another argument advanced in favor of no-par stock is its honesty—that is, it does not pretend to be more than it is, whereas ignorant investors may be misled into supposing that a par-value stock is worth its par. But this seems to me a very flimsy point to make. Besides, these are arguments against the use of no-par stock. It makes things too easy for the management; it puts the power of stock watering, or dilution, into their hands. Under certain state laws, the management can issue stock in the future, provided it has no par value, at any price it chooses. This opens the way to the manipulation of assets from the pockets of one set of stockholders to those of another set. The theory of par-value stock—that any additional stock issue must bring in a certain minimum amount of capital—though not always lived up to, was at least a safeguard.

More Sugar for the Investor

Then, too, no-par-value stock does help a company to disguise or conceal the real rate of dividend. Mr. Eastman says it is a way of increasing dividend rates less conspicuously. He is very much in the minority in many of his decisions, and yet he gives pause for serious thought. Please note that a recent committee report of the Investment Bankers' Association declares that the use of no-par stock is one of the chief reasons why the distinction among capital, capital surplus and earned surplus has become a "hopeless tangle." Commissioner Eastman insists that its use excites cupidity and hope that something will be gained from nothing. He says it is a step toward speculation, instability and confusion in the public mind. W. W. Cook, long a prominent corporation lawyer in New York City, has written that no-par stock is a ready instrument for concealment and fraud, and he fears that its too easy and general use may destroy the respectability of the corporate form of organization.

This subject of no par value is too complicated to pursue further. It is one of a number of devices making for the multiplication of shares. Still another device is the stock-purchase-option warrant, which also is one of the newest methods of giving the stockholder a "kick" or of "sweetening" his investment. It was much employed during 1929, although it had been used before that. Originally, these option warrants appeared in connection with bond financing, and were passed out to bondholders to give them some of the perquisites of stockholders. It afforded them the advantages of a convertible bond without compelling them to surrender the bond itself.

The method was and is to give the bondholder a warrant with an option to buy certain amounts of stock of the company at a fixed price at some time in the future. But in the course of the great bull markets of 1928 and 1929 the option-warrant idea was extended much beyond this point. It became very common, especially with the newer holding companies and investment trusts, to give option warrants to stockholders as well as to bondholders. The practice has a sound economic basis, which I will proceed to explain briefly.

The organizers and managers of a company are always entitled to extra compensation in case of success. In the past such people were usually given cash or stock. Perhaps they had put up very little real money of their own, and other stockholders, who had put up the necessary funds, were usually sore at having the insiders rewarded for nothing except a bright idea. The option warrant gets around this difficulty. Suppose a company starts with stock worth 40. The organizers are given a large block of option warrants to be exercised at 20, but not until after the lapse of three years. This means that if they make a success of the company they can buy the stock at the end of three years for much less than it will be worth at that time.

A Blank Check for the Management

This seems fair enough, but let us look a little closer. In 1929 many corporations ran wild on the subject of option warrants. They granted them right and left to everybody who had any connection with the company, and at very low prices. This means, of course, that many stock issues will be seriously diluted in value when the options are exercised. It means a retardation of increase in market values, because the option holders will thrust capital upon the companies when it is not needed and at prices very unfavorable to the corporations. In fact, there is no point in exercising an option unless the price is unfavorable to the corporation.

Take the case already referred to where the stock was worth 40 last year and options were given at 20. Assume that the stock is worth 60 when the options are exercised. The total capital of the company will be increased, but it will receive so little for its option-purchased stock that the value of the old stock will be seriously diluted and depressed. To make matters worse, there is one state, very popular for new incorporations, reorganizations, and the like, which permits unlimited or perpetual option warrants on any terms and at any price. This gives the management a blank check. Nor is there any requirement in law which compels the company to report the amount of options given or at what price. Obviously, the investor who buys stock in a company without knowing how many option warrants are outstanding, at what price and when exercisable, is an easy mark.

This article has been concerned entirely with a description of the devices which multiply stock issues and also bring the prices of stock within range of a large number of holders. In a previous article the social desirability of widespread stock ownership was discussed in detail. Nor are any of the devices mentioned in this article—stock dividends, split-ups, no par value and option-purchase warrants—inherently unsound. All may be economic within reason.

There is a little element of the foolish in all of us when we prefer four shares at fifty dollars instead of one share at two hundred dollars. Yet there are distinct advantages involved for both the corporation and the stockholder, as we have seen. Indeed, if there were no more fundamental reasons for this tendency, the technical market strength or position of a comparatively low-priced and widespread stock over a high-priced and narrowly held one would alone determine the former policy.

But devices sound in themselves may be used to whet the speculative appetite and to deceive. They may be employed to create an impression of greater value than actually exists, to enable large fortunes to be liquidated, and to aid the efforts of shameless manipulators. There are conditions under which any device making for the multiplication of shares creates a public attitude like that of the free-silver craze or any other depreciated-currency mania. Such conditions existed last summer.

I am not so foolish as even to imply that the use of stock dividends, split-ups, no-par stock and stock-purchase-option warrants were in themselves a major factor leading to the crash of last autumn. But they fitted in with the easy-going conditions which led to the break. They lent themselves to speculative excess and the evils which follow in its train. Indeed, a number of conservatively managed companies avoided making any changes in their capital structures while the craze was on, or, as President Beatty, of the Canadian Pacific Railway, said, "when conditions might be considered ultra-speculative," and they made it plain later on that they had waited until conditions were more normal.

During the 1929 bull excesses the president of a corporation whose stock had risen to 300 was approached by speculative holders who demanded that he split it ten for one. This was necessary, they said, to bring it within reach of the small investor, although vast numbers of small investors had bought it at much lower prices and were holding on.

"What price will it sell at after the split?" was the apparently innocent question put by the official.

The reply was 50, and the president countered by asking how it would help small investors to buy something at 500 which they could purchase at 300. To this, the speculators, who were so solicitous concerning the small investor's welfare, angrily replied that they had bought the stock because they expected a split-up, and a split-up they would insist upon having! But the president said he was running the company on the basis of the investment made by the older stockholders, and that it was too much to expect him to earn profits on a basis of 500.

To Protect the Investor

This little anecdote brings out a very important point. The widespread ownership of stock is socially desirable, but not all those who talk about it are disinterested; they may be trying to unload upon the small investor at a nice profit to themselves. Or even if no such condition exists, there is a reasonable price which should be paid, and no more. Granting the growth in values of our big industries, there is such a thing as losing one's head.

Let us take an interesting case out of the public record. On October eleventh last, the Massachusetts Department of Public Utilities disapproved an application of the Edison Electric Illuminating Company of Boston to split its stock four for one, by changing the par value from $100 a share to twenty-five dollars a share. In its decision, the department said some very plain and wholesome words, intended to prevent the speculator from suffering the consequences of his own folly. Perhaps government departments should not take this responsibility upon themselves, but someone has to do it once in a while. In any case, we should note that this particular stock was selling well above 400 at the time.

"The company," said the department in its decision, "pays very large cash dividends, and the investing public can have no assurance of any increase in the near future. Yet the split-up would encourage the belief in the minds of many innocent people that it would be the forerunner of substantial increases in dividends, with the consequent result of their investing in the stock at a very high price without their hopes being realized. Any attempt to change the par value of this stock should be left until the selling price on the Boston Stock Exchange more nearly approximates its real value.

"At the hearing, counsel for the petitioner, in response to an inquiry of why it was desired to make the change, stated that it was because 'it was the fashion.' The last issue of stock approved by this department sold at auction for $411 a share. This is a yield of less than 3 per cent on a dividend of twelve dollars a share. Usually, on the splitting up of shares of stock, the spread between the investment value and the speculative price is increased. Thus, any advantage which might be derived by making it easier for investors to purchase shares of stock, by reason of their being enabled to buy fractions of the present stock, is largely offset by the enhanced speculative price."

More Work for the Analysts

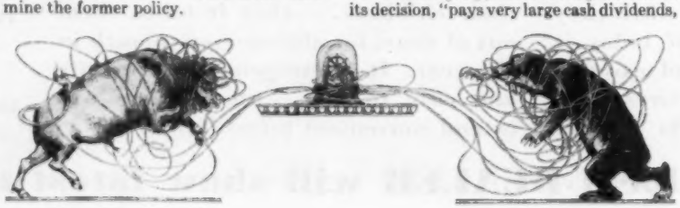
I have already quoted Commissioner Eastman to the effect that stock dividends and no-par stock tend to conceal profits. But stock dividends can also be used, for a time at least, to conceal the complete absence of profits. It is very dangerous for a company to pay a cash dividend which it does not earn, but much easier to pay a stock dividend for which there is no justification. Thus we have a wholesome restraint removed from the management of companies and another instrument ready at hand to enable them to do things which should not be done.

But there is another point which seems to me just as serious or more so. Whatever advantages there may be in stock dividends, split-ups and changes in par value, however necessary they may seem at times to the progress of a business, they nearly always, if persisted in, make for confusion and add to the burdens of analysis. Employed generally, they muddy the waters of corporate affairs.

A company which has grown through successive stock dividends or split-ups cannot fail to present a confused picture to the investor. Perhaps this is unavoidable, perhaps it is the least of various evils, but it is a fact, and an unfortunate one. A minor annoyance is the difficulty of making out income-tax returns in case the securities are sold. But far more important is the difficulty of figuring out what the company is earning or should earn in comparison with what it earned or should have earned three years ago or five years ago. In other words, relative comparisons are almost impossible. The constant changes in capital structure remove the landmarks by which comparisons can be made. The base lines are gone, and one is sorely perplexed to establish accurate relationships between earnings and capital from year to year.

Corporate structures should be simple enough for the investor to understand them; only thus can abuse and manipulation be prevented. But two modern developments are destroying this desirable simplicity: One is the tendency toward involved pyramidal formation—that is, toward endless subsidiaries and holding companies—and the other is the constant change in capital structure to catch every favorable wind that blows.

What can one say in conclusion? Nothing, except that these instruments of stock multiplication and distribution have an economic place in the financial scheme, and yet bear close watching. They can become fuel in the flame of a destructive speculation. But how can that flame be kept from flaring up again? That is another question.



Editor's Note—This is the fifth of a series of articles by Mr. Atwood. The sixth will appear in an early issue.

Perfect June weather the year round in Strawbridge and Clothier's famous Philadelphia department store, because of Manufactured Weather.

Dancing a pleasure even in summer, when hotel grills like the Astor, Paramount and Governor Clinton in New York make their own weather.

The Dramatic Story of Manufactured Weather

WITHOUT air we die!

Food, shelter, and clothing are necessities, but you can live days without them.

When air is at its best we leap at tasks. But before air nears perfection, four things are needed. Let but one of these factors—purity, moisture, motion, temperature—be neglected and we tire quickly. We are uncomfortable. The quality of our work suffers. Our minds droop.

Because air can be a pitiless enemy or a great productive friend a new science has sprung up. From a study of the effects of air on people and things has come the miracle of Manufactured Weather.

Today we are making weather inside of buildings . . . any time, anywhere. Dozens of kinds of weather . . . from the carefully controlled humidity and heat of a pottery-dryer to a year-long perfect June day for crowded stores and office buildings.

You may have experienced the blessings of Manufactured Weather when you stepped from the muggy humidity of a summer day into the cool and refreshed air of a great movie house. Or when you hurried out of a bitter storm into air that was warm without being stuffy or dry . . . fresh and alive without a suspicion of draft.

You may have shopped in one of the great department stores like Macy's in New York, Filene's in Boston or Hudson's in Detroit. Great crowds throng the aisles. The outside weather oppressive . . Thousands may come and go. Yet you leave more refreshed than when you entered.

Manufactured Weather is doing wonders for people and hence for business. It is doing equally wonderful things for merchandise.

The Post Toasties you eat for breakfast are crisper, lighter and more delicious because they are made and packed in a plant where the air is purified and kept at a uniform degree of dryness.

Now every day can be a good day not alone for health and comfort! Manufactured Weather is also making far-reaching changes in industry.

Statesmen work, speak in comfort, because air of Congressional halls is conditioned by Manufactured Weather.

Willis H. Carrier, who made Manufactured Weather possible.

The Wrigley's or Beechnut Gum you chew is fresher, keeps its delicate flavor longer, because it is made and wrapped in rooms that are scientifically air conditioned. The Lucky Strike, Old Gold or Camel cigarette you light up is a better smoke because Manufactured Weather controls the air in which it was made.

Manufactured Weather has added days to the manufacturing year. It has speeded up the rate of production in some industries. Introduced mass production in others. Eliminated costly wastes everywhere. And thus has added millions of dollars to industrial incomes. The economic gain in manufacturing operations controlled by Manufactured Weather is easily demonstrable. Great though it is, the benefits in the increased health and comfort of people are even greater . . . and equally provable.

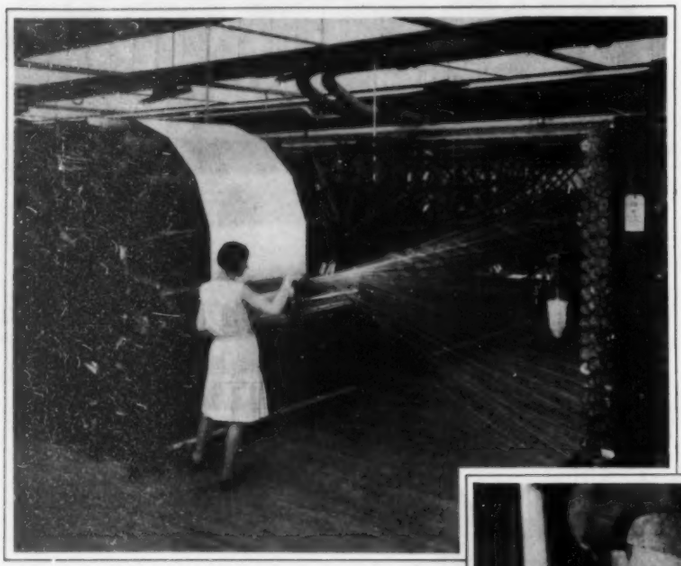
There is but one Manufactured Weather, the name given exclusively to the air conditioning systems of Willis H. Carrier and his associates.

The stories about it are as romantic as the tales of the Arabian Nights, and as numerous. The first deals with one of the most remarkable scientific discoveries of the age, the manufacture of tiny, silky threads out of trees and chemicals.

Dresses from trees . . . the miracle of rayon

Before Chardonnet produced the first rayon scientifically, he studied the actions of the silkworm. He discovered that a semi-fluid substance is formed from the mulberry leaves the silkworm eats. This is ejected through a tiny orifice on the under lip of the larva. When this viscous fluid is exposed to the air it hardens and forms an extremely fine filament.

This is silk. The production of rayon today still parallels the actions of the silkworm. But it is vastly more complicated. The silkworm converts the cellulose from mulberry leaves. Rayon makers take cellulose from wood pulp and cotton linters. The silkworm spins silk in one simple operation. Twenty processes are necessary to produce rayon. The silkworm spins best only within a narrow range of temperature.



Rayon could hardly be made without Manufactured Weather. Picture is taken in Marcus Hook plant of Viscose Corporation. See story for details.

A series of rigorously adjusted warmths and humidities are needed to make rayon.

And it is here that Manufactured Weather enters. The air conditions surrounding practically every process demand the most careful control. Let temperature and humidity vary, and inferior rayon, even no rayon at all, is the result. Neither outdoor weather nor uncontrolled indoor weather is ever good enough.

To show one example. After the cellulose is extracted from the wood pulp, it is pressed into "boards." These must contain just the right amount of moisture. Think of what it would mean to determine the amount of moisture in an ordinary board! You know how wood expands and swells in wet weather. How it shrinks, even cracks, in dry weather. There must be nothing like that in making rayon. So Manufactured Weather maintains the same temperatures and humidity conditions every day, regardless of outdoor climate.

After viscous cellulose is changed into thread, it is wound on bobbins, bleached, dried, twisted and finished.

Some of the processing rooms must have very slightly humid air. Others require air heavy with humidity, so that the fibres will not dry out and break when worked.

No wonder the Viscose Corporation, which sells 57 per cent of all rayon manufactured in the United States, found it profitable to invest $5,000,000 thus far in Carrier Systems of Manufactured Weather. Some of the other leading manufacturers that have put Carrier Systems in their plants are Celanese Corporation of America, American Bemberg Corporation, American Glanzstoff Corporation, Tubize Artificial Silk Company, Napon Rayon Corporation, Skenandoah Rayon Corporation, and Industrial Rayon Corporation. Imposing tribute indeed to the industrial necessity of Manufactured Weather!

How Uncle Sam makes dollar bills last longer

Nine short months . . . and the average paper dollar frays and tatters into uselessness.

So thrifty Uncle Sam constantly experiments with new papers, new inks, that will make dollar bills last longer.

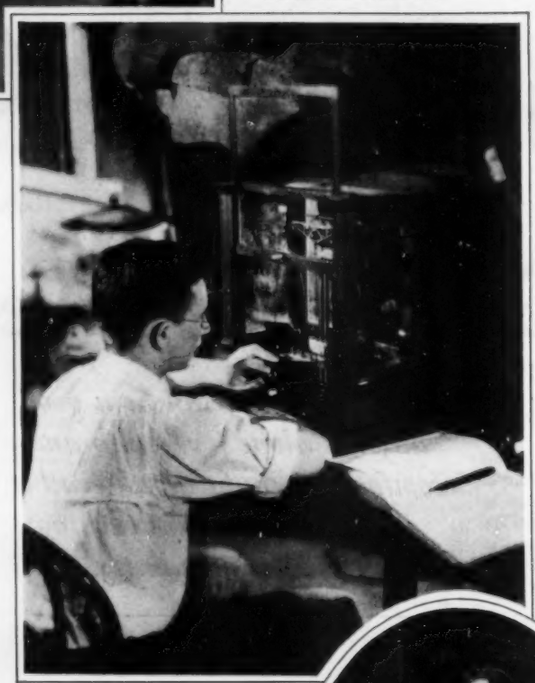
In making these tests, air condition is of prime importance. Suppose scientists of the Bureau of Standards want to find how long samples of several new greenbacks would last if they were actually circulated as money. One test that helps to approximate such actual wear and tear is the number of pulls of a certain strength required to snap the bill in halves.

Unfortunately, paper is extremely hygroscopic. It takes moisture from the air very easily. Moisture weakens paper.

So if one of those samples were tested in dry air, another in slightly humid air, and another in very humid air, the tests would be meaningless. The relative strength of the samples would vary not only with the natural quality of each, but also with the amount of moisture in the air.

Here Manufactured Weather steps in. Testing atmosphere is duplicated day after day. Temperatures are maintained with a variation of no more than 1° Fahrenheit. Relative humidities are reproduced within an accuracy of 1 per cent. All sorts of tests on papers and textiles are carried on with minutest precision, because air conditions are automatically controlled by Manufactured Weather.

Manufacturers and laboratories all over the country have followed the lead of the Bureau of Standards in testing products and materials in Manufactured Weather. Today, you and I enjoy the longer wear, the lower cost, the freedom from shrinkage, the better appearance of dozens of things we use daily, because such tests have been made.



Scales at the U. S. Bureau of Standards accurate to one ten-thousandth of a grain, with the aid of Manufactured Weather.

Perhaps the most amazing and romantic use of Manufactured Weather for laboratories is at the University of Southern California. Here Carrier equipment duplicates the temperature, humidity, air motion, sunlight and altitude of any part of the world. Without Manufactured Weather the same research would require experiment stations scattered over the face of the globe . . . endless delays in checking, rechecking and analyzing experiments.

Thus Manufactured Weather not only forms a vital part of laboratory testing, but also helps to speed up the scientific discoveries that affect the health and comfort of all of us.

To give chocolates lustrous sheen, Manufactured Weather keeps temperature and humidity exactly right in this Package Department of Schrafft's.

Flavor protected in world's most famous food

Weather fights to spoil every piece of candy.

Whether it be chocolates, gum drops, hard candies or marshmallows, practically every ingredient is delicately sensitive to atmospheric humidity and temperature.

Unless these are held within narrow limits, chocolate won't set. It fails to develop its eye-appealing lustrous sheen. It goes "gray" at too high temperatures.

Starch, used as molds for delicious fondant, fruit and nut centers, must be kept in proper condition. Else it will turn out unseasoned, non-uniform centers or leave "air pockets" inside the candy.

Hard candies get sticky . . . unworkable . . . when temperature and humidity soar. To reach you in perfect condition, they must be made, packed and sealed in controlled weather.

But enough of such gloomy thoughts. Today you get delicious candy any time you want it, thanks to Manufactured Weather.

Nationally and internationally known candy makers rely on Manufactured Weather. Such firms as Schrafft's of Boston, with the largest candy factory in the United States, a factory that has 675,000 square feet of floor space; S. F. Whitman & Son, Inc., famous for their Samplers; the Nunnally Company of Atlanta; the New England Confectionery Company of Boston; the Beechnut Packing Company of Canajoharie; Moirs, Ltd., of Halifax; Robert A. Johnston Company of Milwaukee.

Julia Sanderson and Frank Crumit broadcasting on the Blackstone Hour in the comfortable though windowless studios of WABC.

Radio artists broadcast from windowless studios

You wouldn't enjoy tuning in on honking taxis, screeching brakes, the hustle and bustle of big city streets.

Yet most broadcasting studios are located right in the midst of such a bedlam.

To shut out these sounds, artists are sealed . . . literally sealed . . . in insulated rooms. Not a window. Not even an open door. For all doors are snapped tight shut before the warning of "Stand by!"

"Well," you may ask, "but how do they breathe? Isn't it awfully stuffy? Why don't they suffocate?"

It may startle you to know that radio artists are far more comfortable than you or I.

Thanks to Manufactured Weather, they are singing, talking, acting in an atmosphere that is purer, fresher and pleasanter

Every batch of dough rises successfully in air-conditioned proofing room of Krug Baking Company, L. I.

than almost any air we ever breathe.

When you and I are suffering from sweltering summer weather, they are enjoying cool, invigorating, dehumidified air.

When you and I are breathing the unpleasantly dry air of our heated rooms in winter, they are breathing air that has the inviting qualities of a perfect June day!

Manufactured Weather invigorates and inspires them to give to unseen millions their very best.

Don't pity the radio artists because they are "sealed up." Envy them!

Broadcasting stations that manufacture their own weather are: WEAF and WJZ of the National Broadcasting Corporation, New York City, where eight studios, the control room and the reception rooms are maintained at healthful comfort winter and summer; WABC, of the Columbia Broadcasting System, New York City, five studios and control rooms; WLW, Crosley Radio Corporation, Cincinnati, four studios and control rooms, the audition room and lounge, and six offices; KYW and WMAQ of the National Broadcasting Corporation of Chicago, six studios, clients' rooms, lobby and some twenty offices.

Why bakers' bread tastes so good

Mother used to bake two or three loaves at a time. How carefully she selected a warm spot for the dough to "rise"! How she worried about the "sweetness" of each batch. And remember the moist cloth that kept the dough from crusting?

If weather was important to mother's home-made bread, it is a thousandfold more important to modern bakeries, for they must turn out thousands of loaves of bread every day!

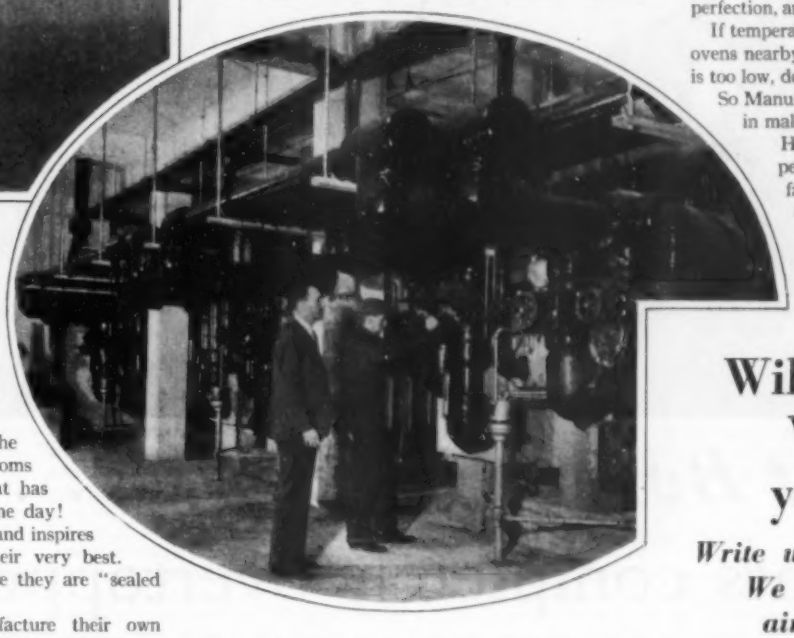
Dough rises the first time in a room that is the equivalent of the "warm place" mother used to have.

It rises the second time in what is called a proofing room. In both these rooms the temperature and humidity of the air must be accurately maintained. Let them fail of perfection, and the bread will be doughy . . . sour . . . inferior.

If temperature rises above 90° F—as it might with great ovens nearby—the yeast will not ferment. If temperature is too low, dough won't rise, yeast won't ferment.

So Manufactured Weather plays a unique and vital rôle in making "Every day a good day" for baking!

How mother would like to have been as sure of perfect loaves as are the bakeries using Manufactured Weather! Bakeries like American Stores, Corby Baking Company, First National Stores, Hall Baking Company, Safeway Stores, Inc., Sanitary Baking Company, Standard Bread Company, Jackson's Bread, Ltd., Hamilton, Ontario.



Three gigantic Carrier units in Shedd Memorial Aquarium, Chicago. An unusual use of Carrier equipment to assure proper water conditions for rare fish.

To assure accurate color printing, Forbes Lithograph Manufacturing Company use Manufactured Weather to prevent expansion or shrinking of paper.

One of the many groups of automatic machines used in manufacturing Gillette razor blades. By properly conditioning the compressed air which operates these machines Manufactured Weather prevents any unwanted moisture condensation on either blades or machines.

Will Manufactured Weather help your business?

Write us for detailed information. We shall be glad to discuss air conditioning with you.

UNSUITABLE indoor weather may affect your sales or hinder the speed and continuity of production in your business. Or it may vitally influence your own health, comfort and productive efforts and those of your employees. In either case, you should at least *know* the full story of Manufactured Weather, the Carrier System of Air Conditioning.

A letter to our Newark office brings you this information . . . without any obligation to you.

Should you eventually sign the Carrier contract, you receive primarily the services of a group of engineers specializing in air conditioning. They study your business first, and then design and install a system that accomplishes the results you desire. All information about your business is held in strictest confidence.

A survey made by our engineers may surprise you with the possibilities Manufactured Weather offers your business. We suggest that you write today.

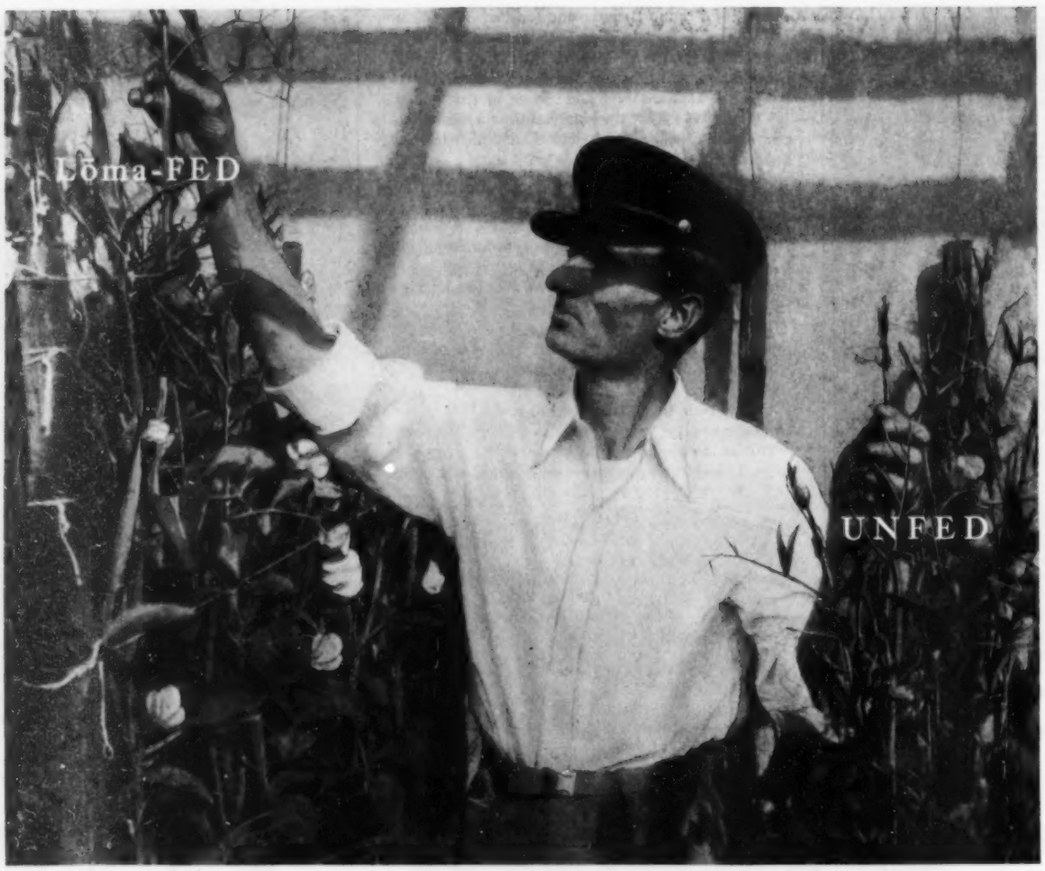
Carrier Engineering Corporation

NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

OFFICES: New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago, Cleveland, Washington, Detroit, Kansas City, Dallas, Los Angeles

CARRIER ENGINEERING CO., LTD.
LONDON, PARIS, BOMBAY, CALCUTTA, JOHANNESBURG

CARRIER LUFTTECHNISCHE GESELLSCHAFT
STUTTGART, BERLIN



Medal won by Burpee's at the International Flower Show in New York City—one of the hundreds of awards won by this famous house for its exceptional productions.

In the great BURPEE *greenhouses . . .*

fed plants completely overtopped unfed

FROM the great Burpee greenhouses and seed farms at Fordhook Farm, Doylestown, Pa.; Sunnybrook Farms, Swedesboro, N. J., and Floradale Farms, Lompoc, Calif., have come some of the most world-famous blooms—notable among them being the Spencer Sweet Pea, introduced in America by Burpee's in 1905.

This season, in line with their established custom of looking into everything that might make gardens more productive, a test of the value of feeding—one of many that Burpee's have conducted—was made in the Fordhook greenhouses at Doylestown, under the direction of Mr. John Scott. Lōma was fed to four rows of Winter-flowering sweet peas, while four adjoining rows were left unfed as a check. The photograph shows the results. The Lōma-fed plants completely overtopped the unfed. When this picture was taken the first week in March, the buds were just breaking into bloom.

"Our fed plants," said Mr. Scott, "flowered earlier, were much sturdier, and had more and plumper buds." According to Burpee's experience, the feeding of sweet peas is most beneficial if commenced just as they come into bud, and continued lightly thereafter, every 10 days or two weeks.

"Good seed, good soil, and intelligent feeding," is the short prescription which Burpee's offer for success in the garden, or on the lawn.

This success will be all the more certain if the feeding is done with Lōma—the complete plant food that gives truly astonishing results. It is perfectly balanced, and scientifically prepared. The roots take it up at once. Feed it to your lawn and you can see the improvement in a week or 10 days—thick, sturdy grass of a rich green. In the garden, as in the Burpee greenhouses, the benefits to flowers and vegetables are no less remarkable. Your flowers develop sooner; they are healthier, brighter, more colorful, and there are more of them. Your vegetables are better in flavor and the crops bigger.

But see for yourself the wonderful difference that Lōma makes. Try it. You can get Lōma at any store selling lawn, garden or florists' supplies. Six sizes, from 100-pound sacks down to 5-pound cans and 1-pound cartons for your potted plants. Tennessee Copper & Chemical Corporation, 61 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

"Could almost see the grass grow"

Last season, in spite of the great care given it, the lawn of Mr. William G. Brown of Sandringham Road, Rochester, N. Y., became noticeably yellow. To see whether Lōma *would correct this, half the lawn was treated. The photograph, taken just four days later, shows how the grass gained in length and sturdiness. "Why, we could almost see it grow," said Mr. Brown. "And, on the treated side, the grass was a beautiful green, instead of a sickly yellow."*

Lōma

Feed it + to your Lawn, Flowers, Vegetables

© 1930, T. C. & C. Corp.

INTERNATIONAL CONFERENCE

(Continued from Page 29)

conferees call for definite governmental action. Economic conferences, meetings in the interest of child life and general welfare, and other conventions which merely utter opinion or make recommendations and adjourn are not beset with nearly so many difficulties. Since the organization of the League of Nations many conferences of various sorts have been held under its auspices. These have met, deliberated, resolved and adjourned. Perhaps the most notable was the World Economic Conference held in 1927. Even if nothing definite happens as the result of such conferences, the participants are left with a sense of achievement and satisfaction, and in an undefined but important way world progress is made, if only with glacial slowness. Indeed, it is the holding of such conferences that has gained for the League a sphere of sufficient influence to compensate for the failure of the purposes for which it was organized.

The original purpose of its founders was thus expressed by President Wilson:

> There is only one way to assure the world of peace—that is, by making it so dangerous to break the peace that no other nation will have the audacity to attempt it.

In other words, the animating ideal was force applied to attain peace. All the machinery of the League was contrived to effect this ideal. By declining to become a party to such a coercive alliance the United States may be credited with preventing the achievement of so deadly a purpose. The result has been that the League, to justify its existence, has happily been compelled to substitute the ideal of conference and conciliation for that of alliance and coercion. If President Wilson's statement is compared with the listed achievements of the League during its ten years of existence, it will be realized that the most significant provisions of the League Covenant have become obsolete and might with advantage be eliminated by amendment. It is not to be expected that the United States can ever do more than coöperate informally with the League unless adequate revision of its Covenant makes a reassertion of its original aim altogether impossible. If such a concession to candor is ever made by the members of the League and if the United States then becomes a member of the converted association, it will be an interesting question whether the United States has joined the League or whether the League has joined the United States. A distinguished editorial writer recently recorded a wager laid in Geneva that the United States would become a member of the League by 1935. If this should happen, a conference of sportsmen may have to be called to determine whether the bet has been won.

Pleasing the Folks at Home

The definite abandonment of the policy of international coercion has thus retraced the backward step taken when the League was formed and has brought the world forward to the point which had been reached when The Hague conferences were convened.

In an era of conference the public virtue most in demand is patience. When conferees represent responsible governments everybody should realize that their words, their acts and the proposals to which they assent must be such as will be approved at home. There is a perfectly obvious distinction, often overlooked, between the man who can express his opinion without responsibility for consequences and the man who is trustee for millions of people. The solitary thinker, whether he be Grotius, Bentham, Voltaire or your well-informed friend at the club, can formulate a plan for preserving world peace and can, in imagination, take all the steps necessary to effectuate it. If a peace conference is actually called, however, and all sorts of difficulties are suggested by the conferees, the solitary thinker is driven to resent every such suggestion as a perverse and unintelligent interference with the project in hand. The conferees, on the other hand, must have a multitude of considerations in mind which your friend at the club may with impunity disregard. When, at the Naval Conference, Secretary of State Stimson and his colleagues wisely announced that the United States could not purchase French coöperation by yielding to the French demand for some form of security, they were stating what is merely a matter of fact.

As Bold—and Discreet—as a Lion

No treaty, whether it be a consultative pact or any other, would be likely to command public support if it committed the United States to play even a consultant's part in a European controversy not yet defined or foreseen.

A "consultative pact" is a treaty which binds the parties to consult with one another upon the happening of some event which the treaty specifies. If such a treaty is proposed and approved at a peace conference as a substitute for an alliance based on force, it might be a desirable agreement for nations to sign. If, however, the promise to consult is given to induce a nation to diminish its protective armament, the treaty, while in form a treaty for consultation, becomes in effect a promise to help with ships, men and money.

If, for example, France were induced to reduce her fleet by our promise to "consult" if her safety were threatened, and if in compliance with our promise we were to respond to a summons to conference, were to attend, discuss the situation and go home leaving France to her fate, we should merit the sure condemnation of all who love fair play. It would not help the situation to point to a provision in the treaty authorizing us thus to withdraw. There are some duties which cannot be waived in advance—and one of them is the sportsman's duty to help a defenseless neighbor who has surrendered his means of defense in consideration of a promise to take counsel respecting his situation if and when threatened by an enemy.

Yet our conferees were bitterly attacked by the representative in London of an American association of solitary thinkers who proceeded to call President Hoover to task for not ignoring so important a factor as the certain disapproval of the people of the United States.

"Why not promise at least to go into conference with other powers in the event of future trouble in Europe?" Such is the question which is petulantly asked by thinkers who have nobody to whom their opinion must be submitted for approval or disapproval. From the point of view of the responsible thinker the answer is obvious. If, when the trouble comes, the United States thinks the circumstances such as to make consultation wise, we may be counted upon to sit in without prior commitment. If, therefore, the United States is asked to promise in advance that it will sit in, the object sought can only be to bind us to do something which we might deem it unwise to do if uncommitted. It is an effort to make us promise, when the facts are as yet unknown, that we will play a certain part whatever the facts may turn out to be. It is certain that a promise of this sort could not be ratified by the Senate.

"But," says the irresponsible thinker, "the President should be as bold as a lion and should instruct our conferees to act as individuals who are not subject to accountability." Apart from the fact that the President and our conferees are presumably voicing their own convictions as well as those of the nation, is the further fact that even a lion may have discretion as well as boldness. Just what the king of beasts would do if he were aware that a certain trail meant sure death for the lioness, his cubs and himself is a question for big-game hunters to settle. But if the experts decide that he would prefer the path of death to a detour, I suggest that his is a poor standard of conduct for national imitation.

It is often assumed that the failure of conferees to do what the solitary thinker desires is, in some unworthy sense, ascribable to politics back home. It is, of course, true that political considerations are, or ought to be, potent in all international settlements. The very summoning of a conference may be the redemption of a party promise. The choice of the conferees must take some account of political susceptibilities. If, as in the case of France, ministries rise and fall with the tide, it would be absurd for M. Briand or M. Tardieu to take any other position than one that could command home support.

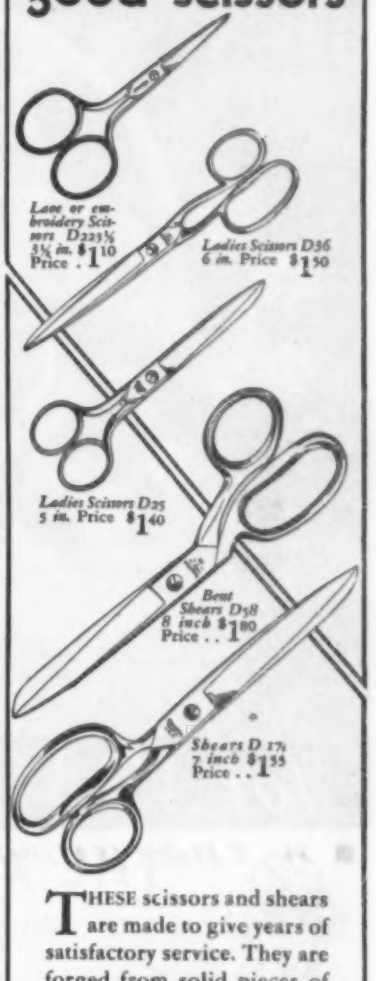
It is true that legitimate political considerations are not the only ones that may affect the progress of a conference. When, after the Great War, certain statesmen sought votes at home by absurdly extravagant estimates of German indemnity, they placed serious obstacles in the path of the subsequent conferences which faced the problem of reparations. It also often happens that difficulties are adroitly placed in the way of conference by those who do not want the convener of the conference to gain credit by success.

In spite, however, of all the difficulties with which an international conference is beset, it is the only process which holds the hope of peace. Conference may not bring peace, but there will be no peace except after conference. Conference may attain varying degrees of success, but it can never wholly fail. The fact that the conferees meet and strive earnestly to reach a constructive result is itself of tonic value. To the extent that there is disappointment over the result there comes a renewed determination throughout the world to attack the problem again.

When Distance Disenchants

I have said that in this connection patience is the virtue most needed. If one intellectual quality is in demand more than another, it is the quality of comprehension, both on the part of the conferees and of the people back home who await the outcome. A conferee is useless unless he can see a situation through the other man's eyes as well as through his own. To the extent that he succeeds in doing this, the possibility of agreement is increased. But, by the same token, a great demand is thus made upon the comprehension of the people at home; for they have not experienced the contacts or lived in the atmosphere of conference out of which agreements develop. The conferees alone know the difficulties which had to be met and overcome. They alone realize that what was done was the best that could be done. They alone appreciate the necessity of the concessions which they made. The man at home is called upon to judge the results of conference without having the experience by which alone the results were produced. This is why so many treaties fail of ratification in the Senate. The work of the conferees is scrutinized critically. The gains made are underestimated. The concessions made are exaggerated. The treaty which was negotiated by those who were warmed by conference is voted upon by those who are chilled by suspicion. Even so, it is better that some good treaties should be rejected than that bad ones should be too readily accepted. The enthusiasm of conferees may lead to concessions that are really unjustifiable. A critical review of their work is, therefore, of the utmost value. But the solitary thinker is thereby goaded to madness. "If only we could abolish the Senate and substitute me," he exclaims, "righteousness and peace would kiss each other and all would soon be well with the world."

It pays to buy good scissors


Lace or embroidery Scissors D223½ 3½ in. Price $1.10
Ladies Scissors D36 6 in. Price $1.50
Ladies Scissors D25 5 in. Price $1.40
Bent Shears D58 8 inch Price $1.80
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THESE scissors and shears are made to give years of satisfactory service. They are forged from solid pieces of the finest steel obtainable and are assembled, finished, and tested by master cutlers.

They are hollow-ground, sharp, and firmly joined (the screw cannot work loose). Blades are set with just enough spring to make them respond to a light pressure of the finger and to cut smoothly and easily from the joint to the points. When accurate work is required, as in cutting patterns, they are a joy to use.

Remington Scissors and Shears are sold where good cutlery is sold. If your dealer hasn't them in stock, send his name with the price of the ones you want and they will be mailed promptly. Address: Remington Cutlery Works, Bridgeport, Conn.

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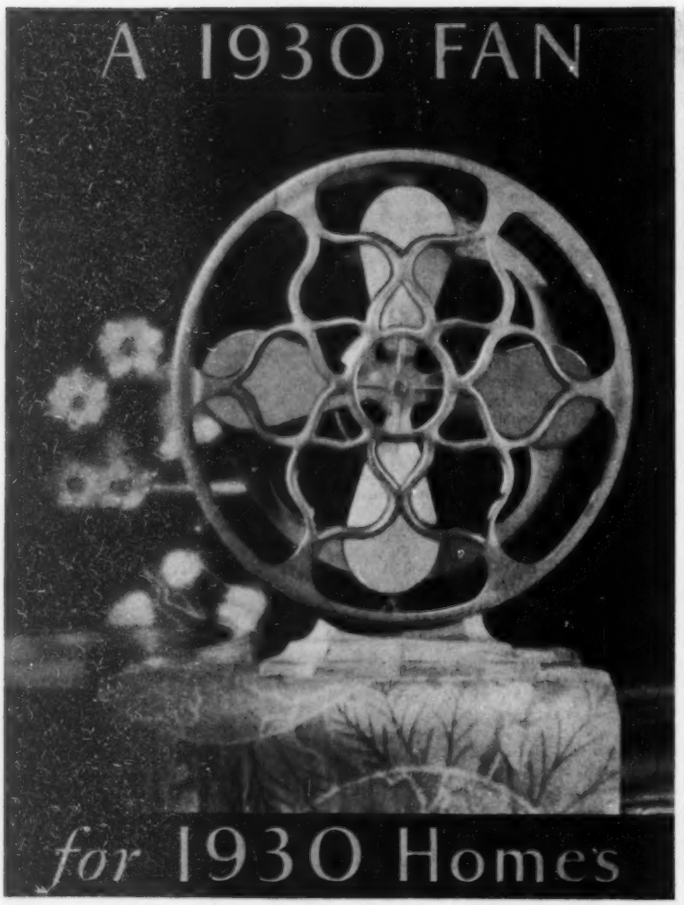

THE R & M 60

It had to come—this smart 1930 version of the old familiar electric fan. Lovely modern rooms and tastefully decorated offices demanded it. So here it is—the R & M 60—modishly new in form and charming in design as no fan has ever been before. Wrought in restful bronze or beautiful sage green, it "belongs" in any surroundings, inconspicuously awaiting your pleasure with grand refreshing zephyrs. Within, it is one of those finely made Robbins & Myers Fans, famous for over thirty years, that breeze and breeze and breeze summers no end with nary a murmur. The R & M 60 costs no more than ordinary fans—$14.00 for alternating and $15.50 for direct current, at all good stores selling electrical appliances.

Robbins & Myers also manufacture standard fans, both desk and oscillating, in styles and sizes for every purpose

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Fans *and Motors*
HAND AND ELECTRIC HOISTS AND CRANES

"BIDDY"
A double-duty help about the kitchen. Extracts the morning's orange juice *instanter*. Beats eggs, whips cream, mixes salad dressings, malted milks and performs all sorts of useful tasks quickly and cleanly. Electrically operated—$14.95.

I CHOOSE TO SMILE

(Continued from Page 17)

What happens if I say I'm sorry I can't do anything about it, that the makers of the city charter limited the scope of my activities? They bounce right back at me with this: "Now, Jimmie, don't be giving me that charter business; I've known you too long." And if there's any sane reply you can make to that I'd like to know what it is.

It seems to be lost sight of that the mayor must really have a little time to devote to municipal affairs. Do you realize the magnitude of the job—that the mayor of New York is the head of one of the largest business organizations in the world? There are, as I say, six million persons living in the city, but we have another four million transients who must be served.

It runs up a terrific expense to take care of the needs of so many people. Our budget for the year provides for an expenditure of five hundred and sixty-odd million dollars, but with the additional sums contracted for through the issuance of bonds and corporate stock, the annual bill will pass the six-hundred-million mark. And that is not to mention the two billions' worth of public improvements to which the city is now committed.

Laughing the Blues, and Reds, Away

I love to be Jimmie to every citizen who thinks it is imperative to see me, but I can't forget that I am responsible for a police department of eighteen thousand men, a fire department of more than seven thousand, a street-cleaning department of more than six thousand; in fact, one hundred and twenty-three thousand city employes altogether—a company almost as great as the standing army of the United States, which, I believe, has one hundred and twenty-five thousand.

The charter makers never had any conception of what the mayor's office was to be in practice. If you were to read the charter, I am sure you would think that it is a very peaceful, important, dignified position of influence, prestige and power. If you were to live the life of the mayor, you would discover why I leave this office some evenings at six or seven or eight o'clock, so fatigued and discouraged that I do not want to come back to it the next day. That's the honest truth. I've had such thoughts at times—that I'd just walk out and stay out. Then, when I'd get five blocks away, I'd think back and say, "Well, what of it? I'm not the only one who has his troubles; there are better men than I am who have more piled on their shoulders, and they're not running out." So I laugh it off, and then I feel much better.

What does it avail the man in public life to see the brighter side? The answer to that is life or death, not only political but physical. It's just as essential to smile as it is to sleep, for if you never smile, I'm afraid you're booked for an exceedingly long sleep. I'm on my second term as mayor now, but I can assure you that I'd never have lived through the first four years if I hadn't gone in for the fun of life in a serious way. Early in the game I made up my mind that when I left the mayor's office, I was going out through the door, not out through the window.

The physical relaxation that comes with a laugh is the rest period between jobs, and it doesn't consume so much time that your employers can accuse you of soldiering. There never was a human machine brought into the world durable enough to get along without the lubrication of a laugh. I know the machine they call Jimmie Walker couldn't—and I think I'm as tough as any of them, in spite of my weight. Another thing: A man in public office is measured by his accomplishments, not by the time he spends in the office. I'd rather get a punch in the nose than punch the clock.

Who wants a funereal-looking, sour-faced grouch around, anyway? Not me; I don't. And who can say that a frown is more the sign of ability than a smile? Not me; I can't. I've never heard that the Constitution of the United States, or the city charter of New York, or any of our statute laws require that a fellow look as though he'd like to take a bite out of you just because he happens to hold responsible public office. Of course, I'll admit that a dour expression does sometimes make an excellent disguise for lack of capacity.

I've known of men in public life who never in all their careers made constructive suggestions, yet who've had people worshiping at their feet and saying, "Isn't he marvelous?" simply because they compressed their lips and glared. And I don't mean to put myself on the other side of that picture, either. No egotism intended.

It's better to smile when you feel frownish than to frown when you feel smilish. The other day a party of Communists came trouping down to City Hall to exploit their doctrines of destruction. That made me feel so frownish that I had trouble looking pleasant. I think when they came thundering up to my door they expected and hoped to be thrown out, but it happens that we have a very sensible police officer stationed here—Captain O'Connor—and he held up his hand and said, "Don't do it; you couldn't do anything that would make them happier."

Now that strikes me not only as a piece of quick thinking but a pretty good illustration of the point I'm trying to make—that a soft answer lets the other fellow show himself up. Several of our people around here had been terribly disturbed about the Communists—somebody was going to blow up the town and all that sort of thing. Well, the town is still intact, and all the progress the Reds made was to stir up a good laugh at their own expense.

I don't mind in the least being called Jimmie the Jester. I am really more serious than my face would indicate, but whatever the low-down on that may be, it's certain I'll never try to conceal any mental shortcomings behind a profound expression. I'd rather sink as a good-natured citizen than swim as a grouchy one. After I leave this job, my portrait, I suppose, will be hung with those of my distinguished predecessors. These walls could have a tendency to make you feel a little depressed if you permitted it. All I know about some of the gentlemen who preceded me is that they were being painted when those portraits were made, and I suppose that is their painting expression. Actually they might have been the best-natured individuals in the world. Some of them appear to have attained good, ripe old ages, and that could not have been done if they hadn't smiled at frequent intervals while serving as mayor.

Be Yourself

Ours is a representative government. Is there any reason why public servants should not emulate the good example set by the people they represent? It's optimism that gets us over, not pessimism. And a man's dignity is his own business. The tragedian's great lament is that Nature didn't cast him to be a comedian; the comedian longs to play Hamlet. Few of us are satisfied with just being ourselves. We chase the rainbow of trying to be what we are not and cannot be. There is plenty of good in all of us. Achievement is limited to no special type of man. The trouble frequently is that we overlook virtues in ourselves far better than the qualities we aim to imitate in others.

There is no quality in the human make-up finer than naturalness. The inventor of that slang phrase, "Be yourself," probably had no idea of the amount of wisdom he condensed into two words. Of all the people you come in contact with, there is nobody easier to kid than yourself. It's a venial sin to kid the other fellow and a mortal sin to kid yourself.

(Continued on Page 165)

IN HIS college course in Pharmacy, the Druggist studies Materia Medica, Toxicology, Posology, Pharmaceutical Arithmetic, Organic and Inorganic Chemistry, and many other things.

Then he starts out, a full-fledged R. Ph. And the very first morning he picks up the jingling telephone behind the prescription counter and hears Mrs. Housewife saying: "Oh, Mr. Druggist! . . . what takes out ink?"

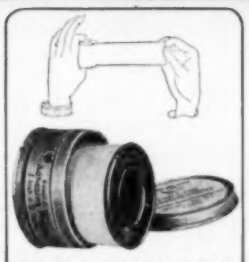
Being a full-fledged R. Ph., he *knows*. And having learned a lot about human nature as well as pharmacy, he is *glad* to tell Mrs. Housewife what takes out ink—or paint, or iodine, or almost any other spillable thing that you can name. . . .

In every community the Druggist plays a dual part—that of trained and expert professional man; that of ready friend and counselor to all who come. Serving cheerfully, early and late, week days, Sundays, and holidays. . . .

His standards of quality are just as high as his standards of service, as you can judge for yourself when you see on his shelves the products of Bauer & Black, an acknowledged leader in the manufacture of surgical dressings.

In Bauer & Black bandages, gauze, adhesive plaster, absorbent cotton, and many other things in which quality and dependability are of paramount importance, the Druggist keeps ready for your instant of need the very best materials that his trained judgment can provide.

BAUER & BLACK Sterile Absorbent Cotton in the Handy Package. Soft, fluffy, highly absorbent



BAUER & BLACK Zinc Oxide Adhesive Plaster. Buy the five yard spool for greatest economy

BAUER & BLACK Blue-jay Corn Plasters. For over thirty years the standard corn remover

BAUER & BLACK Sterile Gauze Bandages, in sealed cartons. Frayless edge prevents raveling

BAUER & BLACK Plain Gauze—Surgeon's-quality, sterile, for pads and dressings, in handy package

BAUER & BLACK Handy Tape Dressing. Adhesive plaster plus antiseptic gauze, ready to use

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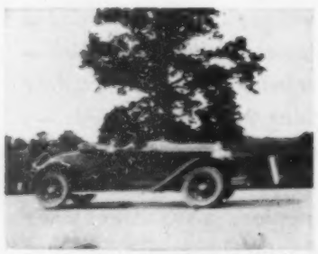
DIVISION OF THE KENDALL COMPANY

Chicago • New York • Toronto

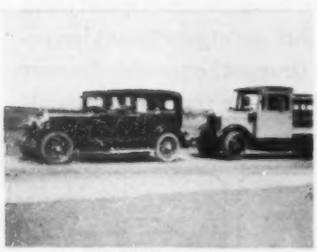
Hundreds of the cars on public highways as well as private tracks are manufacturers' test cars.

Way out on the desert where the heat is stifling, goes the test car. It must prove its mettle.



It takes more than power to make a satisfactory speedster. Here is a severe test for batteries.

Racing up Pike's Peak to break a world's record. Battery equipment must not fail here.



The hill that is as long as you want it. Towing the dynamometer car duplicates any grade.

Rough roads are as hard on batteries as on any other part of the car. Willards stand up.

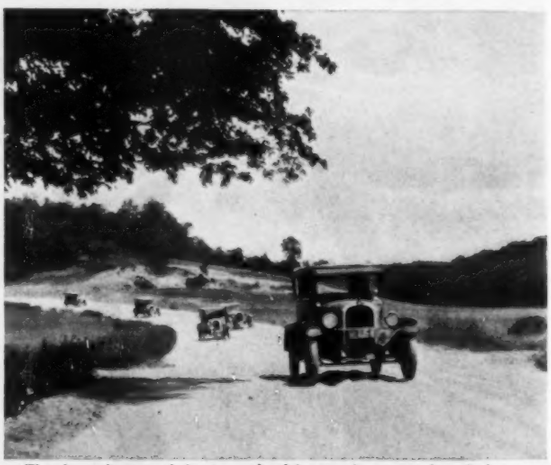
Ruts . . . Speed . . . Hills . . .

Willard Batteries earn preference of car manufacturers . .

CAR manufacturers spend vast sums in their laboratories to select the materials and equipment best suited for their cars. But they are not content with laboratory findings alone. A laboratory test can only *compare* values. It takes actual service, the kind you may demand of your car any day, to *prove* that the items they use will give satisfying service.

So they put cars on the road, in the hands of inexperienced drivers. They put them on speed tracks, on which only the most skillful drivers dare venture. And they send them over tortuous trails, where nothing less than dire necessity might induce the average motorist to venture. These are tests of every part of the car, of every item of equipment. Batteries in particular come up for close scrutiny, for car manufacturers are well aware that much of the convenience and satisfaction afforded by their product depends on battery performance.

When you replace the battery on your car it will pay you to be as careful in your selection as car manufacturers are. You cannot afford expensive tests, of course. But you can use the information car manufacturers have gained. The Willard battery stands today the first choice of 76 makers of cars, trucks and busses. The Willard dealer in your community can sell you the identical battery that stood first in their tests and earned their acceptance.



There's a long trail between the laboratory's approval and the car maker's acceptance. Willard batteries also prove their value on the road.

STORAGE BATTERIES

Willard

CLEVELAND·OHIO

LOS ANGELES · CALIF · TORONTO · CANADA

THREAD-RUBBER INSULATION FOR HARD DRIVERS

The Willard wood-insulated battery is a sound value for the average driver.

Willard Thread-Rubber batteries have extra durability to meet the demands of hard driving.

Before you buy any battery let a reliable battery service station inspect your old one and make sure it is actually worn out. It may need only a recharge to make it operate again.

(Continued from Page 162)

Some men are by nature reserved and aloof. It just isn't in the cards that the multitude should slap them on the back and call them by their first names. More power to them. If they tried to be the hail-fellow-well-met, they would be posing. If they posed, they wouldn't be natural. If they weren't natural, they would be fooling themselves. So they have excessive dignity, and it is an asset, because it is natural.

On the other hand, the naturalness of the opposite type is often confused with lack of dignity. Too many men who enter public life think that election to office is tantamount to a commission to swank. Some of us aren't built to have excessive dignity. If it's natural for a man to say what he thinks, he ought to say it. John Smith, the free-and-easy-going by nature, can't live successfully on the formula of William Brown, the paragon of dignity.

Politics is no place for those who can't take it with a smile. After many years of battling in the political arena, the best advice I can give to aspirants for honors is that they should neither be too aggrieved at what the rival spokesmen have to say, nor take too much to heart what they read in the opposition press. It's not the knocks of the opposition press which hurt a public officeholder—it's the boosts of the friendly newspapers. The political beach is strewn with wrecks who took the nice things to heart. One laudatory editorial may cause a man to make a fool of himself in the hope of getting the boost repeated.

PHOTO, COPYRIGHT BY J. CASHMAN

Mayor Walker on a Visit to Kilkenny Castle. At Right, the Earl of Ossory, Who Resides There

An Alibi for the Late Mayor

Politics makes strange bedfellows, and anybody who gets the idea that it's a bed of roses wakes up in the middle of the night to discover that roses have thorns. People who in private life would even hesitate to tell a man he has a speck on his shirt front don't mind, in politics, telling him that his reputation is baggy at the knees, his integrity has the buttons off and his ability is shiny at the seat. After all I've heard the opposition say, the thing that surprises me every day is that I don't hate myself. Perhaps it's because I have a sense of humor that I don't.

One thing I'm bound to go down in history for is the fact that my jovial friends dubbed me the late James J. Walker even before I had got myself tucked away in a pine box. Let me correct a popular misconception. I'm not late—at least, not always. I have been late in keeping some appointments, but I'm certainly no rigid advocate of that famous institution, the stand-up. My alibi speaks for itself. When scores of people are attempting to see one man, it's not possible for him always to be on time. The mayor of New York has manifold commitments and obligations for every waking moment.

I brought this reputation for invariably being late largely on myself. During my first term as mayor I accepted altogether too many invitations to public dinners. It was hard to say no. The dinner procession became interminable—sometimes three, four and five of them a night. I went to these dinners one after another, often arriving at the one last on the list as late as ten or eleven o'clock at night.

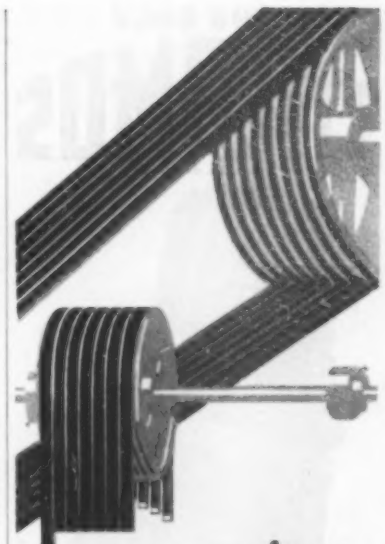
A Miracle of the Press

These dinners are usually covered by the younger reporters, and when I would put in an appearance at one of them long after it had started, the reporter, not realizing that I had already attended two or three other dinners, would begin his story of the affair with the old familiar wise crack that Mayor Walker was late again. So about seven months ago I stopped going to public dinners, not because I objected to these stories about tardiness but because dinners were infringing on the time I should give to city affairs.

At the time I stopped going to dinners I weighed a hundred and twenty-five pounds; if you'll just excuse me a moment, I'll step on the scales and see how the change has affected my weight. There—just what I thought—a hundred and thirty-two pounds—going up. I've always contended that when the newspaper boys built a one-hundred-and-twenty-five-pound man up to be mayor of New York, they performed quite a miracle in physics. Since I am at least of medium height, I don't suppose I actually get into the runt category, but that fact has not prevented me from always having more than a passing interest in the man of slight stature. I've often wondered whether the small man is at a disadvantage in this world. I suppose when he stands up beside a six-foot, handsome, healthy,

PHOTO, BY PORRY-PASTOREL

Senator Bernard Downing and Mayor Walker in Venice



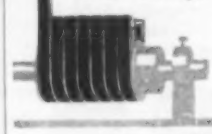
"WHY DON'T YOU GO TO GILMER"

Power transmission is a fast changing science. Few engineers have time to keep pace with its progress.

So, when one industry after another turned to the more efficient, cost-reducing V-belt drive, informed engineers said, "Go to Gilmer."

Ever since the Gilmer endless belt was originated, the L. H. Gilmer Company have been building an engineering organization of outstanding specialists in power transmission. They have kept ahead of the times in developing finely-made, amazingly long-wearing, hard-gripping V-belts for single and multiple drives.

Go to Gilmer. Lay before them your endless belt problems. And see that only Gilmer V-belts—of pliable rubber and stout, tough cord—are on the sheaves of your single and multiple drives. Gilmer V-belts are strongly reenforced at the neutral axis, an advanced engineering feature originated by Gilmer. Prove the superior, long-wearing qualities of Gilmer V-belts on your own machinery. L. H. Gilmer Co., Tacony, Philadelphia, Pa.



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The day of the V-belt is here. Vast new markets are opening up. Exclusive Gilmer franchises are still available in a few territories. Write or wire for details.

THE ONLY
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Picnic Time
is
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WHAT is a picnic without a "Thermos" Bottle . . . and especially the new Blue Boy with the shiny cup of moulded "Bakelite"?

This new cup protects lips and fingertips from being burned by too-hot liquids. Only "Thermos" gives you this—for, after all, "Thermos" does keep liquids that hot!

The bright blue crystalline finish is smart—and easy to identify. Look for the Blue Boy at your favorite store.

Under the "Bakelite" Cup are three nested aluminum cups to serve the foursome.

Just one word of caution—there is only one "Thermos," but many substitutes. Look for the trade mark.

Quart Size with "Bakelite" Cup
and nested cups
$2.00

Pint Size with "Bakelite" Cup $1.00
Canadian prices on application

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imposing person, he might be overlooked so far as casual observers are concerned. But, thank heavens, it's not the casual observations that really count in our broad-minded democracy.

Good looks are a splendid introduction, but only an introduction. After that, men are measured by their ability. Of course, there are places in the world where a man has to do a lot of fronting—that is, performing social duties—in which his abilities are not so much on trial as his manners. I don't know much about that field. But in the sphere of government, size is not much, if any, of a disadvantage, except perhaps in the case of a candidate running for public office in a locality where people are prone to estimate a man's capacity by his appearance. Getting beyond that, a man with a record of accomplishment need have no fear that American voters will keep him out of office because he lacks avoirdupois.

Gotham's Beau Brummell

It seems to me that it is a great mistake for the little fellow to try to make up for his physical shortcomings with a surplus of cockiness, if you want to call it that. The surest way for the diminutive fellow to emphasize his bodily insignificance is to strut and cackle. His one and only bet is achievement. In the long run, if he gets anywhere through sheer ability, the handicap of size will prove its own reward, for it always comes as a surprise to us that a little man can be really great, and he gets more credit for it than the big chap.

A little man may have a big brain and a big man one of microscopic dimensions. Bulk counts only where the psychology of the crowd demands it. A five-foot policeman cannot possibly have the same psychological effect as a six-foot policeman. The six-footer may not be so good a man in a scrap as the five-footer, but while he's patrolling his beat, he's going to get into less trouble than his smaller comrade. People won't pick on him. And that applies in a general way concerning size. The big fellow does not have to be so good as the little fellow. Nearly everybody will believe he's good because he's big.

Folks in New York say I'm a fastidious dresser. Since I'm not expert enough in sartorial matters to know where fastidiousness begins and ends, I can't say whether or not the description fits. I haven't the slightest idea how extensive my wardrobe is—and that's the truth. During the campaign last fall an able and friendly newspaper writer, in describing my personal characteristics, said my wardrobe consisted of something like the following: Thirty business suits, fifteen overcoats, two full-dress suits, two dinner suits, twenty hats, two hundred canes—mostly gifts—and innumerable shoes, cravats, shirts, and so on. If he knows that I have such an extensive collection of wearing apparel as that, he knows something I never knew until he told about it. I've never taken an inventory. For all I know, that list of articles may be 100 per cent authentic.

This I will admit—I like good clothes. But the only time I ever think about them is when I order them. I've had the same tailor for about seventeen years and I do my own ordering. I am particular how my clothes fit when I put them on the first time. After that, a new suit goes in with the rest of them and I forget it. If you asked me what suit I had on now, I'd have to stop and take a look.

Good clothes please me because I like good things. If I did not wear the kind of clothes I like, I would not be comfortable. If I was not comfortable, I would not have the power to think—and you may not believe it, but sometimes I am required to think.

In Victorian days there was a tradition that baggy trousers were an indication of a superior mind. That may have been true in those days, but it is a piece of philosophy without sense at this time. In most men good clothes promote self-respect. Good clothes—I do not mean the finest or most expensive fabrics, but clean clothes, and well pressed—are the badge of cleanliness to me. That is the important part of proper dressing—cleanliness. I don't see how a man can have any use for himself if he's not clean, and it's presumptuous for him to think other folks can have any use for him.

Don't misunderstand. For a young man to be so interested in clothes that he spends his time before a mirror admiring himself or lets dressing exclude more important matters from his mind, all I can say is that it's better for him to have baggy knees and a greasy vest. But if he can dress himself clean and well, and forget it after he has his clothes on, then he is making association with him easier and opening the way for favorable contacts.

It seems to me that it's hard to keep the inward side of you right if you neglect the outward.

We have funny notions concerning men holding important public offices. For some reason I could never understand, we don't expect them to be like other folks. I can't see any good reason why the fact that I'm mayor of New York should prevent me from being Jimmie Walker. It happens, for instance, in my case that Jimmie Walker is very fond of sports, so I guess it can't be helped if the mayor of New York has the same human tendencies. Of all sports, I prefer baseball—as a spectator, of course, though I wouldn't hesitate to go out and bat the ball around if I could. It's aging kinks in the human machinery, not aggravated bumps in dignity, which prevent that. Years ago I used to play semi-professional baseball. In school and college I was an enthusiastic follower of all sports.

I like boxing. Boxing is a great sport. It requires courage and demands physical development as near perfect as a man can bring himself to. Then, I like the game anyhow. It is the one game in all the world in which a man is thrown out of the ring if he hits below the belt. You have to fight only one fellow at a time, and he is always in front of you. You do not have to worry about anybody behind you. I wish as much could be said about activities removed from the field of sport.

From boyhood days, I've always had my heroes in the athletic world—great heroes, too, who've given me many a worthwhile thought. In boxing, a favorite in every class—Jack Dempsey among the heavyweights, when he was king of that division; and now Jimmy McLarnin, Kid Chocolate and Al Singer in their respective classes. Since McLarnin is of Irish origin, Chocolate a black boy and Singer a Jew, I suppose my preference might appear to have a political tang, but it hasn't. I don't mix politics and sports. In baseball I like Babe Ruth. Ruth is the greatest natural player I've ever seen. If I knew finance instinctively as he knows inside baseball, I would be the monarch of the financial world.

On the dramatic stage I like George Arliss, a wonderful actor. As a comedian, Ed Wynn gets my loudest laugh. In song writing, it's Irving Berlin. And on the radio, it's Amos 'n' Andy. I never fail to tune in on the Fresh Air Taxicab boys whenever it is possible. Their brand of humor is the kind that appeals most to me. The studied effect of a joke or gag is not nearly so funny as the humor that comes from the spontaneity of an unexpected situation. It's the panorama of life in the making that holds the greatest attraction, because we visualize with our eyes as well as hear with our ears. When it comes to us in canned form, the punch is missing. I'm referring to the canned gag.

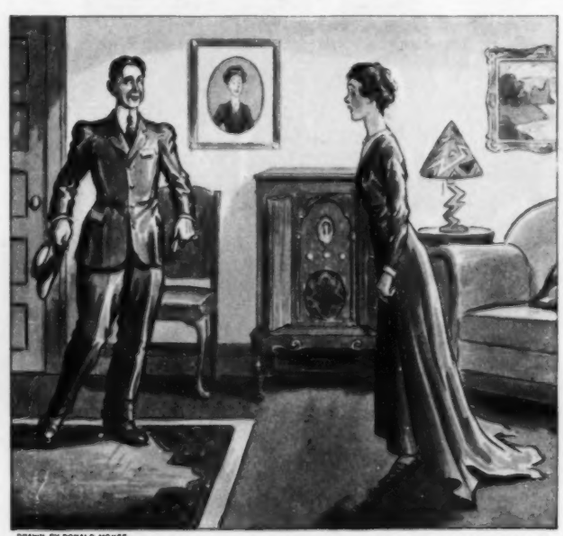
Reading Books by Ear

I never read anything I don't have to. Friends say to me, "How do you know what is going on?" I don't. Or if I do, I must inhale it. I don't even read newspapers, because if I read in one newspaper something that interested me, I would want to read all the other papers to see how they treated it. As a matter of fact, I once said—and it is true—I have never read twelve books in all my life from cover to cover, not even in the days when I was attending school and college and law school. I have read parts of many, but not a dozen in their entirety. Yet if you were to talk to me about books of various kinds, it seems as though I know something about them. Probably I learn things like the Irishman learned to fiddle—by ear. I can get more from a lecture than I can get from a book. If book lovers think this is sacrilege, I'm sorry.

When I was a younger man than I am now, I wrote a song called, Will You Love Me in December as You Did in May? The fact that people still sing it occasionally after all these years reminds me that nothing is more typical of our fast and furious pace than song writing. Our old melodies lived to a venerable age, because we absorbed music slowly—usually from the piano in the home—and it had ample time to sink deep into our hearts. An earlier generation sang In the Good Old Summertime, this generation sings it, and the one to come will take it up in the same way.

The better a song is today, the shorter its life. A thousand different orchestras and bands hurl it at us, the radio drones it out by the yard, and our next-door neighbor, tooting his saxophone, dins it into our ears. Before we have a chance to appreciate its beauty, a new song takes its place and we forget it. The mechanical age has speeded up music to its ultimate point. I can't remember now what was my favorite song of a month ago.

Aside from that, I'm glad I've never forgotten how to laugh. When I take up dignified posing as a fine art I won't mind it if they call me Jimmie the Gesture.



DRAWN BY DONALD McKEE

"Yes, Caroline, the Tailors Decided That We Ought to Go Back Twenty Years to Match the Feminine Styles"

TRAVELS TO THE PROVING GROUNDS OF CUTLER-HAMMER EXPERIENCE

Feeding *the fires of* CIVILIZATION

TRULY our present era, high point of civilization, is a Steel Age. And thus the fires of the steel industry are the very "fires of civilization." Keeping them fed is a sacred duty to mankind . . . but just *one* of the daily tasks of Motor Control.

The fires of the blast furnaces—where steel is born—are never allowed to cool. Month after month, day and night, year in and year out, the cars or "skips" climb to the furnace top to feed its mighty maw. Under the urge of electric motor power—but directed by Cutler-Hammer Motor Control—they speed from the stock hoppers to the furnace top and back again in continuous cycles. Loads of ore, coke, or limestone shoot skyward; automatically slow down for safety; stop; dump into the furnace; and the empty "skips" drop back to the hoppers; slow down; stop; reload and repeat . . . and repeat . . . and repeat.

Designing special Motor Control to do such important work for Industry has earned Cutler-Hammer engineers an enviable reputation in the field of specially built Motor Control. But it has done much more. It has given them an intimate and thorough knowledge of all types of motor problems and made possible their greatest contribution to Industry—Cutler-Hammer *standardized* Motor Control. This control for the everyday uses of electric motors incorporates features which assure more accurate protection to motors, permitting greater loads with safety—which provide maximum saving of steps and time—which guard men and machines from accidents—features born of pioneering work in every field.

Such Motor Control deserves preference. Progressive machinery builders equip their motor-driven machines with it. Farsighted motor builders recommend it for every motor they sell, and good electrical wholesalers everywhere have it in stock for your plant's requirements.

CUTLER-HAMMER, Inc.
Pioneer Manufacturers of Electric Control Apparatus
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The Final Result of This Pioneering

Cutler-Hammer standardized Motor Control has features which only pioneer engineering could produce—features which only experience covering all problems of electric motor application could perfect. Thus, Cutler-Hammer "ready-to-use" equipment meets every common requirement with reserve to spare—provides for all usual motor applications the same superior performance, safety and economy for which Cutler-Hammer specially engineered Motor Control has been outstanding throughout three decades of Industry's electrification.

CUTLER HAMMER

The Control Equipment Good Electric Motors Deserve

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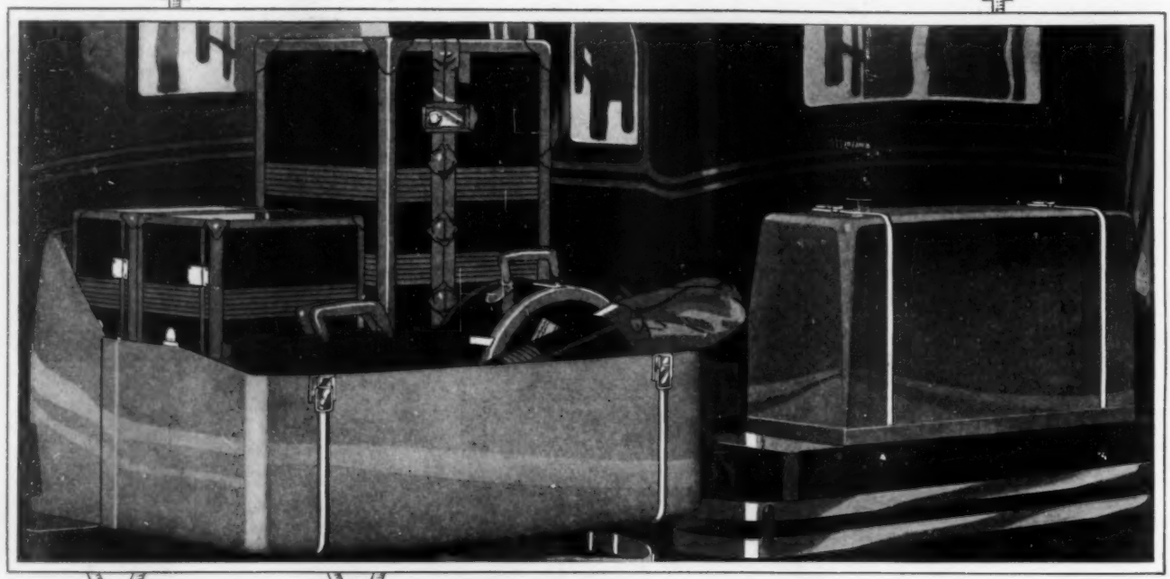
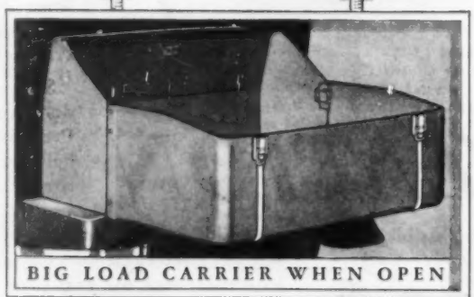


A THING OF BEAUTY WHEN CLOSED



BIG LOAD CARRIER WHEN OPEN

Kari-Keen

MORE THAN A TRUNK

THE BAGGAGE CAR OF THE AUTOMOBILE

A new model—and a beauty

A finer Kari-Keen, with distinguished improvements, is on the market today. The handsomest carrier ever made, it has greater depth which permits the carrying of two full sized suit cases when closed. When open it easily carries a load of four hundred pounds and adds nine square feet to the car's capacity. Heavy stamped steel, stoutly reinforced, rounded corners, curved top, chromium bands, no riveted seams, and finished in colors to suit. A fine ornament for *any car*. For hauling family baggage, sports equipment, farm produce, workers' tools, quick deliveries, etc., it doubles the usefulness of the motor car. It costs little and is quickly installed. Your automobile dealer has particulars.

Or write Kari-Keen Manufacturing Company, Sioux City, Iowa, or 680 Bay Street, Toronto, Ontario. European agents, Melchior, Armstrong, Dessau Co., New York, London, Paris.

KARI-KEEN

AN ADVENTURE IN IDENTITY

(Continued from Page 15)

be protected from. Randy was not quite clear on the point.

But what to do! His life's experience had not given him many ideas as to how to spend a free hour, but suddenly it occurred to him that he might walk and look at people and things. This was an undoubted novelty. One tramped the Scottish moors or walked occasionally in the country, but Randy never had met a person who used his legs for locomotion in the city of New York.

He walked down Fifth Avenue and window-shopped. It was enjoyable. He even bought himself two new cravats in a shop, and debated the purchase of a parrot and two Persian kittens which he saw in another. But he could not quite bring himself to walk up the street with a huge bird cage and a couple of felines under his arm. Inbred conservatism was too strong for that. But he did want to traffic in parrots. Finally he went in, purchased the largest and most raucous he could find, and ordered it delivered in the stateroom of Mrs. Stanley Todd, a stately matron, who sailed that day for Europe. For two blocks he enjoyed a mental picture of a stateroom shared by Mrs. Stanley Todd and a bird whose mission in life was to exclaim, "Hell! I can't find my pants!"

At last he found himself in Washington Square, of which he had heard vaguely. He turned off this aimlessly and found himself presently in a street so narrow it might have been called an alley, where he collided violently with a hatless young man who dashed out of a doorway.

The hatless young man stood back to survey him, and said amiably, "Hello."

"And how do you do?" asked Randy with equal politeness.

"I'll tell you how it is," said the young man, "I'm looking for a fourth at bridge or a thirteenth at table, or something. Are you, by any chance, it?"

"Why not?" asked Randy.

"Why not, indeed!" exclaimed the young man. "Do you like poetry?"

"I abhor it," said Randy.

"Then follow me and we will kill a poet," said the young man. "I always crave company when I kill poets."

The young man reëntered the doorway from which he had catapulted so violently, and led the way up a flight of stairs to a large room which, obviously, had been the loft of a barn, but was now the habitat of a painter of the newest school. There were a dozen young people in the studio, girls and men. Most of the former were good to look at and a couple of the latter were efficiently eccentric.

"This," said Randy's conductor, "is he."

"Who?" asked a girl in Japanese pajamas.

"The interesting man," said Randy's friend. "You told me to go find one. To hear was to obey."

"Why is he interesting?" asked the girl.

"Why," asked Randy's friend, "are you interesting?"

"I can't help it," said Randy. "It's a gift."

"Have you, for instance, a specialty? What is your hobby?"

"Polyandry," said Randy promptly.

"Darn!" said a slender girl with black hair and an adventurous gown. "That puts you one up. I wish I'd thought of polyandry. It's new. Nobody has taken it up in a serious way. Are you for it or against it?"

"I find," said Randy, "that there is much to be said on both sides."

And then the door opened to admit a girl whose appearance demanded a gasp of admiration from Randy. Perhaps she was no more beautiful than two of the other young women in the studio, but her beauty was superimposed upon something fine and intangible which they, with their striving for the exotic, lacked. Randy was unable to identify it save by the overworked word "class." But there was more than class; there was a fine sanity brightened by pert daring; there was keenness softened by elfin humor; and somewhere, almost undetected, lurked a splendid capacity for gentleness and sympathy.

Randy rather lunged toward her, oblivious of everyone else, his face alight with pleasure.

"Miss Smith!" he exclaimed. "I've found you."

She looked at him gravely, unsmilingly, and said dryly, "Have you, indeed?"

"Aw," expostulated Randy boyishly, "don't be snooty. Cross my heart, I've looked for you under everything I could lift. I've pulled apart every haystack in town. I'm the fellow that's been climbing ladders to peer in windows."

"What the young man means," said the blond girl, "is that he has been looking for you. Who is he anyhow? Do you want him or is it open season?"

"At the moment I want him," said Miss Smith, "for conversational purposes. There'll be plenty left when I'm through."

"Then step into the private office," said the fair and eager one, pointing to a sofa in the corner. "We'll talk loudly, so you may search your souls in privacy."

Randy conducted Miss Smith to the designated seat, not without elation.

"Now," he said when they were settled, "aren't you going to take off the mask?"

"Are you?" she asked pointedly. "Who is the person now being publicly exhibited as Randy Hyde?"

"Randy Hyde! Um-m. I've heard the name before."

"So I imagined," she said dryly. "Who knows about this escapade besides myself? And do you realize the dangers of it?"

"Dangers?"

"Precisely. You are one of the richest young men in the world. All your life you've been guarded as if you were the crown jewels, because you're something in the nature of a sugar plum that the naughty boys would like to eat. Your parents lived in constant fear of your kidnaping. Do you think a few inches more height and a few pounds more weight can eliminate that danger?"

"Who would gain by kidnaping Smithfield Wagg?" asked Randy.

"Please," said Miss Smith, "don't be an idiot. And don't think interested persons won't make the same discovery you have. Oh, this other man is amazingly like you. I grant that. But he only adds to the danger."

"For the sake of keeping alive a pleasant conversation, I'll ask, what danger?"

"From any one of a dozen, or all of a dozen, men who are trembling in their shoes for fear you are a son of your father and will develop something of his genius. I mean heads of his companies whose power has multiplied since his death, who are no longer figureheads. Men do odd things when a billion dollars is involved."

"Such as?"

"If this double of yours can deceive the world to let you play games, don't you think he could deceive the world to let someone else play big business? You're in this for fun, and probably pay a reasonable price for your pleasure. But have you thought that this *Doppelgänger* of yours might prefer to be Randy Hyde rather than to play at being him? And how easily!"

"Are you trying to tempt me to impersonate someone?" he asked.

"Suppose, for instance, Lucius Brandon, whom you deposed as president of The Hawkins Steel Corporation, should discover it. He wants his place back, and he has powerful friends. Do you think they would hesitate to make a cat's-paw of this man who resembles you, while you vanished from sight?"

"It is a neat point, well taken," said Randy. "And now, to come to a really interesting and important matter, what is your name, and where do you live?"

"Why do you ask?" she inquired gravely.

"My intentions," said he, "are humble, but honorable. I seek your better acquaintance, mademoiselle. I would occupy your furniture of evenings. I would escort you here and there and make very merry. I would exert myself to charm."

"And then?" she asked.

"It is on the knees of the gods," he said.

She smiled a little crooked smile. "And if you did charm me?" she asked. "If your manly beauty and your wit and your alluring personality quite turned my head? What then? Do billionaires marry nobodies? Or do they vanish presently to leave a broken heart behind?"

"May I speak seriously, if only for a moment?"

"Say on," she said.

"I have never been interested in a woman as I am in you. I have never seen one whose beauty satisfies me as yours does. I have never before encountered one who made me want to see her again and again and again. By this I do not mean that I fell in love at first sight. But I have an idea I should fall in love at third or fourth sight, and I am glad it is so. Also, Miss Whatever-your-name-is, if I did fall in love with you, not all the principalities and powers could separate me from you, if you, on your part, gave your heart to me. Am I clear?"

"And honest, I think," she said.

"Then ——" he urged, but she shook her head and laughed.

"It is not so simple for me. My name is Smith. My residence and occupation are unknown. Find me if you can, and we shall see. I'll not make it easy for you. But first of all, I advise you to get rid of this counterfeit Randy Hyde."

"Can't you imagine—if your fairy tale were true—that the real Randy Hyde would get some fun living over your volcano? I imagine he hasn't had much fun, poor fellow!"

"Do you think he would have much chance against the best and most ruthless brains in the business world?"

"His father had," said Randy simply.

"There is that to consider," she said, and nodded her head. "Are you as good a man as your father?"

"He was in some doubt about it," Randy responded.

"At least we have an admission," she said.

"Purely hypothetical," he answered. "And who is the young man with the red hair? He just came in."

"That," she answered, "is Pete Clough, financial editor of the Globe."

Mr. Clough was looking fixedly at Randy, and presently came across the room.

"I hardly expected to meet you here, Mr. Hyde," said he. "Slip the bodyguard?"

"I beg your pardon," said Randy courteously. "Slight error. My name is Wagg—Smithfield Wagg."

"Yeah? And I didn't stop being a good newspaperman when they made me financial editor. Now, let's have the story. What's the major premise and all? Young billionaire sips the heady wine of bohemia, incog. Tough luck to fracture your frolic, but business is business."

"I understand you newspapermen go in for accuracy," said Randy.

"It's a passion with us."

"Also, I imagine, your paper keeps its eye on men of general interest to the public."

"It does."

"Including Mr. Randy Hyde?"

"At the top of the list."

"In which case they would know where he is and what he is doing today."

"Unless," said Clough, "he slipped his keepers."

"Anyhow, in the interests of truth, I think I'd find out. I'm not a reporter, but if I were I should phone my paper and ask a couple of answers."

(Continued on Page 172)

Achieved! a New Idea in Flannel Shirts

NOW a flannel shirt that is free-and-easy for sports and recreation . . . *yet dressy enough to grace the smartest club.* The name? *Black Bear!* A shirt cut full in the Western manner . . . from 100% Western wool. Such strikingly pleasing color combinations as you have never seen before in a flannel shirt . . . delicate shades . . . newest patterns. ¶ Tailored with two flapped pockets . . . single-button cuffs . . . a shirt that can be worn with collar open . . . *there is no sateen lining to embarrass.* Carved buttons. Sturdy seams and generous gussets. ¶ Twenty-eight years of manufacturing outdoor clothing for Western men have qualified Black Bear to produce *the super-flannel shirt for which outdoor America has been waiting.* ¶ You can get Black Bear Flannel Shirts at department stores, sporting goods stores, men's shops . . . or order direct.

"Kodiak" Model; lustrous tan or gray, or tan or gray plaid, $7.50. "Kodiak" genuine Scotch plaids, $7.00. "Six Hundred" Model; soft blue with blue or tan stripe; tan with blue or gray stripe; gray or tan mixture, $6. Other models at $5 and $5.50.

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BLACK BEAR *Flannel Shirts*

The Quality Flannel Shirts of America

New Sea-Horse Motors —Electrically Started and faster than any before

What a Vacation Awaits America Now!

Mounted on Johnson Boats to Match—50% Lighter, Yet ⅓ Stronger— They Outperform Anything, Size for Size, Inboard or Outboard

NOW from the shores of ten thousand dancing waterways, leafy branches beckon you to life at its best. To cruising at motor car speed! To racing and winning! To fishing, bathing, and exploring! To rest and the restoration of youth, health and strength to which your year's work entitles you.

Not if you had a million dollars could you command a finer vacation than the Johnson Sea-Horse Outboard Motor provides for whole families. Yet it costs only $125, and upward. And all in convenient payments.

Official Speed Champions

Johnson Sea-Horses were victors last year in 450 races. They hold more official speed records than all other motors combined.

Again this season the new Sea-Horses rule the waves!

Large Sea-Horses "16," "24" and "32" introduce electric starters as optional equipment, with auxiliary hand starting—made 50% easier by Johnson's great Release Charger. Their underwater exhausts discharge noise and fumes below the surface.

They permit a large fuel tank—anywhere in the boat—for these Sea-Horses have the new Vacturi Carburetor that lifts the fuel by vacuum. Its simplicity eliminates numerous parts—pulsation pump, vacuum tank, etc. It increases revolutions 200 to 300 per minute, and decreases fuel consumption 20% to 30%.

Alternate Firing—Full Pivot Steering

Smaller Sea-Horses "4" and "12" introduce alternate firing of cylinders—an entirely new principle. This, too, makes hand starting 50% easier, and cuts vibration to the vanishing point.

Propellers can be reversed in a flash for backing boat; or turned completely around, steering the craft on a pivot.

Propeller tilts automatically on striking obstructions and passes over them. Permits navigation in shallow waters —avoids disablement in deep water.

Tilting Propellers Navigate Anywhere

Johnson's Automatically Tilting Propeller removes all restrictions and hazards accompanying boats with stationary propellers. On striking obstructions the Sea-Horse propeller tilts and passes over them.

You can tilt it out of water and quickly remove weeds. And you can beach your boat at will.

Being steered by power-driven propeller instead of trailing rudder, a boat is far more manageable in strong winds, waves and currents.

Simple, Lightweight, Portable, Quickly Attached

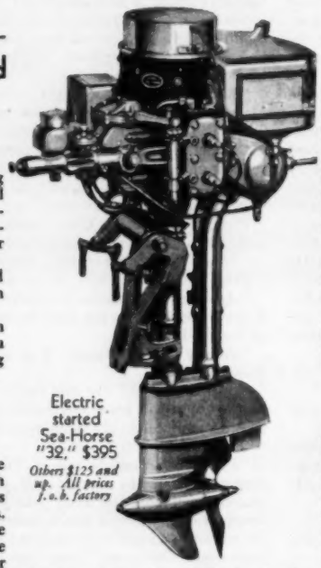
Johnson Sea-Horses are built like fine car motors with case-hardened parts and roller bearings. Yet being 2-cycle instead of 4-cycle type, they deliver equal power with half the weight of inboard motors. This greatly reduces weight of boat—lets you carry more passengers at speeds unattainable hitherto in small motor boats.

Electric Starter combines in single unit, starter fly-wheel, and generator for charging batteries. Remains turned on until turned off, hence motor cannot stall.

Sea-Horses are easy to take on camping trips and transfer from boat to boat. Yet for highest performance, for speed, carrying capacity, and all-around sea-worthiness, try driving them with a Johnson boat to match. You'll be amazed at the difference.

First Fleet of Complete Outboards

For the first time now an outboard motor is accompanied by a boat built especially for it—the combination called the Johnson Matched Unit.



Electric started Sea-Horse "32." $395

Others $125 and up. All prices f. o. b. factory

As swanky as sport cars, and made of revolutionary Sealite construction. They are covered with a patented compound that solidifies and forms a protective sheathing. It fuses inseparably to the bottom of hull, rendering it seamless, water-tight, non-warping, and non-absorbing.

These boats introduce smart color combinations, are 50% lighter in water-service than usual wood construction, and are guaranteed to outlast it.

Shattering tests conducted by W. N. Sawdon, Professor of Experimental Engineering at Cornell University, proved that Sealite is 35% stronger.

Drive Like a Motor Car

Johnson's Service Runabout and Johnson Aquaflyers made their first appearance in Southern waters this year and won instant acclaim. They start, steer, and control like a motor car, from the driver's seat. They have all the travel range, simplicity, safety, and spaciousness of an outboard, combined with the luxury of an inboard at a fraction of the cost.

The Service Runabout has a true speed up to 27 m. p. h. The powerful Sea-Horse motors are enclosed in a hatch in the stern. This clears the boat of an inboard engine and provides ⅓ more carrying space. Installation is quick and simple—only four connections. No engine base is required, and the motor can be removed for service or storage by simply loosening two wing nuts.

Write for Color-illustrated Catalog De Luxe

See the new Johnson Sea-Horses—see the new Johnson Fleet of complete outboard motor boats, all fully pictured and described. Send your address at once and receive this catalog by return mail.

All dealers carry first-aid service parts. Sales and service stations in all parts of the country.

JOHNSON MOTOR COMPANY, 193 Pershing Road, Waukegan, Ill. *In Canada:* Canadian Johnson Motor Co., Ltd., Peterboro, Ont. *World's Largest Manufacturer of Outboard Motors and Matched Units.*

Season's First 2 Race Classics Captured by Sea-Horses

THE COL. E. H. R. GREEN TROPHY—the early season classic at Miami, Fla., won by H. Ross Maddocks of Cambridge, Mass., March 27, driving Johnson Sea-Horse "32." Second and Third places also won by Sea-Horses "32."

SIR THOMAS LIPTON $25,000 TROPHY—at Palm Beach, Fla., won by Col. Samuel Tooey of New York and St. Petersburg, Fla., March 22-23, driving a Sea-Horse "32." Second and Third places also captured by Sea-Horses "32."

Sea-Horse "Single"
World's lightest outboard, weighs 27 pounds
$125
Others up to $395 with electric starter. All prices f. o. b. factory

JOHNSON

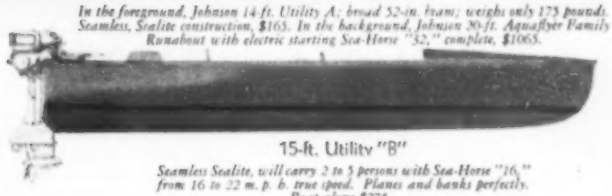
Matched UNITS

SEA-HORSE MOTORS & BOATS

In the foreground, Johnson 14-ft. Utility A; broad 52-in. beam; weighs only 175 pounds. Seamless, Sealite construction, $165. In the background, Johnson 20-ft. Aquaflyer Family Runabout with electric starting Sea-Horse "32," complete, $1065.

17½-ft. De Luxe Aquaflyer

Sealite construction, 2 upholstered cross seats, double cockpits with electric starting Sea-Horses $925 to $995, complete.



15-ft. Utility "B"

Seamless Sealite, will carry 2 to 5 persons with Sea-Horse "16" from 16 to 22 m. p. h. true speed. Planes and banks perfectly. Boat alone $275.

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Just Try Hires Root Beer At Our Expense

MAKE this trial with our compliments. Get your family to vote on Hires Root Beer. See if they agree that it's one of the finest beverages they ever tasted.

Delicious and invigorating, always welcome, you can serve it generously to family and friends with no worry of extravagance.

To prove both its superior flavor and economy—let us send you a free trial bottle of Hires Extract—sufficient to make 8 pint bottles of Hires Root Beer.

If the trial delights you and your family, then for 30c at all dealers you can buy a full-size bottle of Hires Extract—it makes 40 bottles of Hires Root Beer, costing about 1½c per bottle, compared to what you usually pay.

Millions of families all over the Nation are enjoying this famous, thirst-quenching beverage, containing the juices of 16 roots, barks, berries and herbs—Nature's invigorating and appetizing ingredients, including Vitamin B and Mineral Salts. Utterly free from artificial color and flavor.

Mail the coupon at once for free trial bottle of Hires Extract—or order a full size 30c bottle from your dealer today. 35c in Canada.

At fountains ask for Hires or buy it in bottles.

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Please send me free sample of Hires Root Beer Extract

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... *State* .....

Please print name and address plainly

Canadians may mail coupon to The Charles E. Hires Co., Toronto

(Continued from Page 169)

"It's a dare," said Clough, and went to the telephone, over which he spoke briefly; then he came back to Randy's side. "Checking up," he said. "Give me three minutes." At the end of that period he called again, and shrugged his shoulders. "You win," he said, "and thanks. Hyde is at tea at Mrs. Norton's. At the moment he is haranguing the ladies—to the delighted amazement of a confrere of mine—on the subject of Birth Control Among the Basutos. So who in tunket are you?"

"My name is Smithfield Wagg."

"It couldn't be," said Mr. Clough, "not really. Well, there goes a story. And I'm sort of sorry you aren't Hyde, because I could tip you off to something, and build me an even bigger yarn out of it."

"Do tell me," exclaimed Miss Smith.

Mr. Clough looked at her and then nodded his red head. "Baby," he said succinctly, "I'd tell you anything, anywhere and for nothing."

"Commence at the beginning," she said. "I dote on Genesis."

"Well, to commence with, this Randy Hyde strikes me as being the high priest of all saps."

"Flattering," said Randy. "Very flattering, indeed."

"He not only has the world by the tail but he owns the tail and most of the hind legs. But not for long. Uh-huh! The boys cover a couple of haunches, and one day this boob'll wake up with nothing but a hair in his fingers. He wears," said Mr. Clough, "silk underpanties with pink stripes in 'em."

"This raconteur holds a mirror up to life," said Randy; nevertheless, his ears were ruddier than was their custom.

"Through some fluke he managed to get rid of a poisonous pup by the name of Lucius Brandon. Well, Brandon isn't taking it and liking it. And he's no piker. Swings about fifty millions himself and could use another fifty with ease. And now I come to the astute guessing."

"Guess on, stranger," said Randy.

"Do you happen to remember the empire of Alexander the Great?"

"Perfectly," said Randy.

"All the generals grabbed a slice when Alex died," said Mr. Clough. "We'll let Mr. Hyde, Senior, stand for Alexander. He is no more. But he was a wise egg and a judge of men. His will left things so Randy could dive in and grab if he had the essential innards, but in the hands of a sort of supreme council of five if he hadn't. Get the idea? And the five are on the level."

"That's good news," Randy said.

"But man is not immortal," said Clough.

"You re not calling in gunmen, are you?"

"Financial gunmen," said Clough. "Four of the trustees can replace the fifth, for cause. Now, envision this: Suppose four are bamboozled into replacing one with a sour egg. And then another honest man goes, to be succeeded by a second seamy replacement, and so on. In time it would stand three to two, eh?"

"Grand mathematics," agreed Randy.

"That game is on," Clough declared, "or I'm in my dotage, which seldom sets in at twenty-nine! Brandon and his Man Friday, Norton Van Cost, have recruited their legion. Mind, this is swell guessing, but I stand by it. They're sniping at one of the five trustees."

"Which one?" asked Randy.

"General Dexter," said Clough. "I think they aim to bust him. Mere busting wouldn't be enough. They've got to make him look a crook. Then the four would have to fire him, and the lump is leavened."

"And what, if anything, makes you think so?" Randy asked.

"I get around," Clough said.

"It's a serious charge."

Clough shrugged his shoulders. "D'ye think a gang of smart men will sit around long and let a sap keep a billion?"

"Why, when it comes to that," said Randy, "I suppose the idea does irk them." Clough waggled his red head and got to his feet. "Well, I'm sorry you're not Hyde," he said. "Now I got to go make time with the gal with the yaller hair."

Randy grinned at Miss Smith. "He didn't think highly of your Mr. Hyde," said he.

"He's an observant young man," said Miss Smith shortly. "What are you going to do about it?"

"I?" Randy's astonishment was childlike. "Why, nothing, of course."

"You're going to sit blandly by and let these men undermine you?"

"If you're worrying about young Hyde," said Randy, "they'll be sure to leave him enough to live on in comfort."

"And is that your ambition?"

"I certainly wish to live. And I dote on comfort."

"Good-by," she said, and was on her way toward the door before he could rise.

"But ——"

"What I said"—Miss Smith's voice was very cold—"was good-by."

Randy smiled wryly. "She doesn't," he said to himself, "seem to care for saps."

That evening, upon Randy's invitation, a man whose business it was to supply information spent half an hour in the young billionaire's library.

"I want," said Randy, "to know this and that about Lucius Brandon and Norton Van Cost. Also I have a curiosity about General Dexter. For the next week it would entertain me to know every wiggle these gentlemen wiggle. At the end of that time I desire greatly to be able to recite their menus and discuss the number of times they have been shaved. I want the point of every joke they spring and what sort of hair tonic they use. Am I limpid?"

"Daily reports, Mr. Hyde?"

"At breakfast, luncheon, tea and dinner," said Randy. "The old finger constantly on the pulse."

The visitor nodded. "You'll know how many times their dogs bark, and at what," he said, and arose to take his leave.

It was three days later that a report was made to Randy which irritated him, if it did not nonplus him. It seemed rather to tumble over the house of cards he had erected for his pleasure, and the whole affair had been such good fun that he could not bear to give it up.

"Mr. Hyde," said the investigator, "I have come upon a strange story which seems to be believed by Lucius Brandon, at least, and which plays some important part in his plans."

"Break it to me as gently as you can," said Randy.

"He is convinced, Mr. Hyde, that somehow you have found a young man who resembles you remarkably, whom you are using for a double. Brandon is convinced you send this other man to fill unpleasant social and business engagements, while you yourself go about unattended and to unexpected places."

"So!" exclaimed Randy.

"It would be very unwise, if it were true."

"Unwise?"

"Obviously. Great pains have been taken to protect you all your life. Your friends believe them necessary. If I may say so, and if this amazing story is true, you are taking very real risks for the mere pleasure of an escapade."

"Did you ever chance to be a person who never moved without a bodyguard?" asked Randy. "Did you ever spend a lifetime in front of a news camera? Do the newspapers count your hairs every morning and burst into headlines if you slip on a banana peeling?"

"I can sympathize with you, but a billion dollars is a billion dollars. You can't be one of the richest young men in the world and escape the penalties of enormous wealth. I hope the story isn't true."

"And if it were?" asked Randy.

"As I say, Brandon believes it. I have seen enough to be sure something is in the wind, and that something is based on his belief in this wild tale."

"With whom has he discussed it?" Randy asked.

"With Lamar Jackson, president of the Railway National Bank, for one."

"And have you heard the name of my friend General Dexter mentioned?"

"President of the North and South Railroad, isn't he?"

"Among other things," said Randy.

"His railroad has been discussed. As a matter of fact, it is common knowledge in the Street that an effort is to be made to displace him at the coming annual meeting."

Randy considered that information. An effort to displace General Dexter! It could be only talk, or dust kicked up to blind someone's eyes, for no one knew better than Randy how secure was the general's position. Though the North and South Railroad was not one of the Hyde properties, nevertheless Hyde money was invested in it. Randy was the largest minority stockholder, and if his stock were voted with Dexter's and Dexter's friends, it would be a clear, an overwhelming majority.

"The talk of the Street," said Randy's informant, "is that Dexter may be displaced. It is currently reported he may fail to get the support of your stock. In which case the opposition wins."

"And is that the full package for tonight?"

"It is."

Randy sat with half-closed eyes, considering. "They know they can't beat Dexter," he said softly. "They know I will vote my stock for the general. Therefore, they can't mean it. The talk is made for some reason not apparent. But what? Where is the little Ethiopian in the woodpile? What does anybody gain by the conversation? It's scenery, but what play is to go on the stage? Have you a guess?"

"None."

"In that case," said Randy in his good-humored way, "go home and sleep untroubled sleep, but keep your bright young men on the job. I crave further knowledge."

"Mr. Hyde, if there is anything to this story that you are running about loose while someone else masquerades in your name, be careful."

"I am as cautious," said Randy "as a Persian kitten in a kennel of wire-haired terriers. And so to bed."

Randy read closely the financial papers during the next few days and found them heavy with news of the battle for control of the North and South Railroad. Reporters came to interview him on the subject and he received them blandly, to inform them that he was not interested in railroads, but that there would be a swell polo game on Sunday—which pleased the bright young men, for it gave them a chance to write stories about a young billionaire with more money than brains. General Dexter did not communicate with him, for the general knew, nor did any other responsible person ask questions. Nevertheless, it was authoritatively stated that the Hyde interests had broken with Dexter, and just as authoritatively denied. So much discussion must have erected a certain amount of uncertainty, however, and have caused a condition exceedingly unpleasant for the general. All of which Randy studied to see what it might mean.

Undoubtedly it was important. If young Peter Clough was right and a conspiracy existed to remove the general as one of the Hyde trustees, then this was a manifestation of it. But how could it discredit General Dexter? How could it affect him financially, or print a blot upon his character which would justify the other four trustees in excluding him from their company? And how could Lucius Brandon's guess or knowledge that Randy was using a double affect the situation?

Randy could not see exactly, but he did see something which gave him evident pleasure, for he grinned quite happily and asked a servant to say to Mr. Smithfield Wagg that his presence was requested in the library.

"And how," asked Randy when his counterfeit appeared, "go the amours?

(Continued on Page 174)

FLIGHT.....

AIR-COOLING, LEADING AVIATION INTO A NEW ERA, NOW SHOWS ITS SUPREMACY IN THE AIRPLANE-TYPE ENGINE OF THE NEW FRANKLIN— MOST POWERFUL TYPE ENGINE BUILT

Guided by the purpose and vision which for 28 years have produced many automotive achievements, Franklin introduced, in January, America's first motor car with an AIRPLANE-TYPE ENGINE. Performance of the skies became the performance of Franklin. The flight of the graceful plane blended into the swift motion of the fleet Franklin.

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See and drive the new Franklin as soon as is conveniently possible. That you will be pleased by its AIRPLANE FEEL is proved by the thousands of enthusiastic new Franklin Owners. Despite nearly doubled sales last year, sales this year are mounting higher. Franklin Automobile Company, Syracuse, N. Y.

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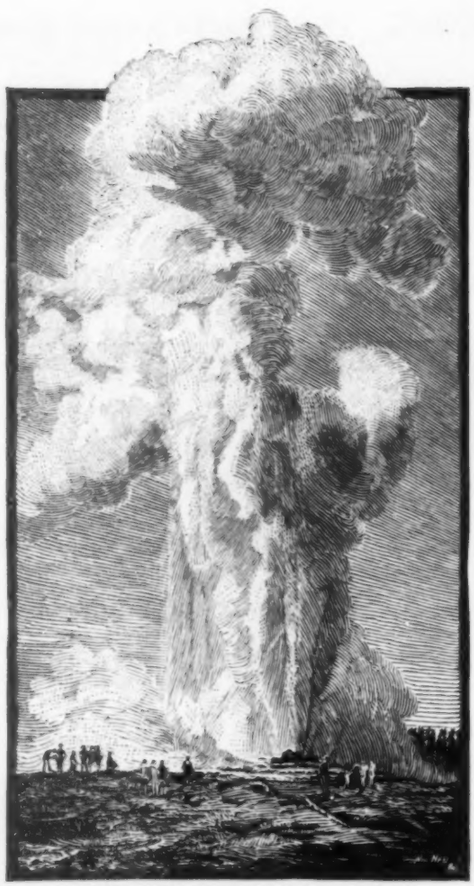

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THE OVERLAND ROUTE
UNION PACIFIC

(Continued from Page 172)

What, if any, progress do we make with Mademoiselle Anna Spack?"

"The occasions upon which I see her," said Smithfield Wagg, "are regrettably infrequent. Nevertheless, I may say without vanity that I feel myself to be high in her esteem."

"It would cause me almost no vanity whatever," said Randy. "But, Waggy, doesn't it occur to you that she loves me for my money?"

"Loves you!" Mr. Wagg's hair prepared to erect itself belligerently.

"Who else? If she is won, my friend, my charm and my position have done it. Does she give her chaste affections to Randy Hyde or to some other person unidentified?"

The baited Smithfield bristled. "If she is attracted, I wish emphatically to state that it is to my mental endowment, to my unquestioned scholarship. Sir, do you imagine you could arouse the interest of a woman like Miss Spack?"

"God forbid," said Randy. "But I did not send for you to speak of love, Waggy. My heart has warmed toward you, and I would make you happy. Vacation days are toward. Until further notice you are once more Smithfield Wagg, with all the honors and appurtenances thereto belonging; and I am Randy Hyde. With two little strings attached. First, you must not enter the presence of the divine Sarah; and second, you must touch base here at home every night. Such are the necessities. With these exceptions, you may disport yourself in libraries, universities, learned societies, and what you will. Am I clear?"

"I shall welcome an opportunity to be myself again," said Mr. Wagg.

"Avoid wild companions," said Randy gravely. "Do not drink to excess, and, my son, above all other things, be circumspect in your conduct toward women."

Mr. Wagg sniffed. He was feeling vastly superior to his employer and was at some difficulty to conceal it.

"Also," said Randy, "you may meet with unexpected persons and journey to strange places. Unless all signs fail in time of drought, you will. Behave so that I need not bow my head in shame. And now, Waggy, out into the great world with you! Meet adventure with a song on your lips and encounter adversity with a smile. I wish you well."

Mr. Wagg left the house inconspicuously and went upon his way. Presently Randy himself emerged from the front door, entered his town car under the eye of his stout bodyguard, who followed him in a lesser vehicle to the residence of Mrs. Plummer-Thwaite, on Park Avenue, where tea was in the offing.

In the very hall there bore down upon him a young woman who combined in her person every attribute which made Randy shudder. She ran to spectacles and teeth, and ran away from hair and curves. But her face wore an expression of glad eagerness.

"Oh, Mr. Hyde!" she exclaimed.

Randy gulped and blinked. "Miss Spack!" he said. "Miss Anna Spack! It can be no other!"

"It is I," she said, "and I so hope you will make an opportunity to finish that engrossing conversation which was interrupted Thursday."

"You may depend upon it," he said. "But—er—so many things occupy my mind. What was the precise topic?"

"We were arguing if a brachycephalic man was more adaptable to modern marriage than ——"

"I remember perfectly," said Randy, "and my decision is no! Emphatically no! No man afflicted in that manner should be permitted to marry. It is a crime against society."

Miss Spack's eyes widened, and she gasped. Then Randy gasped, for across the drawing-room he saw Miss Smith seated between two young men who strove to do her honor and give her pleasure. He made one step, but felt Miss Spack's hand upon his arm.

"I am sure I did not hear correctly," she said, and then smiled a glittering, toothful smile. "It was one of your jokes, you humorous man. I know it was another display of wit."

"Probably," said Randy, "it was. Or consternation. And so—er ——"

"There in the corner is an unoccupied sofa," said Miss Spack. "Shall we sit together and—and refresh our souls?"

"Do we generally do that?" asked Randy in some apprehension.

"You seem so strange and so—so distant today," said Miss Spack archly.

"We don't go in for public petting parties, do we? Or do we? There are things about myself I seem to forget. Miss Spack, don't tell me it is my custom to kiss you in public."

"You never," said Miss Spack, "have even kissed me in private."

"Young woman," said Randy, "you have missed something. But may I not fetch you a cup of tea or a few napkins or a couple of dictionaries?"

"I can scarcely wait to reopen the subject," said Miss Spack archly.

Randy went away at some speed, shaking his head. "Waggy," he said to himself, "for this you suffer!" Nor did he return with the speed of an eager suitor, but paused before Miss Smith, who looked up at him interrogatively.

"Now here, now there," said Randy, and smiled boyishly.

"Oh," said Miss Smith, drawing a sudden breath, "it is you, Mr. Hyde. I scarcely expected to see you here."

"And I," he said, "expect to see you anywhere. But tell me, how did you sort me out so quickly?"

"You smiled and your nose wrinkled," she said. "His never does."

"I must be careful about that," said Randy. "Is your name Smith today also?"

"I think Miss Spack is looking for you," said Miss Smith, and her eyes twinkled. "You must go to her at once. But how came you to be here? Where is the other you?"

"If my judgment is 60 per cent right," said Randy, "he is being kidnaped or massacred or bombed or abolished. I trust it will be comparatively painless."

"What's all the cryptic chatter?" asked one of Miss Smith's young men.

"It's not to be comprehended by the young," said Randy, and then flinched as Miss Spack's fingers touched his arm. He permitted her to lead him away, and Miss Smith's eyes were very starry indeed, and the corners of her mouth quivered.

"Randy Hyde must be crazy," observed the other young man.

"I haven't," said Miss Smith, "quite made up my mind about Randy Hyde."

Meantime Smithfield Wagg was pursuing his way down Fifth Avenue afoot. He turned off upon a side street and strolled another two blocks, when a car drew up beside him and a feminine voice spoke the name of Randy Hyde.

Smithfield paused and looked. If there had been allure in the voice, there was a dozen times as much in the face which appeared in the invitingly open door and in the silk stocking which was at no pains to hide itself demurely.

"You are Mr. Hyde, aren't you?" the lovely young woman asked.

Now Smithfield Wagg experienced a new sensation. It was a thrill, a quiver, a sort of hot-and-cold sensation of naughtiness. There was no time to analyze it in the laboratory of his mind, but he stored it away for future study. So this was the sort of thing that happened to Randy Hyde! Aha! Life is made up of experiences. Experiences are data to the intelligent mind. The beautiful young woman was data. But Mr. Wagg knew he deceived himself when he said so. He was naughty. He never remembered feeling naughty before and did not quite know how to proceed with it, when the young woman came to his rescue.

"I'm making room for you," she said, and laughed gayly.

(Continued on Page 177)

HE PLAYS BASEBALL FROM THE BLEACHERS

...Yet he has "ATHLETE'S FOOT"

QUICK RELIEF FOR SUNBURN TOO!
Absorbine Jr. soothes and cools instantly; takes out soreness and inflammation; not greasy; won't stain; leaves a healthy tan.

HE practically runs the team from his seat. "Watch that bunt," you hear him yell. "Cover second on that throw"—"s-l-i-d-e"—his lungs get all the exercise, but his feet would feel strange in "spikes."

Yet this hard-playing member of the Bleacher Brigade has a well-defined case of "Athlete's Foot." He is bothered by a dry, scaly condition of the skin between his toes, with i-t-c-h-i-n-g.* It's a nagging infection and seems to be getting worse every day, but he doesn't know what it is or how to get rid of it.

And he is only one of millions of Americans who have the ringworm infection, commonly called "Athlete's Foot," and who wonder what it is!

***Many Symptoms for the Same Disease—so Easily Tracked into the Home**

"Athlete's Foot" may start in a number of different ways,* but it is now generally agreed that the germ, *tinea trichophyton*, is back of them all. It lurks where you would least expect it—in the very places where people go for health and recreation and cleanliness. In spite of modern sanitation, the germ abounds on locker- and dressing-room floors—on the edges of swimming pools and showers—in gymnasiums—around bathing beaches and bath houses—even on hotel bath-mats.

And from all these places it has been tracked into countless homes until today this ringworm infection is simply *everywhere*. It is so easily overlooked at first that it has stolen up on the entire nation until now the United States Public Health Service finds "*it is probable that at least one-half of all adults suffer from it at some time.*" And authorities say that half the boys in high school are affected. There can be no doubt that the tiny germ, *tinea trichophyton*, has made itself a nuisance in America.

It Has Been Found That Absorbine Jr. Kills This Ringworm Germ

Now, a series of exhaustive laboratory tests with the antiseptic Absorbine Jr. has proved, by bacteria counts and by photomicrographs, that Absorbine Jr. penetrates deeply into flesh-like tissues, and that wherever it penetrates it *kills* the ringworm germ.

This will be good news to many thousands of people who have worried over a threatening foot condition without knowing how to get rid of it.

It might not be a bad idea to examine *your* feet tonight for distress signals* that announce the beginning of "Athlete's Foot." *Don't be fooled by mild symptoms.* Don't let the disease become entrenched, for it is *persistent*. The person who is seriously afflicted with it today may have had these same mild symptoms like yours a short time ago.

Watch out for redness, particularly between the smaller toes, with itching—or a moist, thick skin condition—or a dryness with scales.

Read the symptoms printed below at the left very carefully. At the first sign of *any one* of these distress signals* begin the free use of Absorbine Jr. on the affected areas—douse it on morning and night *and after every exposure of your bare feet to any damp or wet floors, even in your own bathroom.*

Absorbine Jr. is so widely known and used that you can get it at all drug stores. Price $1.25. For free sample write

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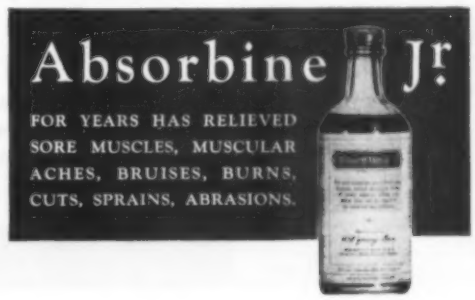
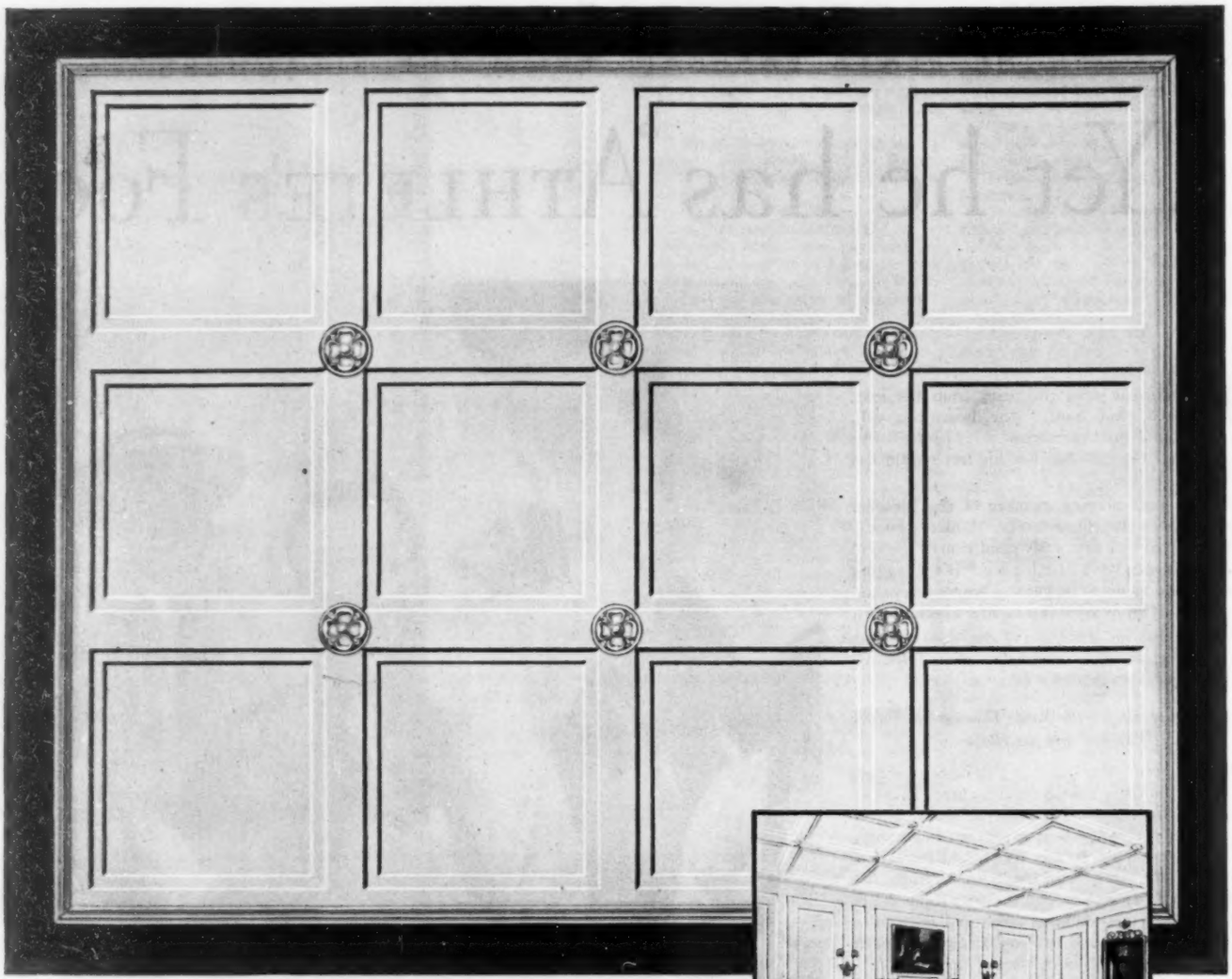


***WATCH FOR THESE DISTRESS SIGNALS THAT WARN OF "ATHLETE'S FOOT"**

Though "Athlete's Foot" is caused by the germ—*tinea trichophyton*—its early stages manifest themselves in several different ways, usually between the toes—sometimes by redness, sometimes by skin-cracks, often by tiny itching blisters. The skin may turn white, thick and moist, or it may develop dryness with little scales. *Any one of these calls for immediate treatment!* If the case appears aggravated and does not readily yield to Absorbine Jr., consult your physician without delay.



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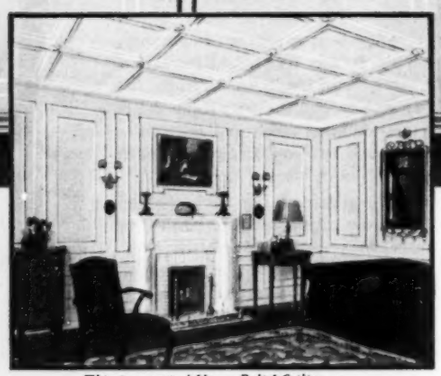

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If plaster is cracked and unsightly, they mentally charge you with negligence or ignorance of good home decoration. Yet how easy to avert *any* wrongful impression!

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Today we talk about ceilings . . . often the most neglected room surfaces. Yet ceilings are decorative *opportunities*—adding distinction to *any* interior.

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You can identify genuine Upson Board by the blue-*center through each panel edge*

(Continued from Page 174)

"You wish me to get in?" asked Mr. Wagg.

"I permit it," she said, "but I'm not very patient, and I hate drafts. So close the door after you quickly."

Almost without volition, Mr. Wagg found himself in an atmosphere of delicious perfume and alarmingly conscious of adjacent delicious beauty.

He was at a loss for conversation, but finally found a question.

"Are you married?" he asked.

"My husband is in the Gobi Desert," she said, "if that will make things easier."

"Ah," he said, "a scientist!"

The car was in rapid motion now, and Mr. Wagg turned to the wife of the absent scientist. "Er—where are we going?" he asked.

She regarded him pertly with head on one side.

"You," she said, "evidently aren't going anywhere, unless somebody carries you. What is it—lack of early training or inherited inhibitions, or are you just fed up on women?"

Mr. Wagg sulked.

"I'm going," said the lady, "to give you a swell cup of catnip tea. I bet it's right up your street. And here we are and out you get and in you come. And after this anybody who tells me to watch out for dynamite with a young billionaire gets his face laughed in. Oopsi-day!"

Presently, in a somewhat dazed state of mind, Mr. Wagg found himself in an apartment furnished with taste, if somewhat flamboyant taste.

"Nobody home? Hang up your own hat," said his conductress, and preceded him into the living room. "Now sit down and mother'll get him his catnip tea."

It was not she who returned, but a gentleman strange to Smithfield, who took up a position before him and smiled courteously, if sardonically.

"So you have a liking for adventure, Mr. Hyde? Ah, well, boys must be boys. But they have to pay for their fun. I've no time to waste, so we'll get down to brass tacks. We've a favor to ask you. A simple favor. After you've done it, you may amuse yourself as best you can, and will be allowed to go home pleasantly at noon tomorrow."

"Eh?" demanded Mr. Wagg. "What are you saying? Do I understand you?"

"You will," said the gentleman. "Now, should you decline to do this slight favor, the following events will happen: The husband of the lady you accompanied here will return most inopportunely. The lady will be found embarrassingly *en déshabillé*, and a distressing scene will result. I've no doubt reporters from the tabloids will be at hand, and even cameramen. All of which would be displeasing to you, no doubt, eh?"

"But her husband is in the Gobi Desert," answered Mr. Wagg.

"He just got back," said the gentleman dryly, "in the nick of time. And now for the favor. You are aware that certain persons wish to depose General Dexter as president of the North and South Railroad. It has been rumored you will give your proxies to the opposition. I am, in a sense, acting for General Dexter. The favor we ask is that you sign proxies in his favor and intrust them to me to be voted at tomorrow's meeting, and remain here until the polls are closed. Also, your word of honor not to disclose what has taken place here. Otherwise, the irate husband and the enthusiastic scandalmongers. Say the word."

"But—er—you're under a misapprehension. I am not Mr. Hyde. No, indeed. I am quite another person."

"We know all about your double, Mr. Hyde, and we know where he is and what he is doing. At this moment he is paying court to a certain Miss Anna Spack ——"

"He is—what?" demanded Smithfield.

The gentleman nodded. "Which proves it is he and not you. So there you are. And here are the proxies. And a fountain pen. After all, General Dexter has been a faithful man to your father before you, and to yourself. You owe it to him. Otherwise —— "

Mr. Wagg heard a slight sound and looked up to perceive the lady who had tolled him to this place. She stood in the doorway in what was indeed embarrassing dishabille.

Mr. Wagg uttered a distressed syllable which sounded like "Awk!"

"Imagine the husband coming now," said the gentleman with the proxies.

Mr. Wagg breathed hard and swallowed. His throat was dry, and he no longer felt naughty. "I tell you," he cried, "I'm not Hyde! But I—I'll sign anything! I'll sign. Only get that—that woman away. She's—not the sort of woman I—admire."

"In the circumstance, who can blame you?" asked the gentleman, and pressed a pen into Smithfield's uneasy hand. He signed.

At ten o'clock next morning General Dexter called to order the meeting of the stockholders of the North and South Railroad. Not more than a dozen gentlemen were present, among whom was Lamar Jackson, of the Railway National Bank. Routine business was completed and the election embarked upon.

Various persons deposited proxies, which were counted by tellers, and General Dexter was about to be declared in the saddle again when Lamar Jackson cleared his throat and got to his feet.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I have an unpleasant duty. As you know, there has been opposition to the ticket which General Dexter heads. It could not have been carried without the proxy representing the stock held by Mr. Randy Hyde. I challenge that proxy."

"Upon what grounds?" asked General Dexter gravely.

"That it was obtained by duress. It was forced from Mr. Hyde by threats following barefaced kidnaping. The young man was lured into a car, taken to an apartment and threatened with a scandal if he refused to sign. He has but now been rescued from the place where he was being kept until this election was ended."

"And is here?" asked General Dexter.

"And is here," said Jackson, "to corroborate my charges."

"It would be best, gentlemen," said the general, "to have in the young gentleman. If this charge be true, then I am, indeed, unfit to retain this position or to hold any other place of trust. I am waiting, Mr. Jackson."

Jackson stepped to the door and opened it. He stepped back with a sudden jerk of head and blink of eyes, for what he saw was not one Randy Hyde, but two, who stepped into the board room and stood facing the astounded stockholders. General Dexter turned with lifted brows.

"And which," he asked, still gravely, "is Mr. Randy Hyde?"

"Let Mr. Jackson pick him out," said Randy, with twinkling eyes. "He claims to qualify as an expert."

"If," said a pompous gentleman, "this is a joke, then I must say Mr. Hyde brings his humor most untimely to a place where joking has no part."

"But really, Major Wattrous, it is sort of funny," said Randy, "and then, on the other hand, not laughable at all."

"Will you be so good as to explain, sir?"

"It's like this," Randy said boyishly: "Mr. Lucius Brandon is no friend of mine—as may be known to you. It seemed desirable to replace General Dexter as one of my father's trustees—to Mr. Brandon—and the candidate he chose was, if I am not mistaken, Mr. Jackson. The general idea was to do away with the trustees, one by one, until these gentlemen had a majority and so were in control of the Hyde properties. A neat but rather gaudy scheme."

"Nonsense," said Mr. Jackson shortly.

"But it was necessary to discredit the general—of which I informed him some days ago. The idea was to kidnap me temporarily and fill me with the belief that the general was the villain of the sketch. But I did not care to be kidnaped; it didn't appeal to me as fun. So I supplied a substitute, whom Mr. Jackson had taken to an apartment of which he paid the rent privately, by a lady in whom he has a private, if romantic, interest. I've no doubt my substitute was convinced of General Dexter's outrageous conduct, but I wasn't. Not completely. For I was with General Dexter a half hour after the event, and was aware of the location of my faithful reflection here. Whom we waited for Mr. Jackson to rescue with his accustomed gallantry. Which, gentlemen, closes the polls, if I may use that expression."

There was blank silence in the room, which Randy broke after a moment:

"Mr. Jackson's resignation as president of the Railway National Bank will be in the hands of his board before closing time today." Suddenly he smiled, and then he laughed. "I find business is so much fun," he said, "that I think I shall go into it more deeply after I've attended to more important matters." He turned to Smithfield Wagg. "Run along home now, Waggy. Vacation's over," he said. "And as for you gentlemen, if you desire my high opinion, you will forget Mr. Wagg's existence. He is almost solely for social purposes, but sometimes I have to use him for sordid gain. And so, having done today's good deed, I shall withdraw."

Presently he was driving home, duly guarded and accompanied. But he was looking forward to an evening when he should be free.

"Tonight," he vowed to himself, "I start neck and crop to find that Smith girl—whatever her name is."

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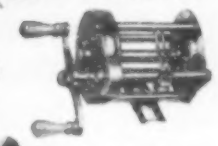

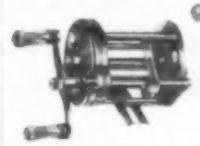

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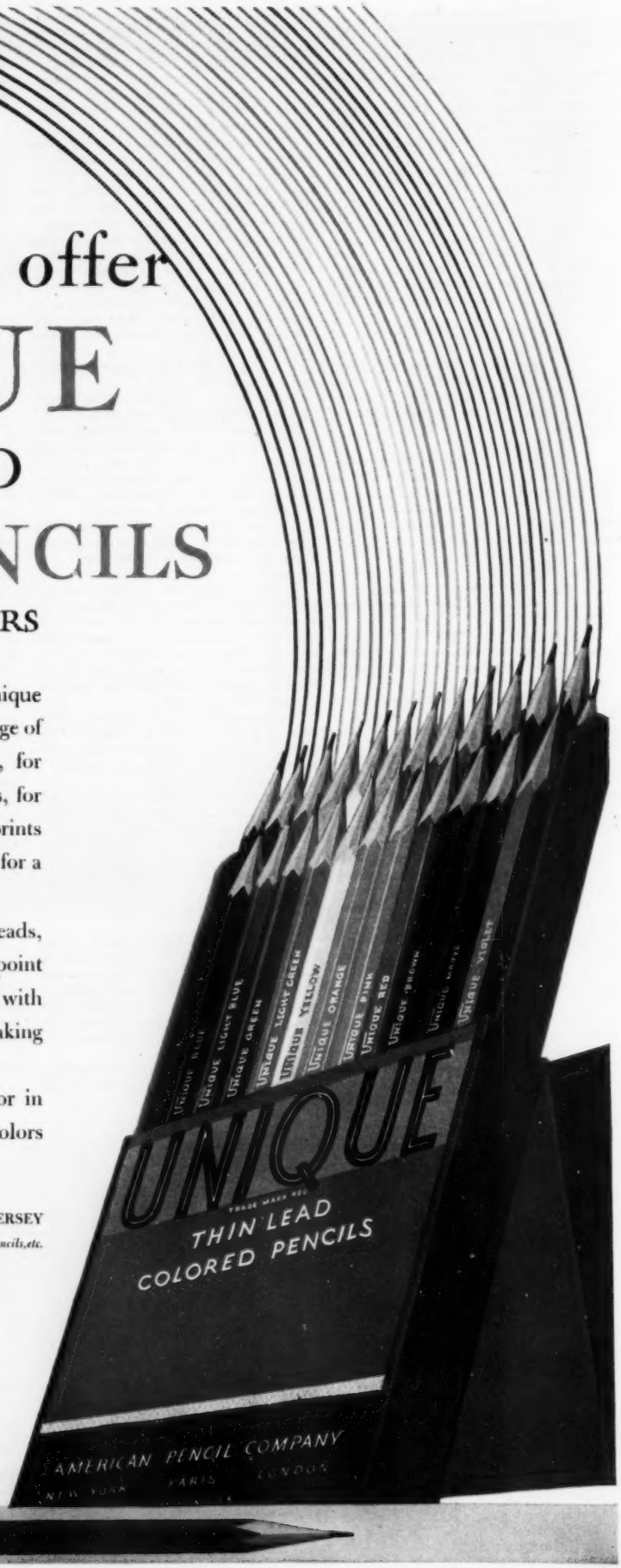

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BACK-TRACKING ON EARLY GAME TRAILS

(Continued from Page 48)

If nowadays we are inclined to brand as exaggerations those triple classics of slaughter at relatively late dates, and upon which so much evidence is available, how are we to view still earlier accounts of the overwhelming abundance of less spectacular species of American game birds and animals?

For example, if the average sportsman of today has so much as heard of the Carolina parrakeet, he thinks of it vaguely as a shy, rare bird of dense Southeastern forests, hunted down to extinction for its gaudy plumage. Far from it. Though never so numerous as the pigeon, it did exist in vast numbers. It was the opposite of shy—so tame that parrakeets could be killed with stones and clubs. From the day of the earliest settlers in America it was hunted ruthlessly as a game bird and for feathers. In view of its habits, it is a mystery how the parrakeet escaped extinction during the first century of white settlement in America.

An idea of its original abundance may be gathered from a few observations made by the naturalist Townsend in 1834. Recall that long prior to that date the buffalo had become extinct east of the Mississippi and that a deer was becoming cause for comment in the great hunting grounds of Kentucky and Tennessee. Missouri was well settled and the beaver had been trapped almost to the point of extermination clear to the Pacific Coast. So, in game matters, 1834 was relatively a late date in Missouri.

Townsend walked through that state with his fellow naturalist, Nuttal, in that year. Vast swarms of game were such commonplace matters to him that he mentioned them but casually. Even the beautiful Carolina parrakeet, fourteen inches in length and with lovely, shining plumage in brilliant colors, seemed to him to call for no special comment. The flocks gathered round in great numbers, he related, huddling together in packed ranks on every limb. As the charges of shot tore through them they seemed merely curious, peering down at their fellows flopping on the ground, as if wondering what it was all about. Instead of scattering, it was their habit to close up their ranks after each shot, as if by pressing closer together they would find safety. He wrote that, in view of their tameness and habits, the slaughter of parrakeets was the most murderous and least sportsmanlike of hunting. If, after almost two centuries of ruthless parrakeet hunting, they still were as numerous as naturalists and observers of 1830–50 report, what must have been the number of the original parrakeet hordes?

Days of Plenty in Missouri

A number of years ago I read an account of wagoners—waiting at Independence, Missouri, as they prepared to set forth upon the Santa Fe Trail—shooting "parrots," of which there were thousands in the region. I knew, of course, that the reference was to parrakeets. Curiosity impelled me to delve into matters until I learned that the beautiful parrakeet, instead of being a resident only of obscure swampy Southeastern forests, had been abundant summer residents of my native state of Kansas, nesting in colonies until well into the 70's along the wooded streams that threaded the prairies. The parrakeet has long been extinct.

It is not surprising that Townsend and Nuttal failed to be greatly impressed by the vast flocks of parrakeets in Missouri, because then those brilliant birds still persisted in huge flocks throughout most of their native range; though sadly depleted from their original numbers. And it is not human custom to marvel at sights that are of commonplace occurrence in our daily lives so much as it is to marvel at those of the past who could consider such vanished sights as commonplace.

Townsend commented casually upon the great numbers of deer, turkey, prairie hens and other game on all sides as the walk progressed. Black-bellied plovers he found in such numbers that frequently several acres of prairie would be covered and one or two shots fired into them provided food for all hands.

Near the little village of Columbia, Missouri, thirty men engaged in a squirrel hunt, and between sunrise and sunset 1200 squirrels were brought to bag. Townsend wrote that despite the persistent, year-long slaughter, the squirrels did not seem to diminish in numbers; that, as the two naturalists moved on, it seemed that "there was a squirrel for every tree."

Huge Bags of the 90's

For those who consider such casual figures so incredible as to be stamped as exaggeration, it might be well to peruse the literature of a still earlier day, wherein the vast squirrel migrations are described. If those, too, are believed to be still greater departures from the truth, one may fall back upon yet earlier statistics.

Dr. E. W. Nelson ferreted out and published the fact that in 1749 a bounty was placed on gray squirrels in Pennsylvania and that 640,000 scalps were brought in. Also, that in 1808 a law was in force in Ohio which required that every free white male deliver 100 squirrel scalps annually.

Evidently, then, Townsend's squirrel hunt was not out of line with fact. As to Townsend's acres of plovers, more than a half century later, in 1890, despite two centuries of unrestricted market hunting, plovers still were incredibly abundant. In that year Emerson Hough wrote that in Illinois a bag of 100 to 150 golden or upland plovers per gun a day for a party of sportsmen was not unusual; that 200 a day, 1000 a week could be killed "even now" by market hunters, if one had the heart for such slaughter. Hough, even then beginning to realize that American game seemed destined for extermination, wrote that the sportsmen should be guided by conscience in the matter of limiting their spring kills when the hen plovers were heavy with eggs. He stated that he could kill three or four dozen upland plovers any day in July within twenty miles of Chicago, but did not care to shoot at that time of year.

It is difficult to imagine such an abundance of game in the vicinity of Chicago in the late 80's and early 90's, in view of the fact that thousands of gunners were hunting plovers for the city markets. Market hunting for all varieties of game birds still held sway throughout the greater part of the United States and game was displayed in all the markets and served regularly in every restaurant and hotel.

Nevertheless, there still remained stupendous numbers of wild fowl in addition to the shore birds. Leffingwell, a Chicago sportsman, wrote of killing eighty redheads in the first hour of shooting in the morning, stating that he could have killed 200 as easily.

Within my own days a market-shooting friend killed 375 canvasbacks, redheads and bluebills in one morning's shoot. Still another friend on the same marsh at a later date killed eighty-seven mallards with six shots of a pump gun as they rose in thousands from a hole in the ice. A market gunner on the Cheyenne bottoms killed 136 ducks with six shots from a pump. It was this last affair, widely advertised, that roused public sentiment to the point where market hunting was prohibited in Kansas, though it flourished almost unchecked for several years thereafter.

In view of the intensive market hunting that had been conducted from the first advent of the white man, it now seems almost incredible that plovers and other game birds persisted in Illinois in such numbers as described by Hough, Leffingwell and other writers of round 1890. It seems even more preposterous to us that while game was so abundant that a kill of "200 plovers a day, 1000 in a week" could still be made by market gunners, both Hough and Leffingwell should consider the country almost gameless as compared with past abundance. Yet it is evident that they and many of their contemporaries did so consider it. Also it is certain that their views were justified.

Leffingwell wrote of a pigeon-nesting ground in 1878 that was from three to ten miles wide and forty miles long, with from five to fifty nests in every tree, where hundreds of gunners and squab hunters were getting in their deadly work. Yet, at the time of his writing in 1890, the pigeon was no more and the parrakeet was extinct. He wrote that the swan was so nearly gone that it was only by a fortunate chance that a hunter could expect to secure a shot at one. Goss, the famous Kansas naturalist, already was railing against unrestricted slaughter. In 1891 he wrote that the majestic white whooping crane was a very rare visitor in Kansas, the heart of its former habitat. Yet Audubon had described whoopers in clanging hosts of many thousands in the South, and Alexander Henry had written casually of lakes and marshes in Canada and the Dakotas literally covered with swans and white cranes. The buffalo had been extinct east of the Mississippi for sixty years, exterminated in the West a decade before; deer had become extinct in Vermont fifteen years before and were very scarce throughout the entire East at the time Hough, Goss and Leffingwell were writing. Bears, elk, deer and turkeys were extinct in Kansas. There were no more kills of 1200 squirrels in a day's hunt in Missouri, as in Townsend's time.

When one considers the shooting that had resulted in such tremendous decreases in those species, it is apparent in the very nature of things that a dreadful toll must also have been exacted from among the swarming ranks of the shore birds and waterfowl. It is not surprising, therefore—even though they did not marvel that "200 plovers a day, 1000 in a week" could be killed by market gunners in Illinois—that Leffingwell, Goss, Hough and their contemporaries considered the remaining game only a pitiful remnant as compared to a glorious past.

Too Much Canvasback!

Leffingwell intimated a future with still lesser abundance of game, Goss predicted it, while Hough was even more explicit. He cited the teeming abundance of the recent past, the unrestricted hunting of the present, and flatly predicted an absolutely gameless future, and that almost immediately, unless the tendency toward wanton slaughter was checked forthwith. He demanded if Americans wished their sons to grow up in town without the possibility of going afield with rod and gun.

As one progresses backward, so to speak, through earlier chronicles, one finds that the accounts depicting the abundance of game from 1850 to 1890 pale into relative insignificance beside the tales of still earlier observers. There are even records of workmen in the Chesapeake region having threatened to rebel unless they were given relief from a straight diet of canvasback ducks, the cheapest and most easily procurable food. So much for the lordly "can."

While on the subject of feathered game, it must be pointed out that the turkey, far from being a rare bird of isolated forests, actually existed in great gangs throughout the greater part of the Western prairie states, frequenting every water course, until a relatively late date. Mr. Smythe of Wichita, Kansas, told me of a turkey hunt in which he and a friend engaged in the 70's. Desirous of securing a supply of meat for the winter, the two men drove south of Wichita for several days and located a great turkey roost in a timbered creek bottom. In one night, using double-barreled, muzzle-loading guns, they killed 114 turkeys and hauled the meat home.

In his manuscript in the Kansas State Historical Society, George Brown tells of a turkey hunt of far greater magnitude in that general locality in the spring of 1869. When returning with Custer's and Sheridan's forces after the campaign against the hostiles on the Washita, great droves of turkeys were encountered on the North Fork of the Canadian. Sheridan permitted the men of the command to engage in a general turkey hunt. Brown estimated that at least 5000 turkeys were slaughtered in the course of the hunt, most of them left to rot where they fell; and that at a date when the turkey had largely disappeared in the East.

To revert again to our larger game animals, one is apt to think of the buffalo as outnumbering all other species combined. The herds "blackened the prairies" as the pigeon hordes "darkened the sun." But it is highly probable that both the pronghorn antelope and the deer actually outnumbered the bison.

Deer Steaks for the Miners

Many early observers on the plains testified that while the antelope was not so spectacular, it existed in numbers equal to those of its heavier plains mate. From the days of Lewis and Clark on down, traders, trappers and travelers wrote of the vast throngs of antelopes. In this connection it must be recalled that in the deserts and semi-arid regions of Washington, Oregon, California and parts of Idaho, Utah, Nevada, Arizona and Mexico, where the buffalo was unknown, antelopes ranged in millions.

The case of the deer presents a similar picture. While nowhere so plentiful as the buffalo in its great prairie range, the habitat of the deer was far larger. Some faint idea of the original number of deer may be gained by a recent estimate that around 500,000 deer exist today in Pennsylvania. California boasts almost as many; possibly more. The great mule-deer herds of the Kaibab Forest in the Arizona Strip, and the teeming herds of Columbia blacktails in British Columbia and Southeastern Alaska, all aid in visualizing the past when deer were similarly abundant throughout their vast range from Southeastern Alaska to Southern Mexico, from the wilds of Quebec to the Everglades of Florida. A friend told me of having seen forty-odd big freight wagons loaded to capacity with deer saddles destined for the mining camps of Colorado. Another told me of having killed thirty-two mule deer in one morning in Wyoming for the market. There is a record of one native's having killed eighty-odd blacktails for their hides in one day in Southeastern Alaska.

Right up to the end of the last century such kills were being made wherever in the West any game was left. It is fairly certain, I believe, that originally the deer outnumbered the buffalo.

Dropping back a bit, in 1755 James Smith was captured by the Indians and adopted by them, living among them for a number of years. His subsequent narrative, among other items of interest, reveals the incredible abundance of game in Western Pennsylvania and the country between the Ohio and the Great Lakes. Deer swarmed on every hand, as did turkeys. Buffalo, elk, wolves and panthers were numerous. Bears were so plentiful that it was not unusual for an Indian hunter to bag several in a day's hunt even in midwinter, by locating the denning trees and killing the animals in their dens. The Indian youths hunted raccoons by day and trapped them by the hundreds with deadfalls round all the Indian villages.

(Continued on Page 182)

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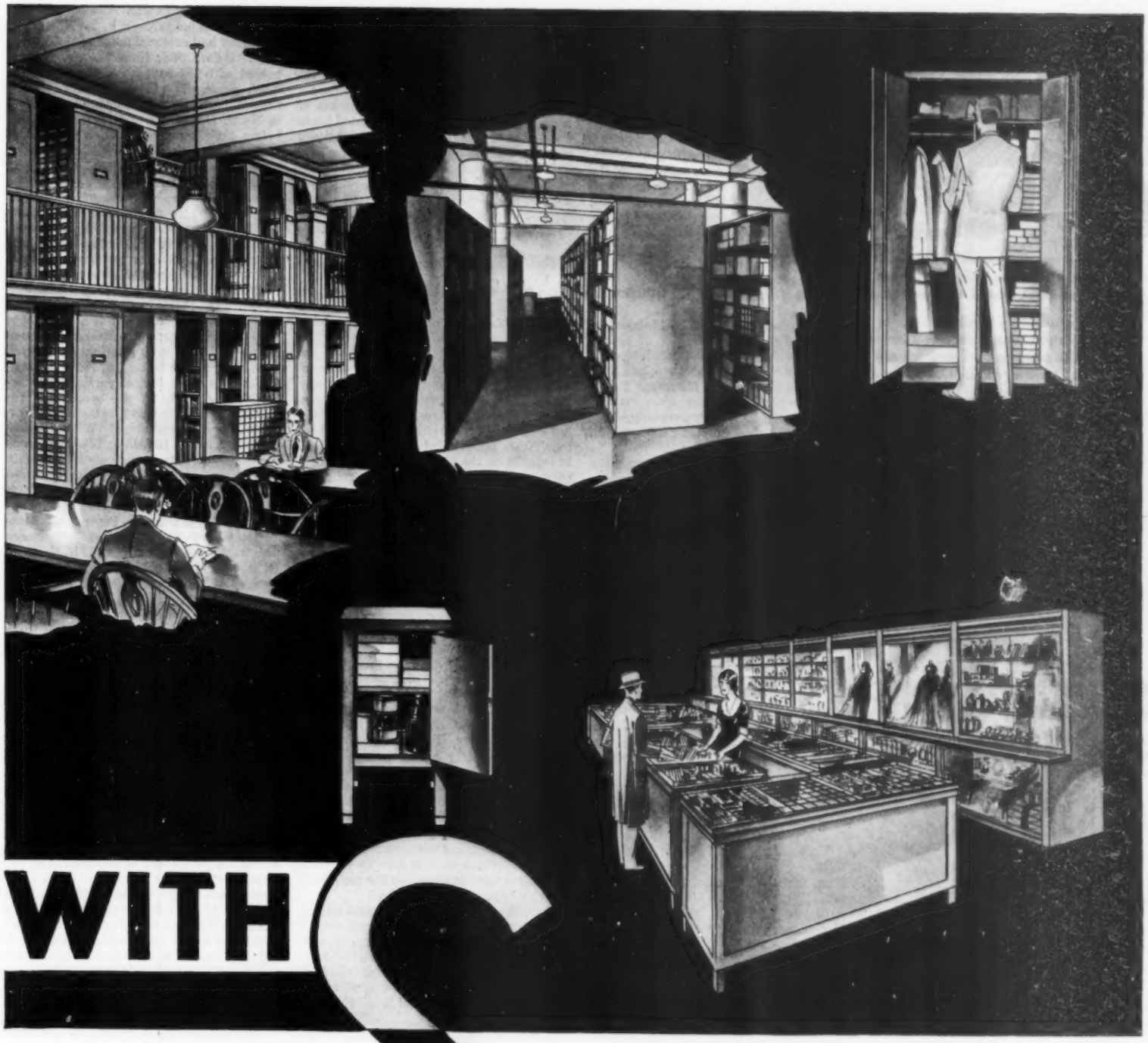

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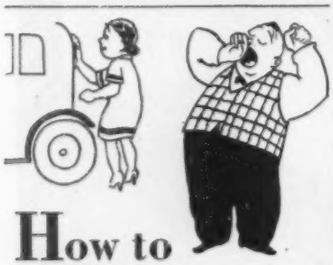

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(Continued from Page 179)

Despite the picture of teeming wild life depicted by Smith, it seems that game had been even more plentiful in that region at a still earlier date. Already the French had settlements extending to the Mississippi. The Ohio and Great Lakes region was overrun with fur traders. Increasing settlement had crowded the Indians farther into the West, thus creating something of a congestion west of the Ohio and along the southerly shores of the Great Lakes. This congestion caused added hunting for meat; and the increasing demand for furs on the part of the traders must have exerted a double strain upon the game and fur resources of the region. Still earlier French explorers, prior to 1700, reported that the prairies of Michigan swarmed with incredible hordes of deer, elk, bears and turkeys. Perrot, in 1671, wrote that 2400 moose had been snared during one winter on Grand Manitoulon Island. So the game, evidently, even before Smith's time, had been more abundant than he found it. Something more than a century after Perrot's time, pioneers in Kentucky were unanimous in proclaiming that fair land the greatest hunting ground in the world.

It is certain, therefore, that originally the region east of the Mississippi was as abundantly supplied with game as later explorers discovered to be the case west of it. By 1800 much of the game of the former region had disappeared and early adventurers in the West were giving accounts comparable to those rendered by early explorers in the East.

In 1799 Alexander Henry pressed on with a fur brigade into the prairie region that we now know as the Dakotas and Southern Alberta and Saskatchewan. In his journal, Henry set down briefly, as a matter of business record, unembellished by flights of fancy or attempted literary flourishes, accounts of the game and fur bearers in the region he visited during the next fifteen years. He pretty well rambled over the whole Northwest. Fur and game were his business; the former for profit, the latter as the only means of provisioning his men.

As early French explorers had depicted the prairies of Michigan swarming with game, so Henry left behind a similar portrayal of conditions on these more westerly prairies.

Even at that early date, with the buffalo practically gone from all of its former range east of the Mississippi, numerous entries made by Henry reveal the fact that already the whites and their hired Indians were slaying with wanton abandon in the Northwest. Literally thousands of buffaloes were shot down and only the tongues removed. Elk, deer and moose were slain in great numbers; in many instances only sufficient meat for a single meal being cut from an animal, the rest being left to rot. "Such is the improvidence of men in this land of abundance," Henry wrote.

Killing Bears for Lard

What is not generally known is the fact that during the early days of the fur trade, much of the work was done by hunting in the broad light of day instead of exclusively by trapping of nights. Smith's account of hunting raccoon by day, as one now hunts rabbits, is amply verified by scores of other chronicles. Henry's men hunted with great success for otter, beaver, mink, raccoon, marten, fisher and wolverine along the sparsely wooded creeks that threaded the Minnesota, Dakota and Canadian prairies.

His almost daily entries of such kills were matters of business record. Henry was the trader always. For those who are inclined to hoot with derision at Pattie's account of the swarm of grizzlies encountered during a day's march on the Kansas prairies, Henry's entries concerning bears on these more northerly prairies might prove of interest.

While marching in search of an advantageous point at which to construct headquarters for the operations of the winter of 1800–01, he found bears extremely numerous, as he did other game, jotting down the facts in his journal. He found the plum brush literally torn to pieces by the bears, as were many of the shrubs and trees in the scattered patches of timber along the streams. Having selected his site, he instructed his men to kill bears and render their fat into lard. Between stretches of work on the stockade the men hunted bears in the immediate vicinity. He jotted down a complaint that his men were too lazy, too drunken and too fearful of the Sioux to work efficiently or to hunt far from camp. They were in a constant state of panic. Nevertheless, they seemed to do fairly well in the matter of bears.

Seventy-four Bears in Ten Days

On September eleventh a hunter and his squaw came in, having killed four bears. Three Indians came in, having killed twelve bears, being credited with same on the books, though demanding their pay in liquor at once. Another killed two bears and was given due credit—eighteen bears for the day. The next day two Indians, sent four miles upstream to spy out the land, killed four bears. A day was skipped, four bears were killed the next, and six brought in on the fifteenth. Several Indian hunters had been absent for several days. They returned on the twentieth, having killed forty bears. An Indian lad killed two bears.

Thus, in the ten days from the eleventh to the twentieth inclusive, we have a recorded total of seventy-four bears slain in the vicinity of the prairie post that Henry was constructing. That still more were killed is evident from an entry made on the twenty-first. Henry had sent a party some miles upstream. One of the men returned in a canoe loaded with hides and rendered bears' oil. He reported that the upper party had killed many bears, but that the squaws of the hunters were too lazy to dress them and that the hides and fat were spoiling near the camp. How many were killed by this upper party during the same period we have no way of knowing. Also, with the antiquated weapons of that day, all early accounts indicate that more wounded game animals escaped to die than were killed on the spot and salvaged by the hunters. Without attempting to estimate these latter items, nevertheless it is safe to conclude that bears were not rare on the prairies in Henry's day.

That the ten-day bear hunt had not depleted their numbers to any great extent is evident from the fact that Henry, superintending the work of erecting the stockade, saw many bears daily, none of which he killed. One of his hunters encountered a large albino bear, but failed to kill the white animal.

It must be recalled that the entries were all by way of being business records; for Henry, of course, was obliged to account to his partners in the Northwest Company for the liquor, trade goods, and so on, which he paid out to his hunters.

Certain fur bearers, now denizens of mountain fastnesses and isolated northern forests, are popularly supposed never to have been inhabitants of the prairies, even of prairies threaded by wooded streams. Henry's tabulated records for the winter of 1802–03 on lower Red River show, in addition to great numbers of the usual prairie fur bearers, 496 fishers, 722 martens, 127 raccoons, 190 foxes, 194 lynxes, 10 wolverines. Though his men, apparently, made no particular effort to shoot wolves, which were extremely numerous on all sides at all times, Henry listed 801 wolf pelts among his returns for that year.

Yet even in Henry's time the Northwest was not particularly new. Oddly enough, one of the first entries in his journal deals with the fact that some localities, once abounding in beavers, now were entirely devoid of them because of excessive hunting.

Ten years before Henry's advent upon the scene, Mackenzie had reached the Arctic Ocean by way of Great Slave Lake and the Mackenzie River, a few years later having crossed the mountain ranges of British Columbia to the Pacific. And before Mackenzie's time his partners in the Northwest Company had explored much of the Northwest. Before their time, the French had traded with the savages of the region for many years. The two Verendryes, father and son, had traveled to the Mandan villages in North Dakota as early as 1738. Long before their time, however, other French traders had penetrated Minnesota, among them a trader explorer named Le Sueur. As early as 1683 he penetrated the eastern edge of South Dakota. Collecting a fortune in furs, he rafted them down Big Sioux River, the Missouri and the Mississippi, and thence to Europe. Prior to 1700 he had established a permanent post near the present site of Mankato, Minnesota. He made a map of the Western country, including the Republican and the Platte in Western Kansas and Nebraska, that checks out very creditably with modern maps; though no doubt much of it was drawn from information derived from the Indians instead of from personal exploration. The French carried on an intensive fur trade in the Northwest for almost a century before the famous Northwest Company was formed. When Canada was ceded to the British in 1763, hundreds of French adventurers elected to remain among the Indians of the Northwestern prairies. The "Northmen" found them there, together with swarms of French half-breeds, when Mackenzie, Peter Pond, Alexander Henry and their contemporaries penetrated the region from 1775 to 1800. It is not so surprising, therefore, that Henry, in 1799, wrote of localities once famed for beaver, where they had disappeared because of intensive hunting. Also, these records make clear the fact that there had been something more than a century of rather intensive trapping and hunting prior to the 60's and the 70's which we now consider the days of the Old West—the days of boom mining camps, lurid cow towns, trail herds, hide hunting and the later Indian wars.

Far from being a rare denizen of the loftiest peaks, early observers recorded the bighorn sheep in great numbers in the foothills of practically all the mountain ranges of the West and even in broken and bad-land stretches in prairie regions. Since the Dall and Fannin sheep still range in thousands at various points over a vast area from the Cassiars of British Columbia to Clark Lake at the base of the Alaska Peninsula, from the head of the Pelly in the Yukon to the Endicott Range in the Arctic, there is small reason to doubt that similar numbers of bighorns ranged in the milder climes as reported by scores of early eyewitnesses.

The Lost Art of Exaggeration

It is unnecessary to go into any estimate of the original numbers of the elk. Vast herds are described by many early explorers and adventurers in the Eastern prairies and semiwooded districts. Lewis and Clark found them in great numbers on the Columbia. Thousands were killed for the markets in Colorado, and the California stampeders described them as ranging in bands of thousands in the broad valleys of that state. There still remain somewhere between 25,000 and 50,000 head ranging the Yellowstone region, and many smaller herds in various parts of the nation, so some idea of their original numbers may be grasped.

Therefore, if we are to wax skeptical concerning the accounts of writers of the 70's, we must at least confess that exaggeration was becoming a lost art among them. Beginning with the accounts of the earliest French explorers, one may cruise ahead through the pages left behind by later adventurers and find that, almost generation by generation, the penned portrayals of game abundance, though seeming to us incredible, nevertheless paint word pictures that deal with progressively fewer and fewer numbers of each species in every district in turn as the years rolled on. We must either confess, then, that the game was there and grew fewer and fewer in

(Continued on Page 185)

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READY COOKED *WHOLE OR HALF*

(Continued from Page 182)

numbers with each succeeding generation, or ascribe such progressive moderation to the fact that the art of exaggeration was on the wane.

We need not touch here upon the original numbers of the moose, the mountain goat and the musk ox.

For purposes of present and past comparison, we have one outstanding example that may serve as somewhat of a gauge. The caribou has disappeared from much of its original range; practically extinct in Minnesota and with but few remaining in Maine and Nova Scotia, the former vast caribou herds of Labrador and Newfoundland also are sadly depleted. Once ranging the Alaskan Peninsula in great herds, but a few caribou now remain there. It is gone from the Kenai Peninsula. More than 1,000,000 reindeer now usurp parts of the former exclusive caribou range in Alaska. Hunting for the market for several decades has depleted the caribou herds of Alaska and the Yukon. Much of their former range in the Canadian provinces has been settled and the caribou killed off. It must be conceded, therefore, that the caribou herds have been greatly depleted from their original numbers.

Nevertheless, the caribou still ranges in millions in British Columbia, the Yukon, Alaska and the country between the Mackenzie River and the Yukon.

Yukon River steamers are delayed by swimming hordes of migrating caribou as once engineers were forced to halt their trains because of traveling herds of buffaloes on the prairies.

The caribou herds that still range the Barren Grounds from Northern Saskatchewan to Victoria Land are variously estimated to contain from 7,000,000 to 20,000,000.

The temperate zone in North America afforded the finest body of range land in the world. The Arctic and sub-Arctic regions, naturally, are much less hospitable. Suppose that we concede—even after being exterminated over great areas and depleted everywhere in numbers—that in the northern ranges from Newfoundland to Unimak Island off the tip of the Alaskan Peninsula there are still some 8,000,000 head of caribou ranging. It is a most conservative estimate, surely.

What, then, must have been the original numbers of the caribou herds? And what must have been the original numbers of buffalo, elk, deer and antelope when the more southerly ranges were stocked to capacity with those animals, as early explorers described them?

In the light of the remaining caribou herds, early accounts of similarly huge numbers of other game animals in a more friendly climate do not seem to lack plausibility.

The game fields of Africa and Asia afford a greater variety of species than do those of America. All evidence, however, points to the fact that in regard to sheer numbers, the North American continent, when the white men first set foot upon it, was not a mere "hunters' paradise" but preëminently the greatest hunting ground in the world.

TROUPING WITH SEALS

(Continued from Page 60)

playing in Australia, it happened that two sharks leaped over the wires in a storm and into the pool. Fishermen failed to catch them and marksmen to shoot them, so the beach had to be closed.

Sir Benjamin Fuller, the Australian theatrical magnate, at one of whose houses we were playing, asked me if it were true that a sea lion could kill a shark. I told him that I had been reliably told so, but had not seen it, though I was willing to risk it. Butt was chosen for the experiment.

A Shark Killer in Action

The sharks ignored her appearance, but not she theirs. When she had her bearings, she declared war. The first shark dived beneath the wide boardwalk built around the top of the inclosure and we did not see the fight, but in less than a minute by my watch the shark floated to the surface, dead.

The battle with the second shark took place in the open where we all could see; the only contest of its kind ever staged in public. The shark splashed and swirled angrily atop the water. Butt kept amidships of the man-eater, and in less time than it takes to type it, dived under and over, biting a mouthful of flabby flesh from the shark's ribs at each revolution. It was as if the shark had been the hub cap and Butt the tire of a rapidly turning automobile wheel, and the impact of the sea lion on the water at each revolution was something like the chug of an engine. In fifty seconds the shark was no more.

The question most often asked me is: "Isn't it cruel to keep seals out of the water for such long periods?" The answer is that the seal by choice spends much of its time on land, and the sea lion more so. The latter rarely is in the water more than four hours of the day; the seal approximately divides its day between the water and the beach.

I have an exercise tank as well as the glass exhibition tank. The water in the former, which is set up backstage in theaters and in our baggage car, is kept at seventy degrees, and the sea lions swim there four or five times a day for half an hour at a time. The water is changed after each swim.

Curiously, sea lions in captivity will not eat live fish, nor will they hunt fish when turned loose in the ocean or lakes. In Madison, Wisconsin, once I tossed live fish into the exercise tank to convince a doubter. They killed the fish but declined to eat them. Instead, I have to buy them iced market fish.

Much of what we speak of as human nature is really animal nature, common to all the species.

Like all actors, or should I say like all the world, my troupers are jealous. They demand individual attention. For example, the animal man must not dump a pail of fish at them, but feed each a fish at a time. At any discrimination a loud protest ensues. They are, moreover, aloof to strangers, and stage hands do well to keep a distance.

I do not know whether it is that sea lions are violent prohibitionists or that liquor merely induces playfulness in stage hands and other bystanders, but all who have been bitten by my charges had been drinking. Glut took a piece out of a stage hand in Montreal who made a bet that he could reach in the cage and pat the nice sea lion on the head and who waited until I had left the theater to try it.

Curiosity Kills the Kangaroo

In the basement of a Chicago theater Glut once killed a meddler—in this case, a kangaroo. The kangaroo and its owner did a boxing act. The latter was leading his sparring partner by a rope backstage at a Monday matinée and the kangaroo insisted on stopping for a look at the sea lion. The proprietor indulged him in his curiosity. I warned the man to keep his charge away from Glut.

"The kangaroo won't 'urt 'im," the Australian assured me. "He's a bit playful, but there's no 'arm in 'im."

"The kangaroo may not hurt him, but he's liable to damage your kangaroo beyond repair," said I.

"What?" laughed the man. "A lot you know about kangaroos. A mule is a 'umming bird compared to a kangaroo, and this 'ere animal can box too. He'll tike care of 'isself."

While he was assuring me, the kangaroo raked the wire off Glut's cage and poked an inquiring head inside. Glut's rubbery neck shot out and his teeth sank into the animal's throat. The kangaroo lay dead with the dumfounded owner still holding the rope.

DRAWN BY R. B. FULLER

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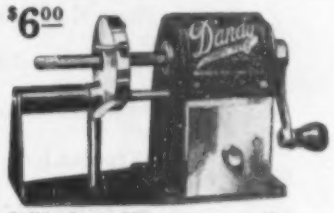

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THE HATS OF YOUTHFUL SMARTNESS

RUINS

(Continued from Page 59)

back to play all the poker I knew and watch everything and everybody. I was confident that the big killing would be made this night. I would be lucky if I lost no more than I had already won, plus the couple of hundred I had originally planned to lose as a matter of education.

But as the evening went on and on, and the spirit of gaming—a reprehensible passion which can ruin lives—more and more took possession of the little group, I was more and more chagrined and baffled. If there was a crook there, I could not spot him. He was too slick for me.

I was astonished, when the party broke up along towards dawn, to perceive that I was about six hundred dollars to the good. And when I got off the ship at Cherbourg, onto the lighter, I was still more astonished to hear one lady point me out to another lady with the following bitter words:

"That man there is a card shark. He's the fellow that won all the money at poker from my husband. It shouldn't be allowed on these ships!"

I suppose I should be generous enough to be glad that someone had his romantic dream fulfilled, even if it were not I.

I never struck back at any of these globe-trotters until the year they all got to sending me pictures of ruins. From June to October I got a counterfeit presentment of everything everywhere that has ever been ruined, at every latitude, longitude and altitude at which ruin can occur. Before the end I began to feel that my soul was just a Sargasso Sea with the derelicts of wrecked hopes floating in it. I got to thinking of myself as being just as ruined as the hero or heroine of a Russian drama, than which there is nothing more so—for Russian art, in some of its aspects, reminds me of an immense, mournful child sitting disconsolately in the back yard of the universe, eating fuzzy worms.

The Wells of Emotion Run Dry

I have—it has often been commented on—a gay surface. But beneath this there are streaks and stripes of melancholy. I can go a certain distance with ruins, and then they begin to depress me. I weep for an hour or two over a picture of the ruins of the Colosseum and feel all the better for my manly tears. I sob over the wreck of somebody's favorite temple that has been left out in the rain at Stonehenge for five thousand years, and feel cleansed and purified by my grief. But there is a limit to my sentimental enjoyment of ruins. I got too many ruins that year—ruins of lost cities in the jungles of Burma, ruins of the last fan flirted by Ninon de Lenclos before she died and became the patron saint of cosmetics, ruins of prehistoric dental work in Cro-Magnon skulls, ruins of plumbing systems junked forty centuries ago in Crete; and finally the world began to seem to me an expiring planet moaning in the immense inanity of empty space.

Before autumn the wells of sympathetic emotion were as dry as a Hollywood garden when the hose breaks. I could look at the picture of a dear little broken doll found in the mummy case of a dear little Egyptian princess only four thousand years old without shedding a tear. By September a post card showing the ruins of the Panama Canal after Richard Halliburton swam it would have extracted nothing more from me than a perfunctory sigh. Mixed with these ruins were jolly little cards showing the Wailing Wall, or the cheerful place where they used to weed out Henry VIII's wives, or some unfortunate mongrel without a gas mask entering the Cave of Dogs. But ruins predominated that year; one felt that the Baedekers and Cooks had got together on it in a sweetly mournful mood and were celebrating something exquisitely desolate.

With a plan for revenge formulating itself in my mind, I went out to look for some ruins of my own to retaliate with. Eventually I found what I was looking for about two-thirds of the way out toward the Montauk end of Long Island.

The Ruins of Motorania

In a weird place in a clearing on top of a hill I came upon a limbo of ruined motor cars. Hundreds of cars were there, waiting to be cracked up for the metal that was in them. Hundreds had already been cracked up. These cars were all dead—long dead. But they were still twisted and contorted by their expiring agonies. The clearing was surrounded by stunted trees, and even the trees seemed to writhe wickedly, torturing and tortured. Weeds nearly as large as the trees grew everywhere about; they even grew in the midst of the broken metal—grew up through it and twisted about it—and they shared its unhappiness. The effect was as pleasant as if one were looking at the snaggle teeth of Cerberus, guardian mutt of Hades, caught amongst his wiry hair in a search for red-hot fleas. There is something about the discarded mechanism that has once been used by humankind, as it loses shape and returns by erosion to its mere chemical elements, that is peculiarly saddening to contemplate. This was a scene of rusty decay and slow, moldering disintegration that wrung my heart, at a glance, as if I had heard profane language from the lips of a little golden-haired girl.

I came upon the scene while a strange ugly sunset light was falling upon it through crevices in malevolent-looking clouds, and the effect of all this crippled and mangled machinery was one of despair and hopelessness and the general breakdown of civilization. To gaze upon it for fifteen minutes was to cease to believe in Santa Claus and the immortality of the soul and the nobler destinies of the human race. To gaze upon it for twenty minutes was to lose all faith that spring would ever come again, bringing the violets and jonquils to earth, or any nightingale sing anywhere in any moonlit arbor. And yet one could not help but gaze; such was the unwholesome hypnotic effect of this picture of desolation that the eye and the mind could not free themselves from its baleful influence. It caught and held the feet of the spirit like sheets of paper made sticky to catch flies.

What I am trying to get across to you is that it was really rather cheerless to look at. Ruins! It looked as ruined as the living room of Satan's apartment after a gin party in Gehenna!

I am not really black-hearted. But I had been pushed pretty far. "Ah!" I said to myself, looking on this grim scene with a grim satisfaction, "they have given me ruins! And I shall hurl ruins back upon them!"

So I had a thousand picture postcards made, and I have been sending them ever since to people who bother me about their travels—usually with some jolly little message written on them, like this: "This is the spot where Cain discovered the circulation of the blood, and Poe wrote The Raven; cross marks the place where the guillotine used to be set up; a view of erysipelas groves in the background. How I wish you could be here."

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INVENTORY

(Continued from Page 44)

it was there, and when it was gone, one could not help noticing that it was gone. The flat was sunny and pleasant and empty, with the shades up and the windows open. March hummed a tune as she pushed back the red-tasseled chair. Probably the chauffeur had carried the tea basket down to the car. Probably the chauffeur had helped him into his coat. Maybe the chauffeur had put on his hard hat for him. Hearts of artichoke, high-powered cars, shows—the idle rich. March curled up her mouth and looked every inch a secretary as she began on the walls. It was great to be a working girl, to have a nice room and a tiled bath and a kitchenette all to oneself, to be making good money and saving up some of it, to have a little list of things which one needed to buy when one could—an electric percolator, new bedroom slippers, a dress—perhaps one of the long ones, perhaps flat crêpe in dark blue, with a rhinestone buckle somewhere, and points on the skirt. It was great to have a job and to be so independent and footfree and unhampered by people, to have an inventory to do, to be able to touch and move and fold beautiful things.

One of the small paintings was a Meissonier. It was a soldier—just a French soldier with a red rag round his head, but amazingly alive, spirited, French. One was a tall, lovely thing of trees, gray green, misty. Could it be a Corot? One was all yellow and terra cotta and sunny; "New Jersey in Autumn. George Inness," it read on the back. March stood with the Inness in her careful hands. March propped the Inness against the wall and knelt before it and looked at it long, and when she turned away from it at last, there were tears in her eyes. Great to be a working girl, a college girl, alone in the world, with one's way to make and one's standards to live up to, and an appreciation of beauty so keen and delicate and extreme that it reached to the very tips of one's fingers. Marvelous to be allowed to work for a time upon a home, among somebody's things, to care for and handle the beauty some woman had loved.

March worked until five that day. The drawing-room was finished when she locked up the flat and went home to her nice room. She bought the percolator on her way home and carried it off under her arm and watched it bubble joyously in her kitchenette, while she scrambled the two eggs for her supper. The percolator was a friendly thing to have about. She missed the percolator when it ceased to bubble. It was cheerful. It made a bit of a noise. It was almost alive, almost like having something alive about the place—a kitten to step on, or a dog to get in one's way. The kitchenette seemed very quiet as March ate her supper. The tinkle of her fork and spoon sounded a little thin. March looked at her hands after she had washed her few dishes—not dirty little hands now, clean, tired, workmanlike. She had never known that people noticed one's hands.

March began on the dining room of the flat the next morning. There was just one great Chinese rug spread over the floor, but the room was furnished complete in mahogany and stuffed with things. An old-fashioned rail running about the walls above the level of March's uplifted eyes held a hundred or so plates—plates from Italy, from England, from Japan, plates from Fifth Avenue, from Quimper, from the five-and-ten, Majolica, Spode, earthenware. March's eyes grew round with the plates as she lifted them down and made out her lists. A cabinet was filled with cut glass and another with Venetian. There were lace covers wherever lace covers could be, and window boxes which were meant for ferns, and two sets of Chinese dinner gongs upon which one might beat, if one wished to, with a stick. There was a beaded curtain which caught at March's hair and pulled it loose, and beyond the dining room was a corridor lined with shelves which were filled with china to the ceiling—dinner sets, breakfast, tea. March snapped on the light here and took a look at the shelves, and snapped off the light again. There were three pairs of curtains to each of the dining-room windows—fine net, rose silk, dark blue velours—to say nothing of the shades. Toward noon, March reached bright daylight and the outer air by a diving, forward, lifting process through billows of curtain, but she got the windows open and let in the sunshine.

She glanced at her wrist watch and leaned to look down at the street. The car stood below. It had just drawn up to the curb. The chauffeur was opening the door. He was lifting out a tea basket. He was waiting for someone to get out. March dove back through the curtains into the room again and stood still. Her hands went to her hair, to her cheeks, to her heart. Her hands were dirty and her hair was a mess and her heart was pounding, but there was nothing to do about it. And it would be too silly not to go to the door.

"Good morning," said Nicholas Everson Dart, looking down at March when she opened the door. "I have brought lunch."

The chauffeur carried in lunch in the tea basket and set lunch in the corner of the dining room indicated by Dart's stick. The chauffeur carried away Mr. Dart's hard hat and topcoat down the hall. The chauffeur found the red-tasseled chair pushed into a corner and carried it into the dining room. Dart sat down in the red-tasseled chair and lighted a cigarette. The chauffeur went back to his car. And March worked on a cabinet of glass.

"I live in Wyoming, you know," said Dart suddenly. "I have fifteen miles out there under wire."

"Wire?" said March.

"Fenced," said Dart. "New York. Europe. Yale. Japan. Wyoming. Have you ever been to Wyoming, Miss Haskell?"

"I have never been anywhere," said March.

"Would you like to go anywhere?"

"It isn't a question of what one would like," said March.

"I thought it was," said Dart. "What is it a question of, Miss Haskell?"

"Of how far one can see ahead of one," said March.

"Can't you see ahead of you as far as Wyoming, Miss Haskell?"

"I haven't looked," said March.

There was a silence. March worked on the glass. Dart sat in his red-tasseled chair and watched her.

"Throw that one out of the window, Miss Haskell," he said at length. "I am getting a little tired of Venetian glass."

"I'm not," said March. "I like Venetian glass. I like china. I like things—shapes, colors, smooth surfaces. This is a beautiful flat."

"Beautiful," said Dart. "You're joking."

"I'm not," said March. "This is a beautiful flat."

"Ghastly old flat."

"It isn't. It's too crowded, of course, but that's only because she lived so long and loved everything so much. She was a darling."

"Who was a darling?"

"Aunt Everson," said March.

There was another silence, and then Dart stood up and walked over to a window. He jerked back the curtains and stood in the sunshine. March had never before seen him in sunshine. March had never before seen him lift a finger.

"Lunching with me today?" he asked abruptly, standing with his back to March, looking out of his window.

"No," said March.

"And why not?" he asked, with his back to March. "We know each other well enough now even for you. All this—this dish business gets people acquainted. Lares-and-penates stuff. It's almost like —— Well, it's domestic."

"It's a homelike flat," admitted March.

"It's a homelike lunch," said Dart. "I'm a homelike person. On acquaintance I grow."

"You shouldn't," said March.

"Why shouldn't I?"

"Mrs. Jerome."

"Mrs. Jerome is not my keeper."

"She's mine."

"Hooey. Stuff and nonsense. You'd be perfect, March, if you weren't so perfect."

"You are not to call me March."

"March. March. March." He turned away from his window and came across the room to her. He stood looking down at the top of her head.

"You're a girl in stained glass, March. You strike an attitude and you stick to it. We like each other a lot, and you know it. Suppose you drop that candlestick and wash your face and powder your nose and come along with me."

"I can't," said March, her head bent above the candlestick.

"Come real, March. Be human. Come along with me."

"Amy Dale," said March.

"What about Amy Dale?"

"Take—her," said March with difficulty.

He stood for a moment in silence, and then, leaning down to her swiftly, he held out his hand. "Give me that candlestick," he said.

March looked up at him. Instinctively she put both hands behind her.

"We don't want a scene, do we?" he said gently. He was as impassive as usual, but he was white. "I could get it away from you in a moment, but I might get rough. Give it to me."

March gave him the candlestick. It was a tall, beautiful thing of Venetian, entwined with a fragile spray of purple and blue morning-glories. For a moment he balanced it carefully in his hand and then lightly, deliberately, he dropped it. It fell close beside March with a tinkle. It smashed. Fragments of white, of blue, of purple lay scattered. He left her sitting there. He carried down the tea basket himself.

At home, March worked late that night. She braided her hair and got into her bathrobe and her shabby bedroom slippers, and copied out all her lists on the typewriter. It was midnight and the lists were up to the minute and perfect before she finished. But she couldn't sleep. Work, like any other drug, fails if you take too much of it.

She reached the first bedroom the next day—the one which had been Aunt Everson's. She worked through the bedroom to a bureau, to a desk. There were piles of letters tied with violet ribbon filed away in the desk, and each pile carried its memorandum in a fine, old handwriting: "From dear little Nicky at school. The spelling not what it should be, but the faithful heart is here." "From poor Nicky in hospital." "From Nicky at Murray Bay." "From Nick in Europe. He still takes time for me." "From Nick at Yale. Grown-up, mannered, a little spoiled, but my dearly beloved. More to me than a son." There was a pile of letters tied up in blue ribbon. "From my great-niece Grace Dart Jerome, who does not write often. Why should she?"

There was a shabby, leather-bound little book in the desk, which fell open in March's careful hands to a place where several sentences were heavily underlined:

> The generation of the upright shall be blessed.
>
> Wealth and riches shall be in his house. . . . He is gracious, and full of compassion, and righteous. . . . The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance.

Folded into this page of the book was Nick's diploma.

No one came to the flat that day. March was working from a high stepladder in the corridor filled with china on the day he brought Amy Dale. The bell didn't ring, but she heard voices in the drawing-room and came down off her ladder. March

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PEARLTEX PEN

looked like the ghost of a girl as she stood for a moment in the drawing-room doorway. They didn't see her. They didn't bother to look. Nick's arm was around Amy's shoulders.

"Is this the flat where you make love to the secretary?" asked Amy Dale idly, looking about her.

"I don't make love to the secretary. This is just a funny old flat filled with junk, Amy."

"What is junk?" asked Amy Dale. "Where is the secretary?"

"I'm not the secretary's keeper. Look at the piano, Amy. What do you see on the piano?"

"You tell me," said Amy comfortably, "what I see on the piano."

"You see me on the piano, Amy. Enthroned. All ages, sizes, moods of me. She could swallow me whole, Amy. She could think of me—well, as a sort of son."

"What a bore," said Amy. "Old ladies. Let's go somewhere nice, Nick."

"Oh, now that we're here, shan't we look through? Don't you want to see my things, Amy?"

"Your secretary?"

"She isn't my secretary."

"We will look through until we come to your secretary," said Amy, "and then we will go somewhere nice."

March fled down the hall from them. She ran into the first bedroom—Aunt Everson's bedroom—and looked at her white face in the glass and didn't recognize it and turned away. She wanted to scream, to run, to hide. She wanted to get away, to escape. She wanted to find her safe, patterned, lonely, stiff little life again, to lose herself in it, to drug herself with it, to be a girl in stained glass again, striking an attitude and sticking to it. She wanted help—something to take away this choked feeling in her throat—this hot, sick feeling in her breast—something to block off, to anæsthetize this pain.

Like a ghost of herself, March fled ahead of them through the flat, pursued by their voices, their footsteps, their casual approach. Her hair caught in the beaded curtain. Her dress caught in the swinging door. Things got in her way. She stumbled over things. Reality got in her way and caught at her and tripped her up. Her stained glass was smashed. It lay in fragments about her.

March was high up on her ladder when they came into the corridor filled with china. March was making out her lists. She was at work as usual, or so she seemed to be. Amy Dale pushed through the swinging door first and stood still, looking up. March, from the top of her ladder, looked down.

"You're the secretary," said Amy Dale at once. "What are you doing up there?"

"I'm March Haskell," said March, "and I'm doing my work. You're Amy Dale, aren't you? What are you doing down there?"

Amy Dale's sleepy eyes widened ever so slightly. Her pretty mouth fell a little open.

"I'm looking at you," said Amy Dale. "Because everybody says than you're so good."

"I'm not good," said March.

"Everybody says that you're so beautiful."

"I'm not beautiful," said March.

"Does Nick make love to you?"

"He would if I'd let him," said March.

"Why don't you let him? Don't you like him?"

"A man who doesn't lift a finger," said March, breathless, taut, white. "Who sits in a red-tasseled chair and lets a girl struggle—lets her fetch and carry ——"

"That's your job," said Amy Dale. "That's his line. He can't help that. That's his game."

"Games! Games! When there's work to do in the world?"

"What work?" asked Amy Dale.

The swinging door pushed open again and March looked down at Nick, into his uplifted gray eyes, into his impassive young face.

"So you've found her, Amy," said Nick. "That's the way she looks when she's working. What do you think of her, Amy? Beautiful, isn't she?"

"Her hair is coming down," said Amy.

"It always comes down," said Nick. "It gets in the way of her work, so she pushes it back and wrecks it. She pushes back anything that gets in the way of her work and wrecks it. Work and independence and not letting herself go are her standards of perfection, and you've got to measure up to them, Amy; you've even got to top them a little or you're sunk. She despises you. . . . How do you like her eyes?"

"I don't like them," said Amy.

"Neither do I like them," said Nick. "I adore them. When she looks at me with those eyes of hers, I drink them up."

"Nobody can drink up a girl's eyes," said Amy contemptuously.

"I can," said Nick. "I do. . . . How do you like her red mouth, Amy?"

"It curls up too much," said Amy.

"Doesn't it?" said Nick. "That's because she despises us, Amy. We are the idle rich. We don't move pianos and dig holes for telephone poles and swear and spit. We aren't brawny sons of toil. We're just the lace sewn to the edges of life, and she doesn't care for lace."

"I do," said Amy, "but it doesn't launder very well. It tears."

"We don't launder well, Amy," said Nick. "We tear. I'm torn up myself and thrown away. . . . How do you like her silence, Amy?"

"I don't like it," said Amy.

"I do," said Nick. "And I like that white, exhausted look she has. And the way her hands are gripping that ladder. I'm beginning to think, Amy, that the girl can feel. Do you suppose she is feeling anything at the moment, Amy?"

"I don't know," said Amy, "and I don't care. I'm bored. I hate this stuffy old flat. It's in the wrong neighborhood, and you walk up two flights, and when you've walked up, what do you get? You can't expect me to live here, Nick."

"I'm going to live here, Amy," said Nick. "It's my stuffy old flat where I used to be given birthday parties and eat myself to death. I've always had a room here. It's always been my New York home. It—it suits me, Amy."

"It doesn't suit me," said Amy. "For my New York home I want black marble and mirrors and fountains and things. I want my chairs so low to the floor that I can lie down in them comfortably. And I want gray plush for my bedspreads. And I want everything very stark."

"What do you want for your Wyoming home, Amy?"

"I'm not going to have any Wyoming home," said Amy. "Just now I want my lunch. I want an omelet with chicken livers, and a green salad and a cream roll. And after my lunch I want to go home and sleep. I'm tired. I'm bored. I have dust up my nose from this horrid old flat."

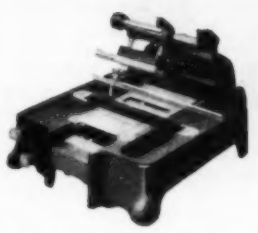
March came down off her ladder when they left. She fled. She tore through the flat, picking up her jacket and purse as she went, bundling her hair up anyhow under her hat. She had to get away from the flat, from her lists of things, from Aunt Everson's brooding, loving possession, from Nick's hot, hurt, gray eyes.

March lunched that day at her university club with Edith Jenkins and talked about Edith Jenkins' boss. Once or twice March tried weakly to talk about other things—serious, important things—but Edith Jenkins' boss was quite serious and important enough for Edith Jenkins.

"The crab," Edith Jenkins called him relentlessly.

March went to a movie that afternoon, and fled away from her movie and rode on a bus, and fled away from her bus and walked back to her room. She called up Jane Spring, but Jane Spring was swearing at life and working late. So March sat down in her room and rocked. She took a leisurely hot bath and a manicure. She made herself a

(Continued on Page 193)



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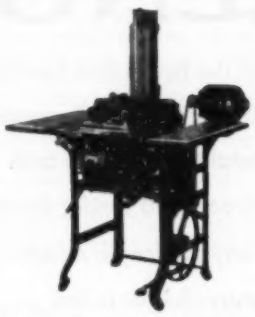

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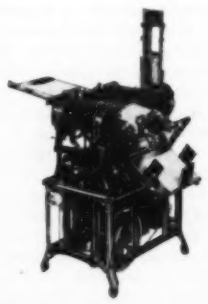

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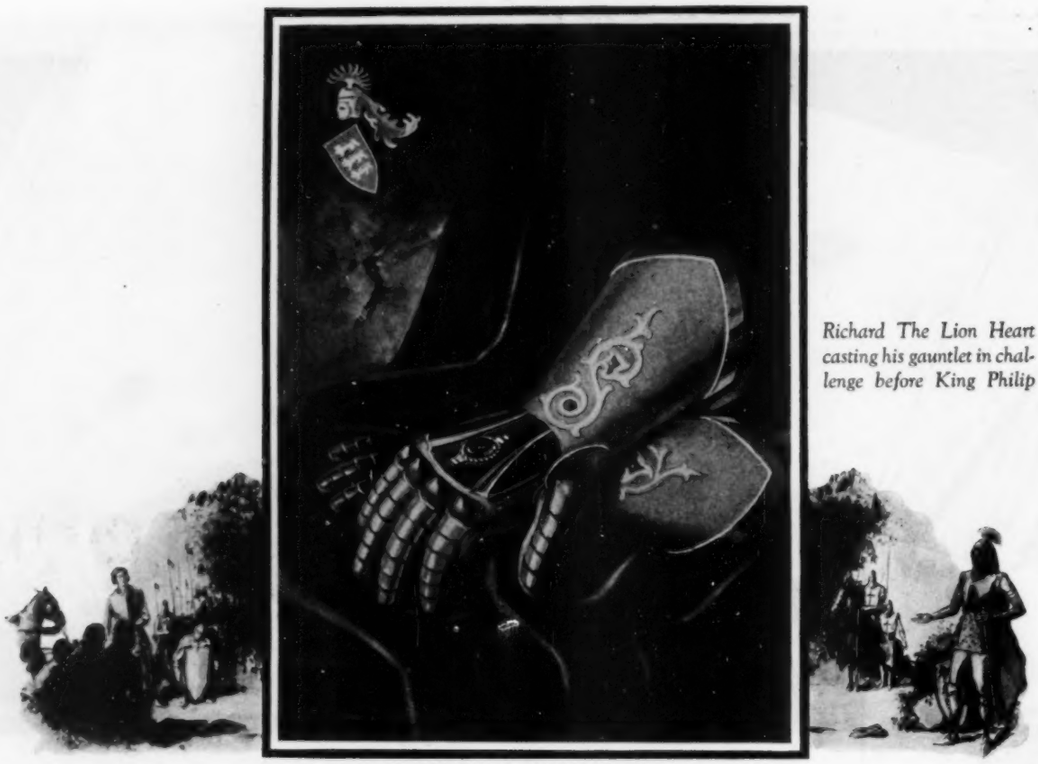

Richard The Lion Heart casting his gauntlet in challenge before King Philip

Gauntlets of Richard, painted by Ludwig Gassner

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(Continued from Page 190)

nice little supper and tried to eat. After her supper she sat for a time in her room, but by nine o'clock she was back at the flat.

The flat was pretty and gay and old-fashioned with the lights turned on. Most of the lamp shades were of silk, and rose-colored and flounced. They made the flat look all dressed up and filled with ladies in ruffled skirts—bright ladies just getting ready to dance.

March wandered through the flat like a ghost—a pale, distraught, idle little ghost of a working girl; for she hadn't come back to the flat to work. She had come back because she couldn't stay away.

She sat for a while in Aunt Everson's bedroom, and then she walked down the hall to the locked room. March had thought a great deal about the locked room. She had known that it must be important, for nothing else in the flat was locked. March had dreaded the locked room, had avoided it, had kept sedulously away from it, but tonight she meant to open the door and go boldly into the locked room and lay, if need be, its ghost. The flat seemed to be filled with ghosts tonight, in spite of the gay lamps, the brightness. The flat seemed to be filled with shadows.

March's fingers were cold as she ran over her keys and tried them in the locked door. Her fingers were like ice. For this must have been Nick's room. He could have had no other. March felt, had felt from the beginning, that in this room might lie the explanation of Nick, the justification of Nick for which she instinctively, feverishly searched, which she must find, which she must have. The door came open easily enough, but when she pushed it back there seemed to be an obstruction behind it. March found the light switch and the room stood forth, and it was just a hospital room—bare of ornament, whitewashed, empty of everything except the hospital bed, and a table with wheels, and a straight chair, and some queer apparatus in the far corner. The room had been made as like a hospital room as possible for someone who was sick, who would be sick for a long time, who wanted to come home. March pushed back the door impatiently, but it would not yield; so she looked behind it to see what might be there, and at first what she saw meant nothing to her, for it was just a wheeled chair—the kind with rubber-tired wheels which one pushes with one's hands—and just a pair of crutches leaning handily beside it against the wall. And then everything which had been hidden, which had been locked, shadowed, stood forth with a clarity so terrible that she staggered away from it. She caught at the table to steady herself. She leaned upon the table heavily with both hands. Nick! Aunt Everson's Nick, with the crook to his mouth and his air of weary grandeur, with his tea baskets, his swift talk, his unflinching, inexorable pose. Aunt Everson's "poor little Nicky in hospital," her "dearly beloved," more to her than a son. The chauffeur's Nick—"It's the only chair for you in the place, sir." Even Amy Dale's Nick—"He can't help that. That's his line. That's his game."

March leaned hard on the table, for she was trembling. After a while she slipped down beside the table to the floor. She leaned back against the table with her eyes shut, but she saw scarlet, she saw pain—months of it, years of it. She saw terrible struggle, perseverance, endurance. She saw courage, not the spectacular flare which carries a man, shouting, over the top, but cold, day-in-and-day-out, month-in-and-month-out, plodding courage. "We don't dig holes for telephone poles. We aren't brawny sons of toil. She despises us, Amy." March leaned against the table with her eyes shut, and wanted to crawl off somewhere and die.

When she heard the door open and footsteps come down the hall, she didn't do anything, for what was there to do? Everything was so hopeless.

Everything—if there had ever been anything—was over. He came into the room and looked down at her. She could feel him looking, could feel his hesitation, his decision. He sat down beside her on the floor.

"I limp," he said. "When I'm tired I limp a good deal. You must have noticed the—the limp."

She tried to say that she hadn't noticed, but her throat was so tight and queer that she couldn't say anything.

"But I can ride," he said. "I ride a lot in Wyoming. Can you ride, March?"

"No," said March. "I can't ride."

"I can play golf. I can dance, but not very well. But I'm quite strong—better than anything we ever expected or hoped or dreamed."

"We? You and Aunt Everson?"

"Yes. My old girl. . . . This room was our battle ground. We fought it here together. She was beyond words superb, March. Nothing too difficult or terrible or impossible. It was meningitis. I've wanted you to know, but I couldn't tell you myself. I've—I've never been able to talk about it. So I asked Grace to have you do the inventory and I've hung about. You've—you've looked at me so often, March. You're sure you didn't see the—the limp?"

"I didn't see anything but you," said March.

There was a pause. He took one of her hands in his and held it, felt the little bones of it, kissed it.

"May I kiss your hair, March?" he asked.

"If you like," said March.

So he kissed her hair. Her hair was soft and fine and fragrant. He murmured something inarticulate as he kissed her hair, but she couldn't hear what it was. Then, putting an arm about her suddenly, he pulled her close. He held her to him. He was rough, almost violent.

"See," he said, "I'm strong, March. I could hurt you if I liked. If I hurt you, March, would you shrink away from me?"

"Nothing could make me shrink away from you," said March.

There was a short silence, and then he began again: "May I kiss your mouth, March? I've longed to. May I?"

"Yes," said March.

So he kissed her mouth. Roughly, violently, over and over again. Then he pushed her away. He held her off at arm's length like a doll.

"You love me a little, don't you, March?" he said looking at her, his eyes hot, hurt, defiant. "But not enough to marry me—a lame man—to live with the lame man here, to live with him in Wyoming."

"Anywhere," said March.

That shook him. For he hadn't been quite prepared; he hadn't until this moment really begun to hope.

"I've been through hell, March," he said. "I'm seared, scorched, broken. Can you put up with it, March?"

"Anything," said March.

He looked at her as if he could never get enough. He adored her with his eyes. He looked at her as if she were set far up above him in a place that was dim and cool and quiet, set high above him in stained glass. But ——

"You—you mended the candlestick," was what he said. "Why did you mend it, darling?"

"I thought the dear might like her poor candlestick mended," said March.

"What—what dear?"

"Aunt Everson," said March.

AMERICAN BUSINESS AND BUSINESS MEN

(Continued from Page 40)

"The earnings of the corporation cannot be construed as profits to the Government," is the final word of the liquidating committee, "because a computation in this connection must take into account the cost of the money to the Treasury, which furnished all the capital of the corporation. If the Treasury had not been called upon to supply funds to the corporation, its current borrowings in the market on the basis of interest-bearing obligations, of course, would have been correspondingly less. Taking all factors into account, it is estimated that when the business of the corporation is finally liquidated the Treasury will have been reimbursed for its purchase of the capital stock of the corporation and, in addition, for the approximate cost of the funds furnished by the Government. In other words, the loaning operations of the corporation will have been conducted substantially at cost to the Government."

It may be recalled that the corporation was permitted to charge interest on its loans at 1 per cent above the prevailing rediscount rate. This accounted for some of the income. Capitol Hill would grow nervous if it thought a profit was made out of agricultural loans. As a matter of fact, the cost of making and administering the agricultural and livestock loans of the corporation was considerably greater than that of the other business done, so that agricultural transactions just about washed out even.

So far as is known, this is the first time, however, that a government institution has actually cared enough about the cost of money used in operations to carry it as a charge. Again and again opponents of government entry into business have said that due regard should be given to the fact that the Government can borrow money more cheaply than private enterprise or that it does not figure the cost of borrowings or taxes, which must be borne by private industry.

In the case of the record made by the War Finance Corporation there is another question which never can be answered conclusively. For a decade Eugene Meyer, Jr., gave all his time and energies to the direction of the War Finance Corporation. The Government paid him a salary of $12,000 a year. His income in private business was many hundreds of thousands of dollars a year. To put it another way, government extension of financial aid for emergencies has been successfully carried out, a $500,000,000 loan has been repaid in full, but it took volunteers out of the world of private finance to perform the miracle.

* * * * * * * * *

They tell a story in New York which to this day has the delicate aspect that one of the principals in it may not be aware of the part he played in circumventing fate. When the disturbance last October sent many an industry into a mad rush to make instant economies, a board of strategy sat around in one of the largest of America's corporations and calmly calculated how much money it could save by lopping off the heads of a few top executives. The difficult task of notifying said top executives was left to one of the members of that board of efficiency. He approached the first of his victims.

"You know," he began falteringly, "we must economize ——"

He got no farther. The vice president upon whom he called began to talk a blue streak. He had been thinking of the same thing for several days. He drew from his desk a long list of such changes. He had worked out all the economies he could think of and they amounted to even more than the board of strategy had dreamed of. Gratefully the would-be hangman accepted the suggestions and put them into effect. Today there is an even friendlier attitude among the members of the board toward the vice president who showed his colleagues really how to make economies.

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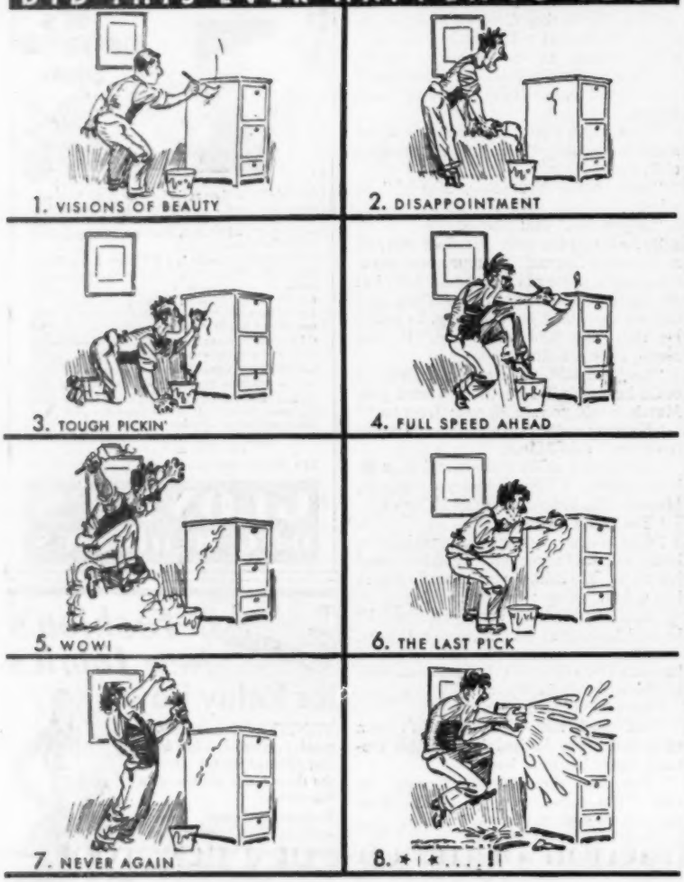

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DEAL ME OUT

(Continued from Page 56)

When a marked deck dropped into a game there would be a moment's silence, and then someone would laugh and say: "Let's have a new deck." Which was sufficient warning to whoever owned the cards that no crude chiseling was going to get by. But only the guy who sorted them knew the small irregularities of manufacture—the varying angles at which the crisscross lines struck the corners—that rendered their backs as legible as their faces to Mickey's experienced eyes. Crooked? Cheating? The ethics of the gambling business were seldom discussed by Mickey or Hymie Blotz or the Big Shot. If the subject came up, one of them might quietly remark that poker and bridge and other card games were tests of skill in which fall guys should not compete with experts; and if they did, well, it was too bad, but they might lose their cabbage in a hurry—even more quickly than they might lose it in some Wall Street bucket shop.

Mickey began to deal an imaginary game. His half-closed eyes apparently saw little, but in reality they instantaneously photographed the back of the top card as each pasteboard left his hand. When he wanted the top card in a certain spot, although a close observer might deny the fact, he'd deal the second card until he came to the desired hand, and then he'd deal the top one off. When the fifth card had been dealt to each of four imaginary players and himself, Mickey laid the deck down with a bored yawn and flipped the hands over. The man on his left had three tens, the next had three queens, the next hand was a straight, the fourth had a small full house, and Mickey had four aces. It was a nice betting arrangement.

Mickey swept the cards together and gave them what appeared to be as thorough a shuffling as any deck, manipulated by a superstitious dealer intent on changing his luck, ever received. He cut them three or four times, then placed them flat on the table and cut the deck again. That the hand is quicker than the eye is no erroneous maxim. To follow the skilled intricacies of Mickey's shuffling and dealing would require a book. Suffice it to say that on the second deal Mickey held four aces again, three of which he obtained on the draw, made to one ace and a three spot. That vague, uncomfortable feeling—worry about the future—dropped away from Mickey as he sat there, his mind and hands intent on the fascinating slither of the pasteboards.

Mickey scrawled his name on the register of the finest Los Angeles hostelry, and asked for an outside room with bath. The clerk shot a look that took in Mickey's one-hundred-and-forty-dollar suit, thirty-dollar hat and six-dollar tie, and instinctively reached for a key in the eighteen-dollar-a-day section.

Mickey idled around his room for a while, wondering if he should call Tony Perna, and what he should do to kill the endless days that stretched ahead. So far, Mickey's trip had been a very doleful affair. The few items specified on Doc Feretti's rigid diet list had long ago begun to taste like sawdust. Total abstinence from cigars, alcohol and gambling had worn Mickey's nerves to a frazzle. Time and again he had been tempted to throw up the whole show and go on back home. He was lonely for the bustle of New York and the gang, and he had been surprised when the realization swept over him that most of all he missed Sadie and Michael Polk, Junior, aged eight.

While Mickey was thinking these things, one Wally Dunn, enterprising gatherer of news for the Los Angeles Evening Blurb, quickly ran down the signatures of newly registered guests at the hotel. Wally paused at "Michael Polk, N. Y.," whistled softly a moment, and with an air of utter unconcern strolled off toward the telephone booths. In less than a minute he had his erstwhile fellow administrator of the fourth estate and all-time pal, Freddy Barnes, Director of Publicity at the Superb Motion Picture Studios, on the phone. If Wally expected a story from Freddy he was sadly disappointed, for no sooner had he given the name of the hotel and said "Mike Polk just registered" than Freddy dropped the phone and bolted from his office. He raced across the Superb lot and burst unceremoniously into a sacred sanctum labeled: Sime Eppus, President.

Not long thereafter, Mickey's phone rang. "Freddy Barnes?" he said. "I never heard of him. He wants to see me? Send him up."

Mickey was so lonely that he'd gladly have welcomed the opportunity to talk to a minister or a cop. He smiled agreeably as Freddy entered the room, introduced himself, and sat down.

"Mr. Polk," said Freddy, "we're certainly glad to see you in Los Angeles. Mr. Eppus sent me down here to see what we could do to make you happy." Freddy handed Mickey an envelope. "Here's cards to most of the clubs in town and out at the beach. Mr. Eppus has a suite right in this hotel. The secret number is Sierra 31. If you want anything, just call his man and he'll bring it right up."

"Eppus?" said Mickey. "Eppus?"

"Eppus," said Freddy, firmly, "President, Superb Pictures."

Mickey suddenly understood. "Well," he said, "it certainly was nice of the Big Shot to let Mr. Eppus know that I was com——"

Freddy waved his hand. "Not at all. Our pleasure, I assure you." He leaned forward and tapped Mickey confidentially on the knee. "Mr. Eppus and his friends are throwing a little poker party in his suite tonight about nine o'clock. Just fun. He'd be mighty glad to have you there."

Mickey's promise to Doc Feretti held steady for an instant, wabbled, and tumbled to defeat as the imaginary feel of the cards in his hands swept the loneliness away. He smiled. Just fun. That wasn't really gambling.

"That'll be swell," he said. "Will Tony Perna be there?"

"He might be," said Freddy. "I don't know. He will be unless something else is on." Freddy knew Tony Perna by name only, but he had his orders and he wasn't overlooking any bets. He rose to go. "Just call a boy when you're ready, and he'll show you where the place is," he said. They shook hands again.

After some mental debate, Mickey decided that he would not wear his tuxedo. He also decided that the Big Shot had figured that as long as Mickey wasn't going to do any business during his visit to the West Coast, Sime Eppus and his crowd would be nice for him to play around with. The Big Shot knew a lot of people like Eppus, and he certainly was one thoughtful, regular guy. He wondered what sort of game it would be. For one brief instant he was tempted to try to introduce, via bell boy, a brand-new and resealed carton of his own specially selected cards into Mr. Eppus' abode. He dismissed the idea. It was too risky to start fooling around without dependable help who were in the know.

The luxuriously furnished living room of Sime Eppus' suite was fairly well filled with smoke, men—most of whom had glasses in their hands—and chatter, as Mickey Polk entered. The chatter abruptly died, as if someone had said: "Sh-h-h! Here comes the king!" Eppus—a short, round little man with a big head—bustled forward.

"Mr. Polk, it's a pleasure," he said.

The others—Superb executives and directors, and Lou Le Brun, the star—eyed Mickey with quick, furtive glances of appraisal and were very cordial.

Eppus pulled out a chair at the white-flannel-covered table. There was a stack of chips in front of each place. The others

(Continued on Page 197)

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PLAY SUITS

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(Continued from Page 194)

found seats. Mickey refused cigars and drinks, proffered by a quiet Filipino.

"The usual game," said Eppus. "You each got twenty-five?"

Mickey fingered his chips. "Twenty-five what?" he said.

"Twenty-five g.," said the man on his left.

"I forgot, Mr. Polk," said Eppus. "I better explain. We always play the same. Stud or draw, dealer's choice, table stakes. The dealer antes ten dollars. You can declare twenty-five back of your stack at any time. Just write an I O U. I keep the bank. We settle by check tomorrow. Okay?"

"It's a nice little game," said Mickey.

"Aw," said Eppus, "we play wide open, but it's just for fun."

Mickey smiled. "Lend me a pencil," he said. "I declare twenty-five back."

Eppus flipped the cards around, face up. A man across the table named Bernstein caught the first jack and the deal. Mickey knew that picture people made plenty, but for him a game of this size could never be anything but strictly business. He wasn't worried. He'd been in big games before, played them close to his vest, and come out all right. Even with his cabbage in front of him, a guy might not make a real bet all night if he played good poker.

A hush fell over the tables as Bernstein started to deal. Mickey carelessly laid his left hand flat on the table, palm up, and flicked a signal with his thumb. Nobody answered the signal, so Mickey decided that he was alone. It was silly for two smart guys to buck each other, when working together and dividing later on was so much easier. Mickey swiftly scrutinized the back of each card as it fell. They were V backs, unmarked. The game seemed to be on the level all right.

"Mr. Polk," said Eppus, "of course, we never met you before, but we've heard a lot about you."

"This is my first trip out here," said Mickey easily. "It was swell of the Big Shot to let you know."

Eppus blinked twice, swallowed his Adam's apple, and then beamed at Mickey. "I guess you're out here to arrange for the talkies in your vodeville houses, eh?"

Mickey hesitated. He knew right away that they had him mixed up with the other M. Polk. He picked up his hand and shuffled it, face down. For an instant he was tempted to explain, but the hunger for poker quickly smothered the temptation. And then suddenly he realized that this one game might put him on Easy Street, that he was in the spot that he'd always longed for—playing poker with big-money babies for fun. His hands trembled slightly and he licked his lips.

"I never owned a theater in my life," he said. A laugh ran around the table.

Eppus laughed too. He decided that this guy Polk wasn't so dumb. No, sir, he was a smart fella, even if he didn't know that the Polk Theaters were a vital element in Superb's plan of expansion. Eppus mentally added 20 per cent to the offer that he was going to make Mickey as soon as a good opportunity presented itself.

"You really ought to tie in with pictures, Mr. Polk," said Bernstein.

"Will you star me?" asked Mickey. They laughed again.

"That's right," said Eppus admiringly. "You look around, Mr. Polk. But come see me before you make a deal. And look out for that Globe crowd. They'd gyp the pennies off a dead man's eyes."

"They won't gyp me," said Mickey.

Everything was easy and friendly after that. It irritated Mickey slightly that none of the players seemed to take their poker very seriously. They were always talking about some star, or production costs, or a story they were lining up, or some sick picture and how they were going to make it well, or what some horse opera he'd never heard of had done in its first week at the Superb Theater in Kalamazoo. Every now and then he had to remind one of them to deal or ante or something like that. And every now and then he'd get so interested in some of their conversation that his own mind would wander away from cards and chips. For a brief instant Mickey wished that he, too, had a business that he could talk about.

The game ran along evenly enough for a while, with little money changing hands. The first action came when Bernstein's three tens tangled with three queens held by Mr. Eppus. On the very next hand, Jimmy Mannix filled an inside straight against Bernstein's aces up, and Bernstein took out a new set of money. Bernstein hurled the cards across the room with an oath and the Filipino quietly deposited a new deck on the table. Mickey was sorry to see the cards go—by dint of an active and skilled thumb he had finally just about succeeded in identifying most of them from the back.

"You keep that up, Sime," said Bernstein, "and you'll hafta give me a raise."

The game began to get better then, but it was almost midnight before Mickey got a play. Eppus opened. Mickey stayed with a four-card straight, queen high, open at both ends. Mannix stayed.

Bernstein tossed in three blue chips. "Going up," he said.

Eppus stayed. Mickey stayed. Mannix raised Bernstein's hundred and fifty to five hundred. They all stayed.

On the draw Eppus took one card. Mickey drew one and filled his straight with a king. Mannix took three. Bernstein took two. Eppus checked. Mickey bet the size of the pot—twenty-five hundred dollars. Mannix dropped a pair of aces. Bernstein lifted Mickey five g. Eppus dropped. Mickey considered the situation. Bernstein must have drawn to threes. He either had a full house or was trying to make his threes stand up, figuring that Mickey had drawn to two pair and had not helped them. He glanced at Bernstein. Bernstein's face had a set expression, as if he were worried or bluffing. Mickey called. Bernstein turned over a heart flush.

"All pink," he said. "I drew to three hearts."

Mickey felt foolish as he tossed his straight into the discard. What sort of game was this? The others were talking idly to one another. Apparently they saw nothing unusual in raising before the draw on three hearts or paying five hundred to draw to them. This wasn't poker. This was murder.

"Just luck," said Mickey consolingly, to himself. His original stack was half gone.

Mickey won a few small pots as the game wore on, and lost a few others. The room was blue with smoke. The faces of the players were flushed, eyes reflected the glitter of many highballs and fingers nervously played with chips. Yet there was an air of relaxation and pleasure around the table that Mickey had never felt in a big game before. "These people don't seem to care whether they win or lose," he thought; "they act like it wasn't for keeps." He wondered how the other M. Polk would have fitted in with this crowd. He was proud of himself for getting away with it so easily, but for the first time in his life he felt slightly uncertain and unsure of himself at a gambling table. He longed for a drink or the soothing comfort of one of Eppus' black cigars, but steeled himself to continued self-denial. Doc Feretti would slay him if he ever heard about this.

Mickey grew even more uncertain when they began dealing an occasional hand of deuces or one-eyed jacks wild, or Down the River, or Spit in the Ocean. He was there as a guest and he couldn't very well say anything. So, when somebody dealt one of those silly feminine games, he dropped as soon as he could. Mickey would no sooner get a few of the big cards identified than someone would try to change his luck by throwing the deck away. And several times on his deal, when after much effort he got the boat loaded with a nice betting arrangement, some of them would be looking out the window and others would be so interested in their business troubles that they wouldn't even give him a call. Mickey was

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Dear Prize Man: How may I earn prizes and cash?
Name..... Age.....
Street.....
City..... State.....
(Have one of your parents sign the following statement.)
I shall be glad to have my son take advantage of your business training.
.....
(Parent)

about twenty thousand down when he bought his second stack. Mannix promptly took half of it by topping Mickey's pat flush with four treys. Mickey felt sick.

Eppus dealt a hand of five-card draw. Mickey was worried. They'd take his roll if his luck got any worse. But it was just luck. There was nothing to do but play them tight and hope that a big pot would jerk him out of the red. He wished they wouldn't talk about business so much. He shuffled his hand, spread the cards so that the corners showed under the top one, and looked at them. He had three queens, an ace and a deuce. He opened the pot for fifty. Everyone stayed around to Eppus. Mickey's thumb marks told him that Eppus had an ace, and that one other ace was across the table in Mannix's hand. Eppus made it three hundred to draw cards. Mickey stayed. Two men dropped. Mannix stayed. Bernstein tilted it a grand. Eppus stayed. So did Mickey. He wasn't worried, even if it did look like Eppus and Bernstein had him across a family barrel. He was sure that he had had the best hand going in. Mannix stayed. There was about six grand in the pot. Eppus drew to three cards. One of them was the ace. Mickey drew two cards to his three queens and caught an eight and a nine. Mannix looked at his one-card draw and irritably threw his hand away. Bernstein drew one and didn't look very happy. Mickey checked. Bernstein checked.

"Well," said Eppus kiddingly, "looks like you boys are afraid of me." He bet two g. Mickey raised him a hundred as a teaser. Bernstein just called. Mickey figured him for two pair. Eppus saw Mickey's hundred and bet the size of the pot in addition, just as Mickey had figured he would. Mickey drew a deep breath. There was almost twenty-five g. in the pot. Mickey was certain that Eppus had drawn to a pair and an ace. Eppus might have caught threes or even fours, but his own three queens were almost tops. He studied the backs of Eppus' cards. He felt sure that Bernstein would drop. He glanced at Eppus' face. For the first time that evening there was a set expression on it. Eppus had been bluffing all evening and his expression had never changed before. Mickey suddenly remembered that Bernstein had looked like that after catching two cards to a three flush. He wondered if it were a special motion-picture look. An unreasoning conviction began to creep into Mickey that Eppus had him beat. He wanted to flip his I O U out from under his chips and toss it into the pot, but his hand just trembled and did not move. Thoughts went through his mind. A bunch of amateurs were beating him at his own racket. They were talking about Adele Allaire. This wasn't poker; this was just fun. Will the Big Shot stand a touch by wire? . . . Sadie and Michael Polk, Junior, aged eight. . . . Doc Feretti. . . . You're just a shell, and a smart boy is bluffing you. If he's got you beat, your cabbage is gone. Mickey wondered what he would do if he went broke. The others were talking about some pal of theirs now. The words came clearly to Mickey's ears. Apparently they had walked slow behind the pal quite recently.

"He'd be going good today if he'd done like the doctor said, but he never took any care of himself—up all night, every night; livin' at high speed under a constant strain. Just a swell playboy, an' a gamblin' fool. Why, he'd bet you that black was white, and make you believe it. Too bad he couldn't quit."

Mickey felt quite faint.

"Well," said Eppus, "you goin' to give me a call?"

Mickey's cards fell from trembling fingers. He rubbed a shaking hand over a moist forehead. "I drop," he said. Bernstein dropped.

Eppus very deliberately turned over two fours, an ace, a seven and a nine, and raked the pot toward him. Mickey stared thoughtfully at the cards as the certainty that he'd been well bluffed sank into his mind. Mannix laughed.

All zest for poker ebbed out of Mickey. He got slowly to his feet. "Deal me out," he said quietly.

The others said good night and kidded Mickey and were sympathetic about his tough luck.

Mickey was very thoughtful the next morning. He felt heavy and old, and he wished that Sadie were there to talk to him. After breakfast he wrote out a check that cut his bank roll pretty thin and sent it to Eppus' suite. Then he sat there, looking out over the streets, thinking the whole thing over. The spot that he had always been looking for had been handed up on a silver platter, and he'd muffed it. There was a growing fear in his mind that his nerve might curl up on him the next time he sat at a poker table too. And they'd been nice to him just to grab his theaters for talkies? That was a laugh. The thought gripped Mickey's mind. He wondered if, like Sadie had said, he could make the grade and be happy in some legitimate racket.

Suddenly he leaped to the phone and called Tony Perna. So it was Tony Perna that introduced Mickey to Ace Realty, the highest-powered dirt dealers in L. A. Mickey's split commission from the Polk Theaters-Superb Pictures deal went right back into the Ace Realty business less the chunk that bought the swell little home overlooking the blue Pacific, that Sadie and Michael Polk, Junior, aged eight, picked out. Sime Eppus is still wondering who it was in his organization that leaked and tipped a bunch of smarties like Ace Realty off to the fact that Superb just about had to have the Polk chain for first-run releases, which, with the agent's cut and all, made him pay almost twice the steal price that he had figured on.

ART, OR YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU LIKE

(Continued from Page 52)

plays the radio softly, which helps to make "the washes go on smoothly." If friends come in, she continues to draw while talking to them. A taxicab is announced at six. And so to the Grand Central Station.

Now, this sounds very soft. But there is one thing to bear in mind, and that is that this woman works twelve hours a day, and most Sundays, and has not had even a two weeks' vacation for several summers.

One young man—a fabulously successful artist—works from noon until three o'clock in the morning, and then often his wife has to go and drag him out of a working trance.

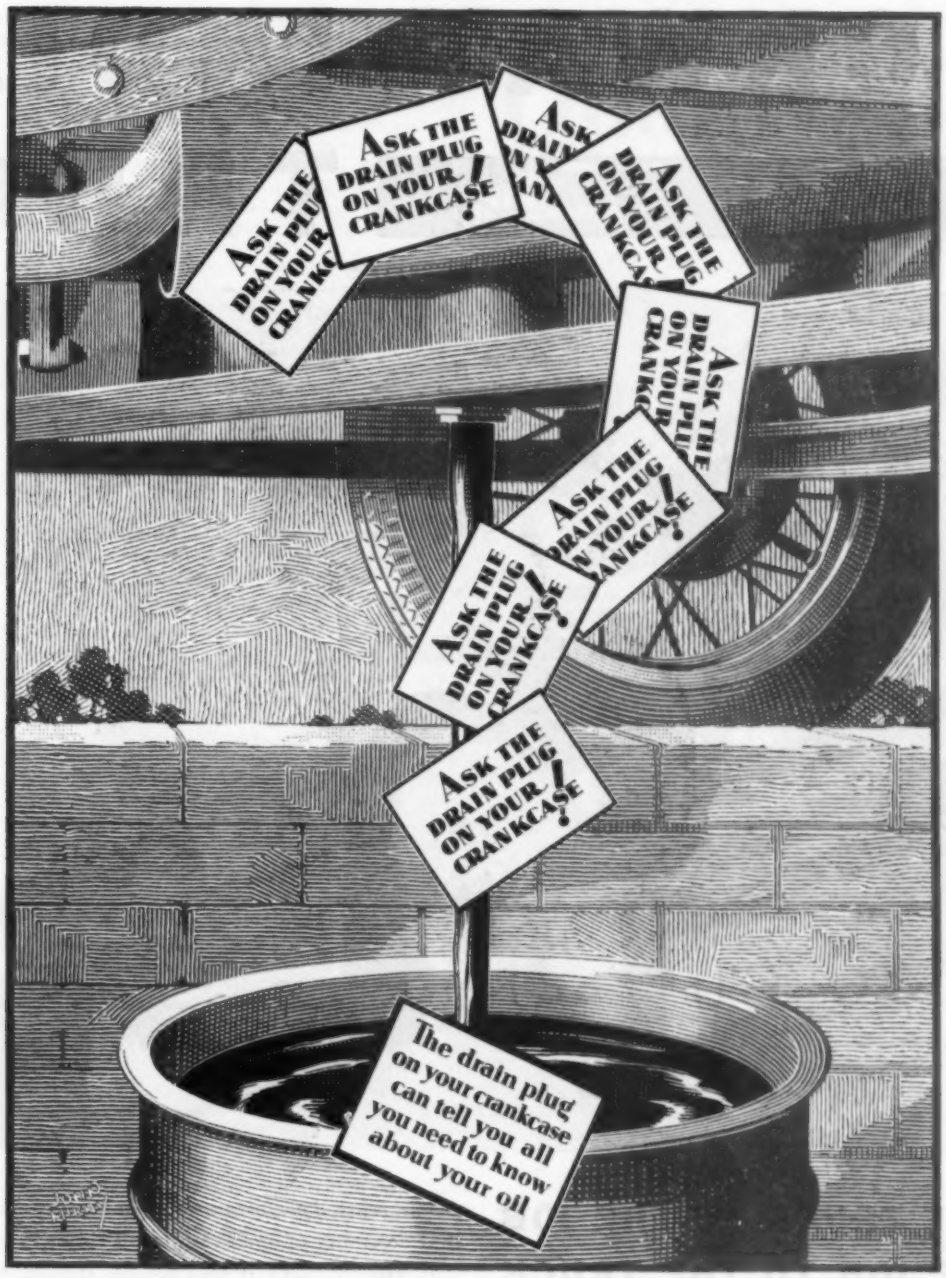
One night he kept murmuring as she led him home along Fifth Avenue, "That man gets my goat—he gets my goat."

"What man?"

"The one with the top hat that I'm drawing." Then he broke away from her and went back to the studio and worked until dawn.

But still there is something so absorbing, so peaceful, about drawing that artists do not seem to be drained by long hours the way factory hands or corporation lawyers would be. The young man I have just mentioned is as handsome as Praxiteles' Infant Hercules and appears to be no more harassed. I have seen artists working way past midnight, after a twelve-hour day, with amazingly happy concentration, as contentedly lost in what they were doing as those kindergarten children who stick their tongues out over a sewing card. Artists who can draw attractive people are apt to be attractive themselves. Those who have a beautiful line have lines themselves, are well built, brisk, lively, usually stylish.

(Continued on Page 201)



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crude, the highest grade oil in the world, stands pre-eminent for quality, even among its neighbors

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The drain plug on your crankcase doesn't talk specifications, glittering generalities or unsupported claims. It gives quickly and quietly the practical truth about motor oil performance. The next time you have your oil changed, watch the operation. + If the used oil drains out thin and watery, your motor has been in danger. + If it still retains its body and oiliness your motor has been protected. + Accept this friendly challenge. Have your crankcase filled with HyVis . . . Drive 1000 miles . . . Drain. WATCH THE OIL DRAIN OUT. **+ If you believe that the used HyVis is not in better condition . . . cleaner and more oily . . . than your previous oil, the attendant will immediately refund the purchase price.**

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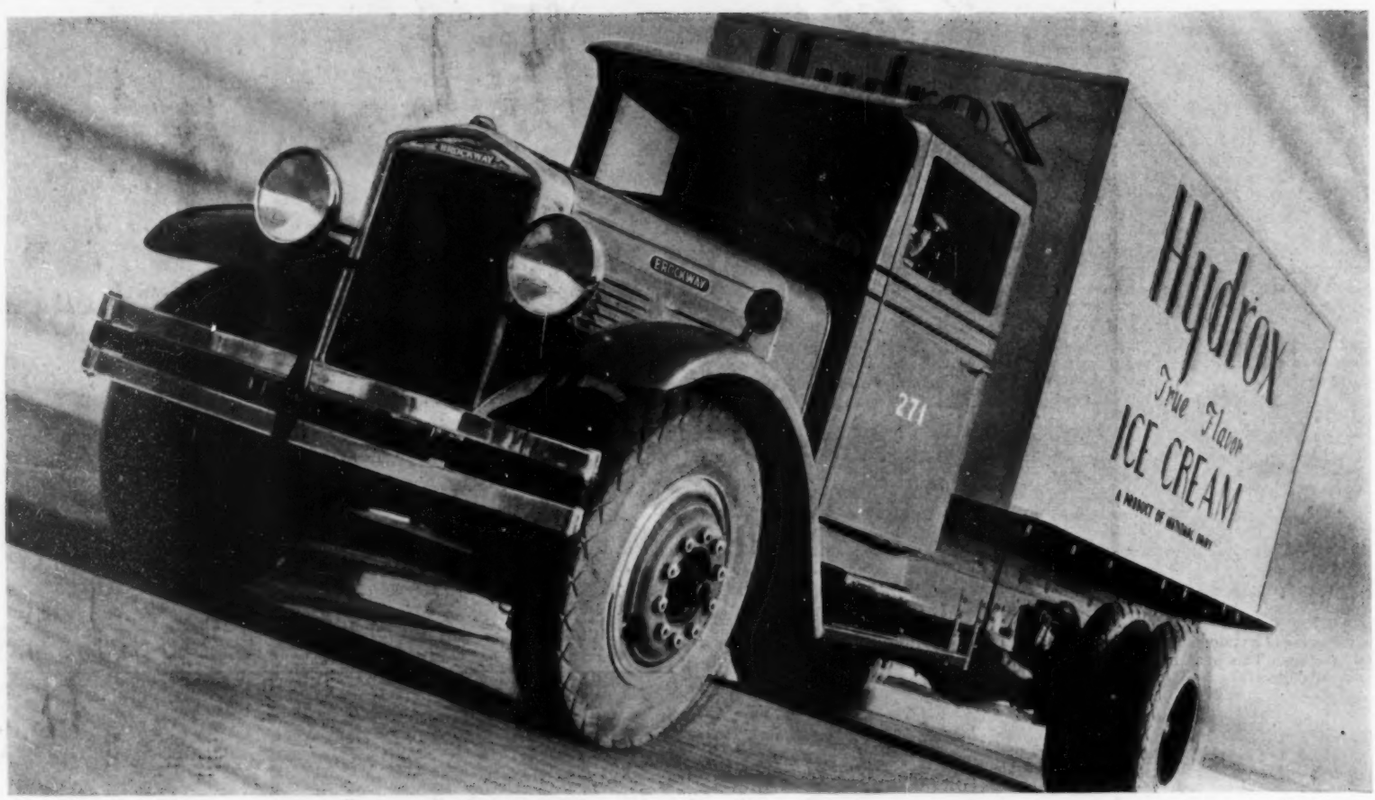

■ FITTING THE TRUCK TO THE JOB . . . NOT THE JOB TO THE TRUCK

THE Ice Cream Industry is girding for the July-August assault, when a feverish public will cry in unison: "We want ice cream!" And every delicatessen, drug and candy store, every restaurant and far-flung wayside stand will amplify the demand with fierce impatience. Next autumn, when the dust lifts, many producers of the national dessert will find best customers on competitors' books — and charge it to *delivery*. Many will find expensive trucks burned out in body and soul —because they weren't built to take this peak-season punishment.

To the thousands of Brockway-Indiana truck owners, who include many of the largest fleet operators in this and other industries, rush periods bring no terror. For 21 years these swift, dependable power units have been keyed to the carefully analyzed needs of every industry. Into each of them Brockway-Indiana engineers have built reserve power, *relaxed performance*, equal to any emergency—but so balanced that economy of operation at all times is assured.

Be sure to find out how *flexible standardization* can exactly *match* your haulage needs without price penalty. How an unusual co-operation with foremost parts manufacturers and controlled continuity of design insure mass-production economies and a minimum obsolescence over a long period of years. In these rugged one-to-ten-ton Fours and Sixes, Four-wheelers and Six-wheelers are values which we challenge you to duplicate anywhere at the price.

Through 350 points of sales and service this organization, one of the three largest exclusively devoted to motor trucks, covers the nation. It also serves 85 foreign countries through 135 distributing centers. Stop in and get all the facts whether you are buying one truck or a hundred — or write *Eastern Division*, Brockway Motor Truck Corporation, Cortland, N. Y.; *Western Division*, Indiana Truck Corporation, Marion, Indiana; *Executive Office*, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York City; *General Offices*, Cortland, New York.

POWER MATCHED TO INDUSTRY

(Continued from Page 198)

This is not far-fetched. Leonardo da Vinci, centuries ago, said that just as our souls make our bodies, as our bodies are the outward manifestation of our æsthetic sense and will, so does an artist, in spite of himself, keep drawing himself in his work.

Good artists, you will find, are as neat as surgeons. A well-kept palette is a good-sized table covered with glass over white paper. In fact, some artists I know are so continually cleaning off instruments and paint saucers, getting out clean blotters to put under the hand, polishing ruling pens and compasses and triangles, washing hands every few minutes after every pencil sharpening, it gives you an uneasy feeling that you are at the dentist's.

And it is interesting how you can tell the artists who are firsts from those who are seconds. The seconds, for example, may be wonderfully facile, can imitate anyone, and can do it in no time.

Art for Art's Sake

"How did you know that the Alleghanies looked like that?" I said to one of these, pointing to some sand-colored bumps in the middle of a color drawing.

"I didn't," he said, laughing gayly. "I just faked it." And it looked it. There was a kind of meaningless modern look about it that meant he had not the slightest interest or conscientiousness in expressing how mountains looked to him.

The seconds work easily and glibly. The firsts work painstakingly and slowly, with loving care; never cocksure, never satisfied.

There is an idea that the artistic temperament cannot bear to ask for money.

"Take Smith and Jones," said the young art director to me. "Smith is a good artist with a lot of training. Jones just a few years ago was an office boy in an agency; did a little lettering, and so on; then a free lance, getting fifteen dollars for a pen-and-ink drawing of an undershirt for a sporting-goods store. This year he is getting six hundred dollars for a drawing. But he's not nearly so artistic as Smith. It's just that Smith can't stand up for himself and ask for the dough."

Well, probably a lot of ill success among artists is due to this poverty tradition. Perhaps even some starve because they think that is the real, genuine way to become real, genuine art-for-art's-sake artists of the purest ray serene.

"They hate to sell their work, and why shouldn't they?" said a sympathetic woman whose heart bleeds for artists. "They feel it is selling their souls, and it is!"

Whistler was not a put-upon man, nor was Sargent, nor are any of those who are at the top of their profession.

A foreigner who has a contract for eighty thousand dollars a year for designing automobiles explained how he has always staged himself in a grand way. He would always have a manservant to carry his portfolio of drawings; even when, two or three years ago, he was only making newspaper advertisements for a department store. He always had a sparkling and fashionable motor car in the background, faultless clothes, the manners of an eighteenth-century cardinal.

A successful artist, a woman, told me that from the very first, when she was very poor, she adopted a philosophy that was just contrary to the usual arty philosophy, which is, starve for art's sake, wear batik clothes and old hats, live in a crumbling hand-painted studio with no shiny modern plumbing. She long ago came to the conclusion that if you think poor, as many artists do, you will be poor. Therefore she always stepped boldly into financial responsibility. First, she would not work where she ate and slept. She hired an excellent, workmanlike studio; she never took street cars, but always rode in taxicabs; dressed with stern, indefatigable smartness—handsome clothes, clean gloves twice a day, gardenias—thereby cultivating in herself that swaggering I-can-buy-it feeling that only bankers and financiers are supposed to have.

Too often the artist's point of view toward money and economy is that of a put-upon bookkeeper. Much artistic starving is a rationalization for one's laziness and lack of daring. Only the brave are well paid.

The president of a big agency said: "In dealing with artists I have found the more artistic the temperament the less the talent. Good artists have office hours, work eight hours a day, refuse jobs they have not time to do, deliver drawings when promised, and are explicit about price."

Now, business men's taste is still a stumblingblock to art in advertising.

"I take a finished drawing into a business conference," says one of the best-known art directors, "and the man who takes the drawing out of my hands will turn to a dull adenoidal stenographer and say, 'Well, what do you think of it?' and then take her answer seriously."

Sometimes the wives of business men are stubborn obstructionists. One of these, a woman who lived in a small New England town, had a beautiful color drawing by Carl Ericson—one that was nice enough to have graced a Paris exhibition—thrown out because the woman in it did not look like "a really fine type of woman."

Here is the way business men should appraise art: Take a look at a picture. If something happens, it is a work of talent; if a distinct thrill runs up and down your spine, you are in the presence of a work of genius. Even, according to some critics, if the thrill should run up and down the spine of yourself alone in all the world.

One artist explained it by the phrase: "Getting a slip."

To illustrate, he held a red and an orange zinnia together. "Pretty, but no slip," he said. He then held a red and a magenta zinnia—a purplish-lavenderish-pinkish color—together. Sure enough, it gave you a distinct sensation, a tiny shock of pleasure. "See?" he said. "There you have a slip!"

The famous critic, Berenson, explains it like this: Say you are in the habit of realizing a given object with an intensity of two; if you suddenly realize this familiar object in a painting or a drawing with an intensity of four it is a work of great genius. In other words: "A cube painted by a genius seems to give one a greatly enhanced feeling of what a cube is like."

But beyond this, do not worry. Do not worry if a thing is "brown gravy" or "mere illustration" or "photographic" or not sufficiently "modern." And do not let the art know-it-alls stampede you any more. For if you read a dozen tomes on art criticism, the critics themselves are compelled to say again and again:

"The great artist can break all the rules and produce great art. Michelangelo, Rubens, Rembrandt, could have worked any way they liked. Beauty depends on the man, not on his methods."

That Would be Art!

"If I should paint that silver coffeepot," I said to an artist, timidly fumbling after an explanation of all the mysteries, wishing, perhaps, to make just an insectlike protest against all this modernness—"if I should paint that silver coffeepot exactly as it is ——"

He interrupted me coldly and emphatically: "It would be too photographic. Not art."

"But," I said, "if I could paint that silver pot, that shining blue silver, exactly as it is, in all its glory ——"

"There!" he cried. "Well, there you have it. 'In all its glory.' Ah! That would be art!"

Personally I think it is the art snobs who do more to frighten us from great art than anything else.

I remember such a nice man, a broker, who had the most blind, unreasoning, passionate hatred of the Soviet Government. But the only reason he could give was that he had heard they had compulsory art galleries. And in a way, you know, you could understand how he felt.

"FOR THE SUCCESSFUL MAN"

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Quality Five Shoes $5

THE SPORTSMAN
Style No. 642
$5

The SPORTSMAN is a cleverly designed shoe for the successful man who wants correct style with ultra smartness. Combination last, broad sole, long wing tip, solid leather heel, a dandy number among the thirty-three Quality Five styles at $5 now being shown by dealers.

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MY best day paid me $11.00 in Curtis profits," writes Stanley K. Frisbie of Michigan, "and I've earned as much as $1.50 in a single hour." Mr. Frisbie finds *steady customers*, whose new and renewal subscriptions pay him well—year after year.

Your Spare Hours Are Worth Dollars!

WHY shouldn't you, too, earn spare-time cash right in your neighborhood? Many of your friends and neighbors already subscribe for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*—we'll pay you well to send us their renewals. Others will order when you show them a copy—you pocket your profits from the very start.

To earn in this easy, pleasant way you need no previous experience. You profit during your spare time. And it will cost you only a stamp to get complete instructions for your start. Mail the coupon *now!*

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823 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

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AT first reading of the question above you may murmur, "No such luck." But wait a minute—it may easily be true! If you will but ask us—*today*—we will promptly send you full details of three sure ways to profit:

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No Experience Necessary

If we could get together and talk this over, we could doubtless quickly convince you how easily you may win an extra $50.00 or more. As we cannot, do the next best thing and mail the coupon below. It will bring you, without charge, all the information and equipment you'll need to get started right away.

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THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, 825 Independence Square, Phila., Pa.
Please send to me by first class mail everything I'll need to make an extra fifty or more.

Name..... Age.....
Please print name and address
Street.....
City..... State.....

GETTING ON IN THE WORLD

(Continued from Page 66)

know that. Rooming-house dwellers, I discovered, rarely look for a room under the HOTEL classification in the newspapers, because they fear that the rates are beyond their means. The new development of small, inexpensive hotels is virtually unknown to them, and they look where they have always looked—in the columns headed ROOMS TO RENT. Yet the hotel was spending fifty dollars every week for ads which appeared under HOTELS.

"I immediately cut the size of the ads and inserted them under the ROOMS TO RENT heading, and my copy stressed our elevator service and hotel facilities. In large type we stated: '$12.50 for Two in a Room.' We also got out several hundred letters, showing the advantages of the modern hotel over the old-fashioned rooming house, and mailed them to our neighbors. Mailing lists are not hard to procure, nor are they expensive. We further received permission from three churches near us to post cards on their bulletin boards.

"These methods of advertising brought us plenty of prospects. They came, curious to see what we had; and once they visited us, it was easy to rent to them. They were surprised and gratified to find that for the same rates they were then paying in old-fashioned and inconvenient rooming houses, they could live in a modern and cheerful hotel. Here they found an attractive lobby to gather and chat in, and besides the usual hotel services, there was an elevator to eliminate climbing the several flights of stairs they were forced to do where they then lived.

"We organized card games and sewing circles for the women, checker games and a horseshoe court for the men. Twice a month we rented a moving-picture camera and showed films in the lobby for our guests and their friends.

"We made certain that by ten o'clock at night all was quiet throughout the hotel. A few of the younger element who were inclined to be playful after that hour were advised to be quiet or to move. If they did move, we had no difficulty in renting their rooms to the older folks who were drifting in every day to see the hotel and to visit friends there.

"Today we have no vacancies, and we have a waiting list which is steadily growing. Our advertising bill has been cut from fifty dollars a week to about fifteen. Our movies twice a month cost us twenty-five dollars."

—B. P. F.

Convocation

A GREAT bell chiming out the hour.
A hush, and through the distant corridor,
With stately music growing on the air,
The long black-robed procession:
The candidates for bachelor's degree—
Among them some cum laude—
For master's, doctor's honor.
And then the very wise ones come
With velvet bands on sleeves
And capes of scarlet, blue and gold.
And here come three in lordly robes
Of cardinal, in foreign style,
And golden-tasseled satin tams.
On, down the long, red-velvet aisle
And up the crimson steps,
All black and brilliant silhouettes
Against a background
Of purple splendor, age-stained oak
And Gothic windows
Where the sun shines grudgingly,
Knowing he is no longer mystery.

A Woman in the Gallery

There he is! And no one walks
As he walks, lifting up his head
There with the best.
It seems but yesterday I held him.
Well, they think it's books . . .
I always knew that he would do
Some glorious thing.
It seems but yesterday.
I wish he hadn't had to work his way.
I wish he could have had more play.
Well, I've done my best.
And here's his name. He marked it here
So I should know, with Latin words and all.
Now there he is. How proud he holds his head!
It seems but yesterday ——

A Lad With the Cum Laude

I wonder if she sees me now.
Well, I'm through. Cum laude—
And why not? I've had advantages—
I have! I don't see how
A lot o' this gang
Ever made the grade.
I didn't wait till I came here to knuckle down
And do without a lot of useless junk.
I learned it long ago.
I had a bringing up, I had!
I wonder if she sees me yet.
I'll hold my head the way she made me do
When I was just a kid.
Cum laude—not so bad—
And that belongs to her.

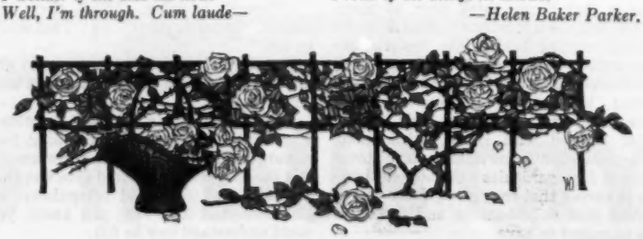
A Wise Old Man Awaiting the Time to Confer Degrees

Well, once again.
Something pathetic about this thing
Year after year. These youngsters—
I wonder if they ever think
How all of this is but the vestibule
Into the school.
The things that teach ——
The day that Ruth was born.
When Peter had his stroke.
The night my manuscript was burned.
The hour that Anna died . . .
Ah, well. And here they come.
Children cum laude. Bachelors of art.
Masters of things in books.
Doctors tired out with theses . . .
Philosophy? They'll have one at the end.

A Man With a Complimentary Ticket

A college education—
That's the thing that counts.
You've got to have it to get anywhere.
Background—why, if I'd had four years of this
I could have done something big.
Background—there one goes,
Holding his head so high,
Proud of the things he knows.

—Helen Baker Parker.



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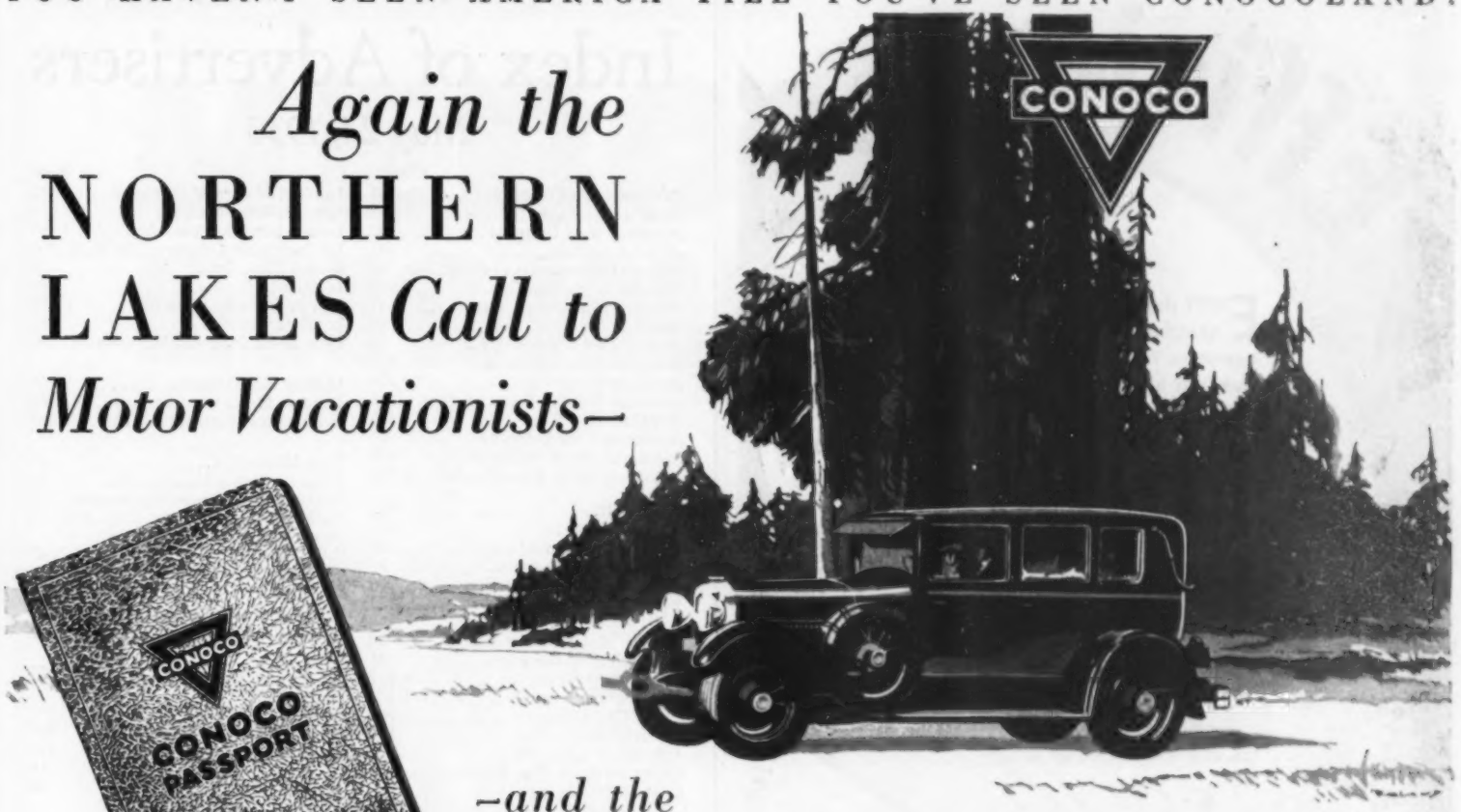

–and the

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Will add to the Ease and Enjoyment of Your Trip!

AMONG the greatest summer attractions of Conocoland . . . America's premier vacation land . . . are the cool Northern Lakes of Minnesota, Wisconsin, and Michigan.

You are invited to enjoy the vacation diversions of the beautiful Northern Lake region this summer as a guest of Conoco.

Conoco Travel Bureau and Passport Service provides, without expense, a trip-planning service that is invaluable to motor travelers. It will help you plan the most pleasant vacation you ever had . . . help you select the best places to visit . . . tell you how to get there . . . make hotel or camp reservations for you . . . supply road maps, etc.

The Conoco Passport makes every Conoco man your well-informed friend in Conocoland . . . not only in the delightful Northern Lake region, but in the scenic Rocky Mountains, the beautiful Ozarks, and many other interesting places. The Conoco Passport carries the services of the Conoco Travel Bureau right out on the highways and byways of Conocoland. It entitles the holder to all the courtesies and services that Conoco employees and dealers can render to travelers. This includes: caring for mail or parcels; assistance in obtaining automotive repairs and supplies; supplying trustworthy guides; directions to fishing, hunting and other resorts.

CONOCO *Travel* *Bureau*

The coupon below will bring *your* Official Conoco Passport, Conoco Travel Bureau and Passport Service booklet, and free road maps for the states you expect to visit. Mail the coupon now for your passport to a happy vacation this summer in world-famed Conocoland.

CONOCO Germ-Processed Paraffin Base Motor Oil . . .

is one of the popular Conoco Petroleum Products that you will find "At the Sign of the Red Triangle." Write, or ask any Conoco Representative, for interesting booklet, *"Pikes Peak Tests Confirm Conoco Challenge,"* which tells of the startling results of gruelling competitive tests with three other nationally known oils. PENETRATIVE LUBRICITY is the outstanding reason for the records set by Conoco Germ-Processed Paraffin Base Motor Oil. The germ-essence adds greater "oiliness" or lubricity and enables this oil to penetrate metal surfaces with an enduring oil film that clings to working parts under all conditions.

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1755 Glenarm Place,
Denver, Colorado.

I am considering a motor trip to_____

Please send me an Official Conoco Passport and booklet describing Conoco Travel Bureau and Passport Service, together with road maps and descriptive literature concerning_____

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*City*_____ *State*_____

Efficiency

EVERY day modern industry becomes more exacting in its demands for efficiency of operation. To maintain production at its maximum, it is highly important that no unnecessary time be given to the relacing of belts.

The Clipper No. 6 Speed Lacer is the latest marvel of efficiency in belt lacing.

It laces both ends of belts from one to six inches in width in 90 seconds! It applies a pressure of 37,500 lbs. with such velvet smoothness that the Clipper Hooks are embedded flush with the belt surface, without damage to the belt fibres. It produces a joint far more lasting than that achieved by any other type of lacer.

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QUALITY BELT LACING

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Price $75.00
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Whatever your shop requirements, there's a Clipper Lacer to meet them efficiently—lacing the smallest of belts up to the heavier and wider ones. And the use of Clipper Pins and Clipper Hooks ensures a perfect, lasting joint. For complete demonstration, communicate with your nearest dealer, or with the

Clipper Belt Lacer Company
GRAND RAPIDS MICHIGAN

Clipper No. 6 Speed Lacer

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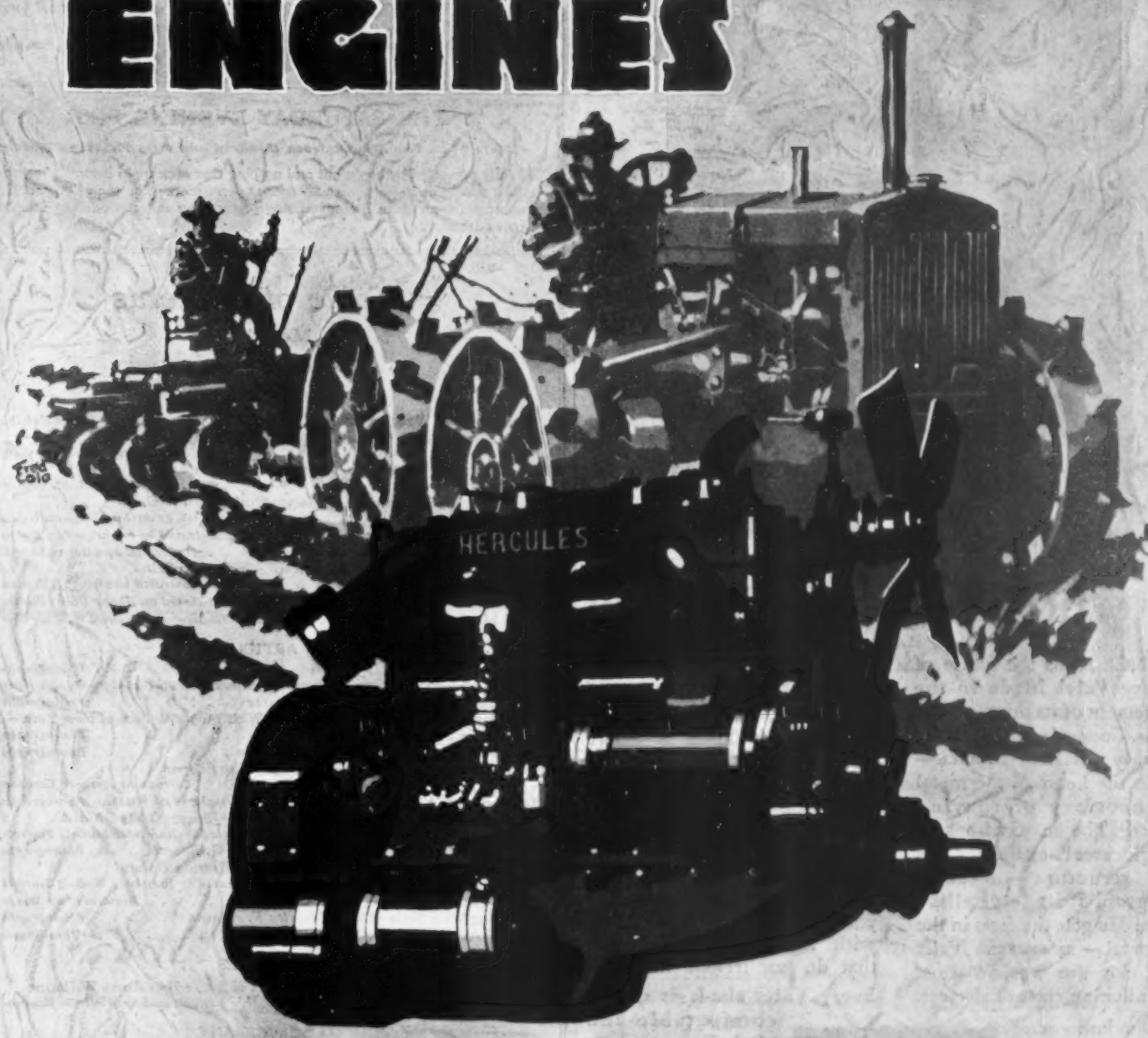
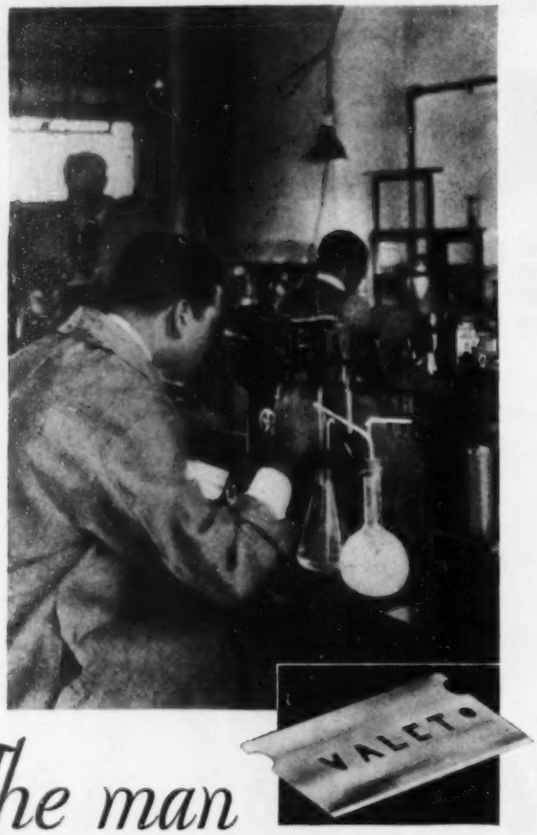


Farm tractors, combined harvesters, threshers and trucks are powered by Hercules Engines. So are many varied types of contractor's machinery, general industrial and oil field equipment. For Hercules Engines—simple, rugged and faithful—have won acknowledged leadership in the heavy-duty power field.

HERCULES MOTORS CORPORATION, CANTON, OHIO, U. S. A.

MEN WHO KNOW STEEL PREFER THE VALET—MEN WHO KNOW FACES PRESCRIBE IT



The man who sees through steel

SCIENCE reads the future of every Valet blade in the arrangement of its microscopic crystals. Concealed beneath the smoothly polished surface—deep in the heart of the metal—is the story of shaving comfort. The man who sees through steel examines its inner structure—actually photographs its crystalline pattern. He gets the facts in the raw metal—safeguards Valet quality for the world's most discriminating class of shavers.

Men who know steel prefer the new Valet blade—made with meticulous care by precision methods. Dermatologists prescribe it for the correction of skin conditions caused by inferior razors and improper shaving methods.

The Valet blade is made especially for the Valet AutoStrop—the only razor that does not require removal of the blade for stropping, shaving or cleaning. Its marvelously keen micro-edge is held at a friendly angle. It glides through your beard and across your face with light, smooth strokes that do not irritate the skin. Every Valet shave is quick, comfortable and kind to your face. Use the new Valet in the scientifically adjusted AutoStrop Razor and know real shaving luxury.

The new blade can be identified by the word "Valet" cut through the steel.

AUTOSTROP SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY, INC., 656 First Avenue, New York
Also Toronto, London, Paris, Milan, Rio de Janeiro

The NEW VALET Auto-Strop BLADE

SPRING CLEANING

PLEASE! Can't I keep this suit?
I plead while my eyes are briny,
Once you pronounced it cute
If now it's a little shiny.

No!

Please! Can't I keep this hat?
It's only a wee bit shabby;
No one would notice that
The brim was a trifle flabby.

Not a chance!

Please! Can't I save these shoes?
My others are tight and squeezy;
Pardon the bulge and bruise!
They're awfully nice and easy.

Hand 'em over!

Please! Can't I keep this tie?
The part that you think is spotted,
See, when you pull it high,
Is hid where the fold is knotted.

Away with it!

And thus, while many a fond heart bleeds,
The ruthless holocaust proceeds.
—*Arthur Guiterman.*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Seven Hundred and Fifty Thousand Weekly)

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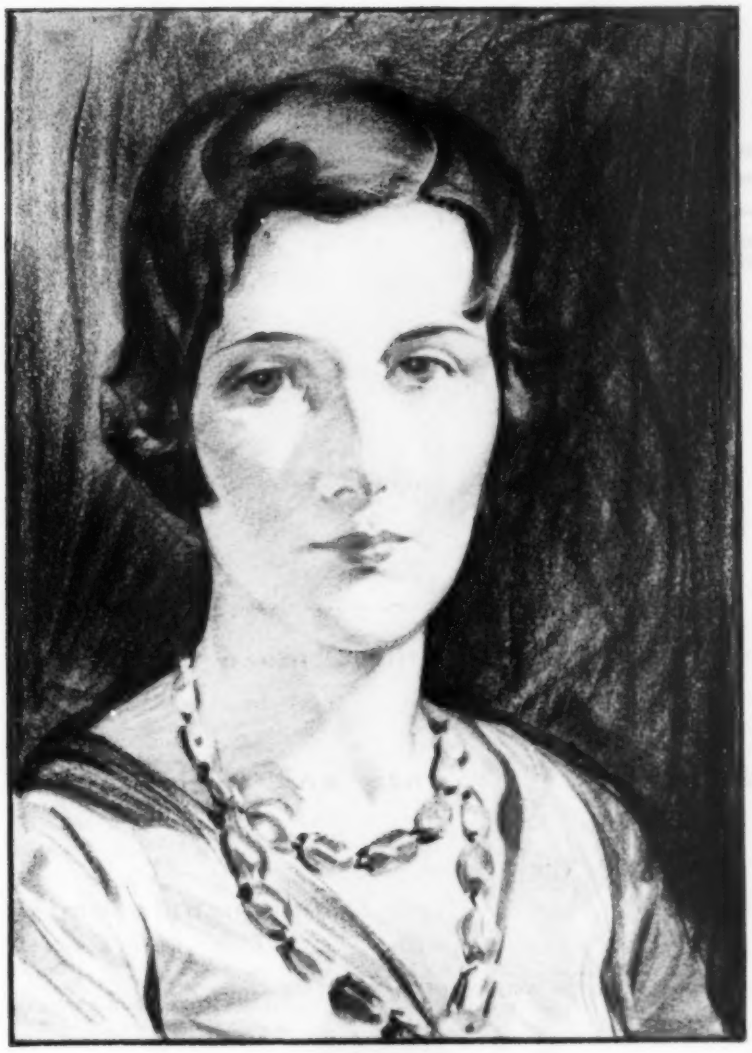


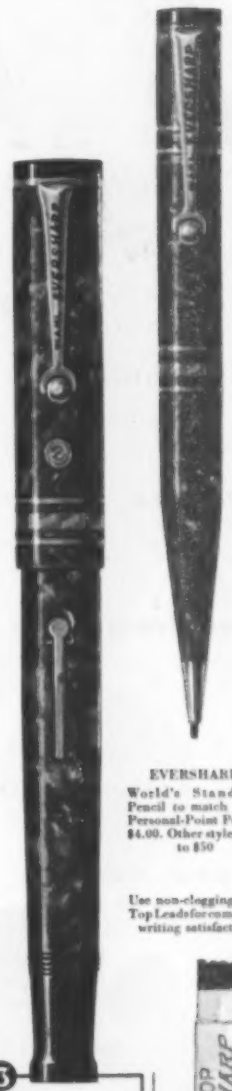
A POINT FOR ANY HAND—
FITTED INSTANTLY BY DEALER TO ANY HOLDER

She writes like this

Alice E. Grant

—so from among the 14 Eversharp Personal-Points, she chose the FINE SIGNATURE

Probably, *you* write differently. But just as this cobweb fine, extra smooth Eversharp Fine Signature Point is uniquely designed for women who write rapidly in a light unshaded hand—so one of these 14 Personal-Points is specially ground to suit exactly your individual handwriting. And you can secure it *without delay* in an Eversharp Fountain Pen exactly the color, size and shape you like best. No other pen can give you this truly personal selection because only Eversharp Personal-Points are *interchangeable!* Each is a separate factory-perfected unit of point and feed—a revolutionary improvement which permits any dealer to assemble permanently any point you select in any beautiful holder you desire—while you wait—at the same price you pay for old-style pens.



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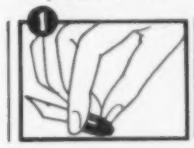
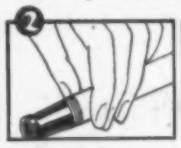
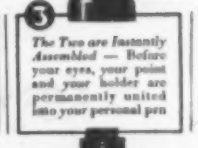


Then—choose the holder you like best

A lavish assortment: the popular colors in all styles, shapes and sizes—for men and women, for pocket and desk





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FOUNTAIN PENS

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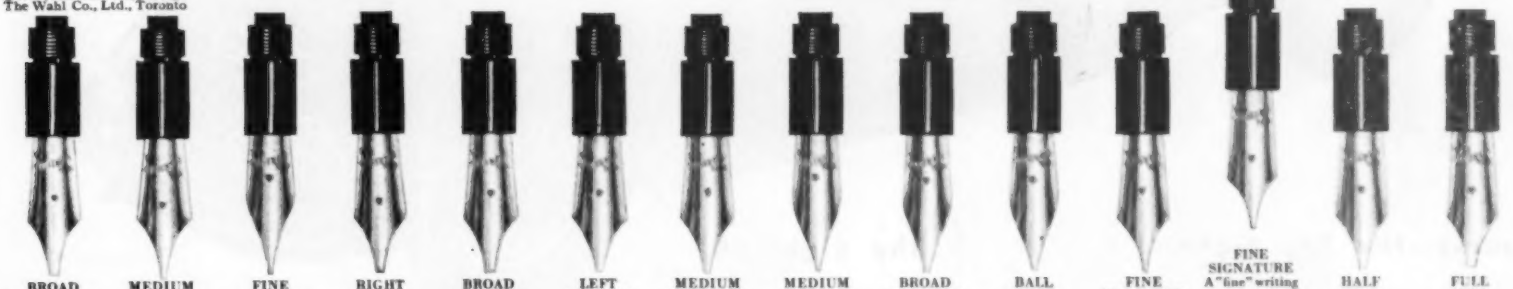

BROAD SIGNATURE	MEDIUM SIGNATURE	FINE FLEXIBLE	RIGHT OBLIQUE	BROAD MANIFOLD	LEFT OBLIQUE	MEDIUM MANIFOLD	MEDIUM FLEXIBLE	BROAD FLEXIBLE	BALL POINT	FINE MANIFOLD	FINE SIGNATURE	HALF STUB	FULL STUB
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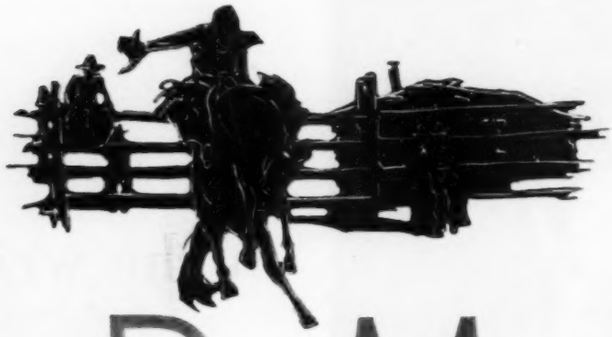

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